

## Extension

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Relationships:	<a href="#">Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay_   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound &amp; Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
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# Extension

by [dancewiththewaves \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

"That was Floaty. Or at least, that's what I'm calling him. Fucking kid won't tell us his name," Dream carried on like nothing had happened, and from beside Techno, Wilbur started wheezing like he was dying. "I think he's twelve or thirteen. Wind magic, he's quick and real snarky, very malnourished, blind-"

"Wait, blind?" Techno peered harder at the communicator. Wilbur stopped laughing. "How the hell is he able to slip by you then?"

"Uses the air currents like feelers, I think," Dream's breath was coming heavier as he carried on running. "Gets an idea of where things are in relation to him. He doesn't always get it right, sometimes there are cracks in things big enough to feel like an escape route and he slams into a wall. Or he doesn't angle close enough to the ground and trips on things. He's uh-" Dream flipped the communicator around, and Techno blinked as Bad flew through the air, screeching the whole way. "He's slippery."

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TLDR: Blindinnit has wind magic and gets himself adopted by the Antarctic Empire's royal family.

## Notes

Welcome to the new fic!

This fic will have the first chapter posted to generate interest: but it will not be updated until my other fic, Godling is finished.

All my Minecraft fics will be in this series so y'all have an easier time finding em.

Thanks the the interest! This one should start up soon when Godling's done.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Blindinnit

Dream cursed as he whirled around the corner, the steady breezes of the kid's magic whistling through his hair. Generally, when they were playing manhunt, it was far more fun and had fewer consequences. The most they ever bet was bragging rights, or maybe Dream wearing weird socks to the next meeting with the Antarctic Empire. This had *consequences* and if they didn't catch the brat soon, he'd be facing them.

His conscience, damn it all to hell, wouldn't let him allow the kid to escape his grasp again, especially now that they knew he was in the capital.

Dream was calling him Floaty because the kid hadn't actually told them his name. Blonde hair, unnaturally bright blue eyes, he was far too skinny, often covered in dirt, usually wearing a red and white tee. They were also sure he had some kind of visual impairment- Bad and George were convinced that he just had poor eyesight, but Dream and Sapnap were more of the opinion that the kid was *blind* blind. Nobody's eyes were that colour unless something was wrong with them. Probably around twelve, thirteen? Dream wasn't sure.

Floaty also had some strong natural magic, and clearly he'd learned his craft the same way Sapnap had; by using it as an extension of himself, and not as a tool separate from his body. Floaty could control the air. Dream wasn't sure where the limits of his powers were, but for now, he knew that Floaty could blast air around and use the air pressure to tell where things were (how he got around), he could launch himself into the sky (Dream wasn't sure how long Floaty could keep himself up there, if he could move oxygen around so he could go higher. Further observation required), and that he could just blast shit.

Dream, unfortunately, was on the receiving end of one of those blasts. He brought his arms up to protect his mask as he was thrown backwards and into a wall. He blinked his eyes open, cursing under his breath as the tail end of Floaty's footsteps dove deeper into the city's alley grid. Sapnap rounded the corner and groaned as Dream picked himself up.

"We lost him? Again?" Sapnap laid a hand on Dream's shoulder, casting an annoyed glare to where Floaty had vanished. "Jesus- how long is it going to take before this kid realizes we're not gonna hurt him?"

"Judging by how frail and jumpy he is, he's been out here and on his own for a while now. He clearly doesn't trust us, and I don't blame him," Dream brushed a few stray pebbles off his cape, checking that his crown was still on properly. "But we have to bring him in before winter sets in or he'll freeze to death."

"You could always send the guard after him," Sapnap started jogging from where they had last seen Floaty, following Bad's yells as their demon friend spotted the kid. "We could use the help."

"We tried that last time he was in town," Dream picked up the pace, letting his feet slap a rhythm across the stone pathways. A hiss, an explosion, and Floaty was clearing the tallest building, shouting jeers at Bad as the wind rocketed him into the sky. He was facing the opposite direction from Bad, but Dream'd give him points for the cursing anyway. "All it made him do was run out of the country entirely, and I can't do shit without going to war. Can't exactly ask the Empire, 'hey I know we only just made a trade agreement, but mind if my royal guard and I chase a stray orphan down in your streets? Yeah, he's a pain in the ass'. How well would that go, Sapnap. How well would that-"

Sapnap suddenly stopped and Dream followed suit. Had he spotted Floaty? Had the kid come down-

"Wait wait wait," Sapnap waved his hands around, his bandana catching fire at the ends as his magic took over. Dream quirked an eyebrow at his friend. "The Empire. Bro, don't you remember? Last time you had a meeting with them, the tall bloke- uhh Prince Wilbur? He mentioned something about wanting a little brother. And I mean, Crown Prince Technoblade didn't *argue* , which means he also has to be on board."

"Sapnap are you *nuts* ?" Dream shook his head. Yeah, he remembered that conversation. He'd thought it odd, but given his permission for the twins to comb through the various orphanages in the SMP. They hadn't found a kid they'd liked enough, but it wasn't Dream's problem. "They-they're probably looking for an actual, *civilized* child, not this traumatized, orphaned-"

Dream cut himself off at George's shriek, head snapping up as his second in command got absolutely *yeeted* off the roof of a building. Dream pinched the bridge of his nose as George landed in an open dumpster.

"We won't know unless we ask. You never know, maybe they'll like him. He's certainly grown on you," Sapnap was grinning, a gross toothy smile. Dream sighed. Once Sapnap got like this, there really wasn't any dissuading him. "Let's just regroup and call them, let them see the brat in action. Maybe they can come back and help us catch the kid. I've heard Crown Prince Technoblade's quite the tracker."

"Fine. But when this goes poorly, I'm blaming you."

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"...let me get this *straight* ," Techno drawled, tapping his fingers on the edge of his chair. He and Wilbur had been chilling, just having a relaxing time in their gardens, when King Dream's icon appeared on their communicators. After a short debate, Techno had answered the call, and they had stared down at the King, who was missing nearly all of his royal attire and who looked quite frazzled as he tore through the underbelly of his *own city's* alleyways. "You want us to adopt this random orphan you've been chasing around for the better part of a year?"

Wilbur pretended to cough into his elbow to hide his laughter, and Techno subtly angled the communicator away from his twin's far too obvious shaking. Techno was similarly amused- of *all* the things they'd expected Dream to want, this was not one of them.

"Look," Dream looked very, very tired. If Techno was a lesser man, his poker face might've broken at how damn funny this was. "He's a little *shit* but he's grown on me and-"

Dream was cut off as a strong gust of wind tore the communicator away from the King. Wilbur leaned back into frame as they watched Dream get blown backwards. Not strong enough apparently, because his hand grabbed at a red-white-yellow blur as it tried to dart past him. The communicator buzzed, audio cutting out, as Dream forced the kid down and *sat* on him.

"This-" Dream growled as the kid twisted, throwing him off.

"He's heading back towards the mid point! Sapnap, go around the West line, George the East, Dream keep going! We can pincer him!" Bad's voice was faint in the background. Dream picked himself up and dusted his shoulders off, a hard line in his visible jaw.

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"I can tell." Techno looked over at Wilbur and- oh god, his brother looked *intrigued*.  
Fucking-

"It's fine if you guys don't want to keep him, I know he's *clearly* a handful. No matter how many times we tell him we aren't going to hurt him, he just keeps running. Sometimes he'll take food or medical supplies if we leave them out for him, but he'll never let us do anything for him, either," Dream's com moved, shaking as the king backtracked and bolted down a side street. "If nothing else, we'd appreciate the help in catching him."

"What would we get out of it?" Wilbur asked. Techno rolled his eyes, but he couldn't help his own curiosity either. The kid seemed lively, full of energy. Scared, yeah, but they could work with that. He and Wilbur had been touring the orphanages and foster systems across multiple different countries trying to find a kid they clicked with. But all the kids they'd been presented with were either too pliant - they didn't want a doll - or just *cruel*. They didn't want an asshole, either.

"Well," Dream huffed out a laugh as his second-in-command, the highest royal advisor, Ser NotFound himself, ran at Dream's side and picked a stray banana peel out of his hair. "You'd get a little brother, or we'd owe you a favour. If you won't take him, then I will. Spent way too long chasing this shit down to *not* make sure he goes to a good home-" Dream ducked as George flicked the banana peel at him.

Techno exchanged a look with Wilbur.

"We'll leave tonight." Techno stood, nodding to a servant, who bowed and hurried out of the room. They'd have to get a move on. Techno had a feeling that the sooner they got there, the better.

"Yeah? I'd call the guard and have them help us, but last time we did, he just ran out of the country entirely. He thinks- he thinks it's like a *game*, so he stays because it's fun. We need to keep him thinking that until we can finally cart him off." Dream grinned at them from the edges of his mask, nodding as he and George whirled around a corner to see the kid leaping up a fire escape. "Come heeeere Floaty!" Dream yelled and Techno held the communicator away from him, frowning at the king's volume. Wilbur giggled quietly beside him.

The softest " **FUCK YOU** " followed Dream's shout, and Wilbur grinned at the sound of the kid's voice. It was dimmed from the distance, but Techno could hear the laughter in his voice. He disconnected from the call, standing and letting his cape flow behind him.

Techno was in charge of the armies. He'd led their Empire to victory again and again, earning his title as Phil's heir. Wilbur was their diplomat, meeting with other countries and always - *always* - getting more than he gave. Their responsibilities sometimes felt like a prison, and even if Phil tried to be warm and comforting, they all struggled.

They all heard voices. Phil had the most practice with them, but even he buckled under them sometimes. They knew the voices got worse with stress, with pressure- and while Phil had his midnight flights, Techno his swords, and Wilbur his guitar, they needed something else.

A little light to remind them of all the good yet to come.



They'd seen Floaty for all of thirty seconds, and Techno had watched Wilbur laugh more than he had in *months* . *Techno* had been more amused than he'd felt in *years* . Phil hadn't ever said anything about it, but Techno knew how lonely Phil's flights got. Phil's magic had him grow wings- Phil needed a flock to fly with, but they hadn't ever seen another person quite like him. Floaty might even be able to fill that void for Phil, too.

"Dad's gonna *love* him," Wilbur's voice was hushed as they stepped out of the gardens, leaving behind comfortable cushions and the meadows of flowers. The servants rushed about, gathering their things in bags, and Techno heard the quiet purr of the car's engine as it rolled up to the edge of the castle. "Did you see how high he got? He might be able to fly with Dad!"

"That's what I was thinking, too." Techno spared a glance at his twin before the two of them stepped out of the castle gates and were ushered into the car. The barrier was still up between them and their chauffeur and Techno really didn't have the patience to take it down. They'd just have to drive to the family's private airport - from there, they'd take the jet to Dream's kingdom.

"He's interesting." Techno murmured. He stared down at the black screen, watching his own reflection come back at him. The car pulled away from the castle, driving down the roads and merging onto the line that would bring them straight to the jet.

"I let Dad know where we're going. He says he wants to see the kid as soon as possible," Wilbur tapped on his own communicator, glancing up at Techno. "What approach should we take, do you think? Do we join the hunt?" Techno paused, considering the options.

"I don't think I should."

"You're the best tracker we have."

"Dream's right though, Wilbur. If he gets the feeling that he's in danger, he'll just bolt across a border where we can't follow. I'm intimidating, he sees the chase as a game and he needs to keep thinking that," Techno argued. His mind whirled. "I think I'll stay behind for now. Try to lure him in."

"With *what* ?"

"Food, medicine, a safe place to sleep. If I can get him to trust me, then he might come willingly. It's worth a try. We can't follow him if he shoots off into the stratosphere- we have to move carefully."

"Yeah, okay," Wilbur nodded. "You're right, it's worth trying. I let Dream know our ETA and he said Floaty got away again and they haven't found him. They're regrouping- oh. George is pretty sure he saw Floaty twist his ankle, so they'll be leaving food and bandages out in an easy spot for him to take." Wilbur frowned, gripping the edges of his communicator. "He shouldn't have to steal to take care of himself."

"I know, Wilbur, I know," Techno shook his head, staring out the window as they pulled into the airport. "But he's scared- probably on his own for most of his life. Hasn't ever had a home, or a good one. We have to be patient, like with that raccoon we found in the floorboards."

Wilbur snorted at the memory. They filed out of the car, into the plane. Techno gave a quick greeting to their pilot Quackity and his co-pilot Karl, and then they were buckled in as it took off, heading Southwest to Dream.

To the kid.

# Gremlin

## Chapter Summary

And so the story moves forward...

## Chapter Notes

Hey! I just wanted to say I'm really appreciating all the love from the comments, I love validation so I adore all of you!!

Godling has official finished. For those of you new here: I post a chapter every day Monday-Friday and take a break over the weekends. So take this Friday chapter 2, and I'll see you on Monday!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno hummed to himself, letting his voice carry in the room. Supposedly, this is where Floaty would come in and steal supplies. *The Art of War* was balanced in one hand, a mug of steaming tea in another. He had his feet propped up on one of the many cushions littered about the room, fire crackling comfortably in the fireplace.

It was a nice room, all things considered. Four floors up. Seemed Floaty liked heights a lot more than he liked people.

They'd been there for just over a week. As predicted, Wilbur had originally tried to stay out of the hunt as Techno was, but quickly lost patience when all he could catch was a glimpse of the kid. He'd joined the hunting party and was getting his ass beat along with Dream's team. They'd pulled off some pretty good traps, but Floaty always managed to find a way around them. Techno flipped another page in his book, ear twitching as he heard scrabbling by the open window.

The hunters were still out there. They expected Floaty to come pick up supplies while they had stopped the chase for the day- but Wilbur's frustration had fed into Sapnap's passion and

Dream's competitive nature, and so they were all still out there, even as the moon climbed higher up the horizon.

Grubby little hands appeared at the top of the window sill, arms straining as a skinny little kid pulled himself up. Techno paused his humming, ears twitching as the evening breeze blew through the room, ruffling his hair. The kid froze, too blue eyes widening.

Techno wanted to jump forward, wanted to grab the kid and force him to stay still, but he was better than that. Knew his patience would reap benefit. The kid let go of the window and spiraled down to the ground. Knowing about his wind magic didn't stop Techno from jolting at the window, ears pricked for the sound of someone hitting the ground. It never came and Techno relaxed.

Sometimes he cursed his hybrid nature, a thing that made his hair pink and his body too tall for most doorways. It made him aggressive, territorial over pack and home and gold, but it also gave him senses other humans lacked.

Dream wouldn't have known if Floaty had hit the ground. Techno heard the rush of wind, the snuffle of clothes, and the kid was off.

He blinked at the page, trying to figure out where his attention had wandered so he could keep reading. He found his spot, humming again, listening to the sounds of the kid escaping into the night.

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The second time Techno saw Floaty, he had just opened the door into the room after a long debrief with Dream, three days after Floaty had launched himself away from the window. He blinked, letting the door creak open loudly.

The kid jumped from his position on one of the chairs, hand stuck in Techno's favourite biscuit jar. Techno stared at him, detailing his appearance- covered in dirt and ash, a small burn on his hand. His ankle looked a little swollen, a sluggishly bleeding cut across one cheek. He was wearing a red and white shirt that was torn and covered in grime, one of the rips letting

Techno see just how skinny he was, his skin stretched grotesquely around his jutting ribs. His khakis were done by up a ripped belt with several homemade holes, his sneakers torn and riddled with holes.

"Hullo." Techno tried. The kid leapt for the window and dove out of it.

He wished that Floaty had at least taken the cookies with him. Kid was skin and bones. But it was progress, nonetheless.

Techno had gotten a word in, anyway.

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The third time Techno saw Floaty, he shakily deposited himself in the room from the still-open window. It was around midday, Dream had just sent a message saying that they hadn't seen the kid yet, but were combing through the districts to find him. Techno could smell the ash from here.

He closed his book with a snap, the kid jumping and a breeze brushing against his face. Floaty was pale, clammy, and his entire body was *covered* in burns. Charred flesh stuck to bits of his arms, blackened and rotting. Techno felt the familiar piglin rage fill him - *family hurt not safe run burn kill kill protect heal* -

He snapped out of it when the kid made a move to the window, aborted by a small shriek of pain.

"Wait!" Techno called. He gingerly set his book down, wincing as the kid's head whipped towards him. "Let me get the burn kit. I won't touch you," he soothed, watching as Floaty's shoulders came up to his ears. "You can put it on yourself."

Floaty didn't move and Techno took that as permission. He stood, letting each of his footsteps make noise, letting the wind brush against him as Floaty watched in the only ways he could.

He brought the burn kit out, gently setting it on the ground and sliding it over. Floaty grabbed at the box when it got close enough, hands missing the handle first go. The wind pushed at it and he managed to get the lock undone, grabbing the bandages and applying them to his arms first.

"You can take it," Techno waved a hand, letting the air wrap around his fingers. "If you come back tomorrow, I'll have regen and health potions. Then the burns won't scar."

Floaty stood, on shaky legs, eyes perched somewhere around Techno's shoulder. He fell backwards out the window, the air catching him and whisking him off to wherever it was that he stayed.

*Who would dare?! Techno's voices screamed. Who would dare?!*

Techno tried to tame the rolling nausea in his stomach.

*Little, little, runt is hurt, baby is burned, protect defend defend guard, put in nest, in nest!*  
Techno's instincts insisted.

He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

"Patience," Techo murmured, when he no longer felt like he was going to throw up.  
"Patience."

That night, when the others filed in for another meeting, they asked if Techno had seen Floaty.

He lied.

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Techno didn't expect Floaty to actually come to him.

But here the kid was, hiding ineffectively behind the left curtain of the open window, a Floaty-sized lump giving away his position. Techno let his feet make noise again, letting the kid know he was there.

"Hullo," he greeted. Techno gently tapped the potion bottle and regen spread container together, having the glass clink so Floaty knew he had stuff in his hands. Wind pushed against him anyway, double checking. It blew the curtains away from Floaty, hunched in a little ball. "I have the stuff." Techno paused as Floaty *giggled*, letting his head raise from where he had buried it in his knees.

"You sound like you're talking about drugs." the kid's voice was harsh, throaty, and raw-whether from lack of use or screaming as someone tried to *burn him alive*, Techno didn't know. He took a breath to quiet the roaring in his head before sitting down, staring at Floaty.

"I have too many responsibilities to take drugs," Techno shrugged. He clinked the bottles again and watched carefully as Floaty extracted himself from the curtain with a pained wheeze and stepped over to Techno. He sat, just out of arm's reach. "Drink the healing pot first. When the pain stops, lemme know, and I can give you the regen cream." Techno slid the healing potion over to Floaty. The kid grabbed the bottle, struggling with the cork before it flew open. "I can do the cream for you," Techno said, quietly. Floaty wasn't very good at concealing his expressions- he went from anxious, to angry, back in pain, to accepting. Maybe he would let Techno help him. "Just to make sure you get all the spots."

"Okay," Floaty whispered back. He tipped the bottle back and drank it, setting it down when he was done and wincing at the taste. Techno sympathized. He also hated how they tasted-like fake cherries. "Who are you?"

"My name is Technoblade," he stood, the wind brushing against him as he moved. "Tea? Those potions taste like ass."

"...sure," Floaty played with the glass bottle, fun little whooshing sounds coming out of it as he made the wind go in and out at different speeds. "Technoblade... as in Prince Technoblade

of the Antarctic Empire?"

"Yup." Techno popped the p, pouring the tea into a new mug. Something about the pot had an enchantment on it that kept it at the perfect temperature.

"What are you doing here?" *Why are you helping me* , Techno knew Floaty wanted to say.

"Looking for you, actually," Floaty tensed at Techno's words. He set the mug down near enough that the kid could reach it, but far enough that Floaty was still out of his range. Something in him purred at the idea of providing. "You're not in trouble." Techno huffed, sitting down again. Why his instincts had claimed the kid as part of the pack before he even knew his name- ack. Wasn't a fight he was going to win. "Dream took a liking to you. He's one of the losers chasing you around."

Floaty picked up his mug, smelling the tea before sipping at it. Techno watched the potion in him work at healing the burns, leaving scars in its wake.

"The one with the uhh- the thing on his face?" Floaty asked. Techno tilted his head and made a questioning noise. "There's space between his face and something covering it. I'm not sure if it's a helmet or a mask."

"It's a mask. But yeah, that's him," Techno sipped at his own tea. "He wants you to be safe. And well, me and my brother, Wilbur- we've always wanted a little brother." Techno raised an eyebrow, judging the kid as he digested the information. He figured being honest would go a long way with this one. "He asked us to come help catch you. Wilbur's the one that shrieks like a pelican when he gets thrown-"

"He *does* kind of sound like a pelican." Floaty mused. Techno barked out a laugh, not even minding that he was interrupted. Floaty jolted, but a little gremlin grin stretched over his face anyway.

"Dream thought we'd like you. And we do. So Wilbur's out there being a loser and I'm here trying to help you."



"What exactly are you going to do?" Floaty pulled at one of the loose threads on his shirt. There were bags under his eyes- they almost looked like bruises. Techno's heart *ached* .  
"With me, I mean."

"Take you home and adopt you," Techno shrugged. "Can I touch you to put on the regen cream?"

Floaty seemed to consider it. Slowly, he nodded, and Techno approached. He undid the cap of the container.

"Take your shirt off?" Techno phrased it as a question, not an order, but Floaty answered by just doing it.

The burns had cleared up, leaving behind massive scarred welts. Techno gently smeared the cream on, pleased that the scars were fading. He started with the worst of the burns, but started slowly cleaning up the other scars that littered the kid's torso anyway. He had Floaty stretch his legs out and was in the middle of fixing up the enormous raised scar *patch* that covered his entire left knee when he got an idea.

"I'll get you some more clothes and you can use the bathroom here to wash up," Techno offered. He kept his voice casual - *give him room to say no* - as he started working on the burn patches covering Floaty's hands. "And you can sleep here. If you want."

"If I want." Floaty echoed.

He ended up using the bathtub, finally cleaning all that grime off and teasing Techno about his rose soap. He snuggled into a chair and was out like a light. Techno wrapped a blanket around him and fell asleep on the opposite side of the room.

He left the window open.

When he woke up the next morning, the clothes he'd left out for Floaty were gone and the blanket was folded terribly. Techno was chuckling over Floaty's shoddy job when he noticed the little note over it, a scrap piece of paper torn from one of the newspapers on the counter.

Floaty's handwriting was terrible. Atrocious. Techno could barely make it out.

*My name is Tommy.*

He grinned.

He was still grinning when Wilbur burst into his bedroom three hours later, red faced and panting.

"You *have* seen Floaty! He-he was all cleaned up today! He actually slept! He had new clothes!" Wilbur screeched, his finger jabbing at Techno accusingly. Techno raised his hand from his book, hands tracing over the braille letters, trying to learn so he could teach Tommy to read.

"His name is Tommy." Techno said, ever the deadpan. He ignored Wilbur's betrayed gasp and went back to the braille.

He'd already given orders for the palace staff to get a copy of every book with braille, add it to every sign, put it on the walls for Tommy's hands to brush in case he got lost.

Progress.

Chapter End Notes

I want noodles

# Promise

## Chapter Summary

Op a Tommy interlude

Also noodle recipe is in the beginning note if you want some bombass noodles!!

## Chapter Notes

Enjoy these noodles, broskis. They're like spicey and a bit peanut buttery and they're the absolute best. Do not eat them if you have an upset stomach though because I know from *experience* that throwing them up is not pog

### NOODLES

1. Mix together 2tbsp soy sauce, 1tbsp sesame seeds, several shakes of pepper, 1tbsp chili flakes, 1/2tsp lemon juice, shake of garlic powder or like 3 cloves of minced garlic, 1tbsp vegetable oil or sesame oil. Add 1 1/2 tbsp peanut butter and mash it in with a fork until it's like a thick sauce.
2. Cook your noodles. I use 2 packages of ramen, like the 30 cent ones? They soak up the sauce pretty well, but whatever noodles you wanna use.
3. Save about 1/4 cup of your noodle water and put it in your sauce. Mix it, drain the rest of the noodles. Put noodles in sauce and mix up
4. Enjoy noodles

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy didn't know why he trusted Technoblade.

Memories- bad ones, he guessed- of broken bottles humming with the stench of liquor, clutching a half-sewn teddy bear and being locked in a closet, jangling the doorknob and praying for someone, anyone, to come and *just let him out*.

Tommy didn't like closed spaces and Technoblade always left the windows open.

He hadn't always been blind. Magic came with a price, after all, and even if he hadn't *meant* to summon it, his magic was powerful. He knew that much. He'd seen wizards and sorcerers alike cross the street before he'd gone blind, clutching at the ragged ends of his mother's coat and hoping she wouldn't leave him behind in the marketplace again. Sometimes he stared and sometimes he got left behind, but it was okay because magic was so cool.

Tommy still thought it was cool, curled up beside Technoblade.

The man had led Tommy to a new room - Technoblade's bedroom, he was pretty sure - he could still hear the fireplace, but the smell of Techno's fancyass rose soap was much stronger in here. Tommy was pretty sure if this wasn't Techno's bedroom, then it was at least a room he frequented. There was a window on the opposite side, curls of wind blowing at the curtains. They brushed against Techno's face again and Tommy tried to commit it to memory. Maybe he could imagine it, if he tried hard enough.

There was a sharp line on Techno's jaw, but he had a small, pointed chin. His nose turned up at the bottom, like the ski hill Tommy had led Dream and his friends down once, the ski hill that had launched him across the border to the Empire. He also had long hair - *really* long hair. Like the longest hair Tommy had ever blown through.

Technoblade had said it was pink, once. Tommy couldn't remember what pink looked like, but he knew he liked the colour. Knew his favourite was red, and pink was just a softer red, so Tommy decided that he liked pink things too.

Techno also had two lumps in front of his mouth.

"What's in front of your mouth?" Tommy was curled, knees somewhere around his stomach, warm and full and comfortable. He'd been sat down and fed until he was fit to burst. Soup with bits of something tasty that Techno called veal and fresh bread. Techno had grumbled, under his breath- but Tommy had still caught it. Something about how skinny he was.

And instead of running away, fear in his throat and panic in the way the winds howled at him, Tommy'd just made a quip about how Techno sounded like the witch from some of the fairy

tales he'd overheard kids talk about. Something to do with fattening up children to eat them, a gingerbread house- Tommy hadn't really been paying attention.

"I have tusks," Techno's hand didn't pause in his hair and Tommy sighed internally at the lack of aggression. Maybe his question had been too invasive. Techno hadn't exactly asked about his blindness, it was rude to ask about other people's conditions. "I'm half piglin." Techno chuffed again, a low *chuff-chuff-chuff* sound. Tommy placed it happening somewhere mid-throat, and unlike some of the other noises Techno could make, this one didn't vibrate in his chest. Tommy curled a little closer, relishing the warmth that radiated off Techno. If he was a piglin hybrid, he guessed that made sense. Only beings born in the Nether would have heat come off them like a little fireplace.

"Is Wilbur half piglin, too?" Tommy wanted to ask a lot of questions- *do you have magic* and *what did you trade for it* and *why me* but he kept them to himself. For now, anyway. Techno had really sharp nails, but they just felt hellishly soothing on Tommy's scalp. They combed through his hair, gently untangling the knots, leaving it fluffy against Tommy's head. It was almost long enough to braid and maybe Tommy wanted to braid it. Not because of Techno, of course- he just liked long hair. It was just a coincidence that Techno *also* had long hair. The hand was dangerously close to his neck and Tommy wanted to shy away, but something in him kept pressing into the first gentle contact he'd had in months. His back was to Techno's side and he was facing the open window. Any wrong move from Techno and Tommy could send him into a wall and make his escape.

Maybe that was why Techno had placed them the way he had.

"He is." Techno's voice cut through his musings, the soft *woosh* of another turning page. Techno seemed to enjoy reading- Tommy kept catching him with books in his hands.

"He doesn't have tusks," Tommy pointed out. He curled a little closer, humming a bit when Techno's warmth washed over him. It was making him sleepy, sitting here like this. "And he doesn't make the- the-"

"Hm?"

"The *chuff-chuff-chuff*." Tommy tried to imitate it, but his voice was too high and not growly enough, and all Techno did was tip his head back and laugh. Tommy grumbled at himself,

irritated and picking at the threads on the blankets Techno had. They were really thick, and Tommy searched for a stray piece to grab. That'd teach him not to be an asshole.

"Wilbur does have tusks- his are smaller, they don't poke out of his mouth. More like fangs, really," Techno's voice was still lilted with amusement and Tommy searched harder for a stray thread to pull. "And that sound is meant to calm piglets, an assurance, of sorts, that they haven't crossed a boundary. That they aren't in trouble. He wouldn't have done it at you, not when he's chasing you around the city. He's too frustrated to, but he can make the noise." Tommy found a thread and pulled on it, grinning at the ripping sound as it came out. Ooh, that one was a good pull- maybe it left a hole.

A low rumble *growly* sound came off Techno, but it ended with an upturned lilt. Tommy jolted- that was a new one. It sounded mad. Was it mad? Tommy let go of the thread.

"That," Techno sounded amused again. "Was a sort of warning. Slap to the wrist, an informal 'knock it off'."

"Right," Tommy tried to nod along like he understood, like a *knock it off* hadn't always been met with a swift slap. "So you're not going to hit me?"

A pause. The hand stopped moving in his hair. Tommy was painfully aware of how close that grip was to his throat- he'd measured the size of Technoblade's hands, Tommy had been 152 centimetres for a while, and he used himself as a ruler wherever he could. A single one of Techno's hands was enough to wrap around Tommy's windpipe.

Maybe he shouldn't have asked that.

"I will *never* hit you," Techno's voice was lower this time, something dangerous curling around the emphasis. Tommy shrunk in on himself, curling tighter. He waited for the hand to come wrapping around his throat, cutting his air off, leaving him to choke and splutter and- "And if anyone ever does, you come tell me, and I will *deal with it*." the last bit was said in a snarl and this time, Tommy could feel Techno's chest vibrate from here. Nails scratched soothingly at his scalp and Tommy wondered if the warmth in his chest was how it felt to be protected.

"Speaking of," the nails in his hair scratched at an itchy spot Tommy'd been ignoring and he sighed, melting back into the soft bed with the even softer blankets. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to go home with Techno. "How did you get so burned?" *Who burnt you* - is what Tommy knows Techno meant to ask, but he's giving Tommy space to lie and say it was an accident. Burns like those are never accidents, Tommy knows that Techno knows. But Techno's been honest - brutally so, *take you home and adopt you* runs through Tommy's mind - so he figured he owes Techno the same in return, at least.

"Got into a fight," Tommy took a breath and flipped onto his other side, curling his fingers into Techno's shirt. The man stilled before a pleased sort of rumbling comes from his chest, an arm slowly pulling Tommy closer until his ear is pressed against Techno's ribcage. The rumbling is much louder here, but it's almost... soothing. Tommy curled harder into the affection, *enjoy it while it lasts, they all leave eventually* - his traitorous mind whispers, *-shut up* Tommy thinks back. "It was a fire wizard. Something about me being on their territory, I dunno." a distressed whine rose in the back of his throat and Tommy forced it down hard. "It wasn't- uhh Snappy? I'm not sure what his name is, but he's with Dream and he has fire magic too- but it wasn't him, it was a different person. I was trying to push their fire away, but it's hard for me to feel fire because it isn't solid- and I accidentally fed more oxygen into the fire and made it bigger- and yeah. I got burned." Tommy found a pocket on Techno's shirt and busied himself with opening and closing the front flap, fiddling with the button. The anxiety crawled up his throat, unwelcome, and Tommy knows that it's because he has moved his back to his only exit. Techno's arm is still around his head, still acting as a pillow for Tommy's tired body- it wouldn't take much for Techno to be able to force him to stay.

Tommy swallowed past the lump in his throat and hoped he wouldn't regret trusting this.

"I will handle it," Techno's tone brooks no room for argument and Tommy keeps his mouth shut. He's not entirely sure how Techno can keep that rumble purr up *while* he speaks, but Tommy's not going to question that. Not now, anyway. "I'm going to get you some fidget toys." Techno sounds amused again and Tommy's hands still on the button. No slap comes, no barking order to *stop it fucking still*, so he kept doing it.

"Fidget toys?" It sounded a lot like something you would give toddlers. Tommy frowns.

He's not a fucking toddler.

"They're just things you can mess around with. Keeps your hands busy. Some of them are cubes- they have buttons and up/down switches, a ball to roll your thumb across- all sorts of things to fiddle with when you need to. I'm thinking a cube, maybe one of the bendy ones- you pull those around into different shapes." Techno said, flipping another page in his book. Tommy's not entirely sure how Techno can hold a book and turn the pages with one hand, but he decides that Techno is just *weird* and maybe he should stop questioning it.

"What would you do if I left?" Tommy can't help the question. The last time he had asked it, trapped in a home with the windows shut, the man had smiled - *Tommy could feel the air move between his teeth* - and said he didn't have a choice anymore.

"You can leave if you want, window's right there," Techno said casually, maybe too casually, and Tommy realized that he didn't get what Tommy was trying to ask. "It's open."

"If I *left* , left," Tommy clarified. He curled a little closer, absorbing the warmth- he hated being cold. Frozen fingers and blue tinged lips and the imprint of a chain across his neck- and Techno was so warm. "If I didn't want to go with you, left."

Techno made the *chuff-chuff-chuff* sound again, and Tommy remembered that it was meant to be reassurance. It sounded strained, this time.

"We'd let you go," Techno finally said after a beat. The purring had stopped and Tommy missed the rumbles under his ear. "We'd set you up with a good home, of course, we wouldn't just *leave* you out on the streets." Tommy heard Techno's hair shift as the man's head moved. He could have tracked the air around Techno's face as he moved, could have followed every movement, but Tommy chose not to.

"Oh." he said, finally. He gripped Techno's shirt a little harder and the button accidentally popped off. Tommy blinked as it slid down Techno's side, waiting for the growly *knock it off* again, but Techno made another *chuff-chuff-chuff* and Tommy figured that if he was gonna keep doing it, he might as well keep a tally.

"Yeah, *oh* ," Techno's tone was light, teasing. His fingers rubbed comforting circles into Tommy's scalp. "I'd be... sad, though- I would like it if you would come home with us. Wilbur 'n I."



"Maybe." Tommy whispered. He closed his eyes, feeling the lull of warmth and fullness and safety lull him down to sleep.

Techno seemed content, the rumbling purr starting back up at Tommy's answer, and for tonight- it was enough.

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Nine hours later, Techno hid Tommy under his blankets and lied in a complete deadpan to Wilbur. Tommy tried to stop himself from giggling, trying not to give himself away. Wilbur totally bought it; hook, line, *and* sinker. Sucker. Tommy was going to enjoy raising hell at him today.

Tommy only lived by one motto, after all.

God lets him wake up every morning, so he's going to cause problems on *purpose* .

Wilbur finally left and Techno stuffed Tommy again with breakfast, something fluffy and soft he called *pancakes* with oodles of berries Tommy hadn't been able to eat in a long time on top.

He wasn't entirely sure how he was supposed to run like this- maybe he could roll his way across the rooftops. Tommy certainly felt bloated enough to try.

"Will you stay?" Techno's question cut through Tommy's thoughts as he perched at the edge of the window. He tilted his head, feeling the cool morning air giving back some of the energy he'd lost after stuffing himself so full earlier.

Would Tommy stay? Come back and not leave?

He hesitated on the window sill.

"Not today." he said. He jumped, pretending he didn't trace the edges of Techno's smile with the air when he left.

Not *today* meant *some* day.

Tommy felt a whoosh, flipping himself around as Snappy (who was apparently actually named *Sapnap* , but he got so mad at Tommy calling him Snappy that he couldn't just stop now-) flung himself through the air with his flames. Tommy could smell the smoke.

Snappy was always very careful- he knew the flames were hard for Tommy to feel. He never once had launched them towards Tommy.

Not today.

Today, Tommy was running circles around Snappy and calling George "Gogy" and swearing at Bad and teasing Wilbur for sounding like a *pelican* and telling Dream that he had a stupid face, even if he couldn't see it.

Not today.

Some day.

Chapter End Notes

SEE YOU TOMORROW

HAPPY MONDAY

# Communication

## Chapter Summary

They call Dadza.

## Chapter Notes

Hello hello how are you all?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"He said not today, Dad, which implies he'd come at some point. You're going to love him, he's a little shit, but-" Techno paused as Wilbur flopped himself hard down on the bed beside his brother, his taller form bouncing a bit as he groaned. Phil laughed from the communicator screen and Techno cast a judgemental eye at the pink roots that were starting to show on Wilbur's scalp. He needed to re-dye it soon.

"What?" Techno asked. He poked Wilbur's cheek, his twin groaning and raising his head.

"Tommy called me a *pelican* today," Wilbur snarled. He dug at the blankets, careful to keep his clawed fingers from inflicting too much damage. He was making a half annoyed, half fond sound in the back of his throat, and Techno laughed at the implications. Seems Wilbur's instincts had claimed Tommy just as much as Techno's had. "And he threw me off a roof three times!"

"You alright, mate?" Techno's attention refocused back on Phil as their dad leaned forward, carefully eyeing Wilbur's body. "Any injuries?"

"No," Wilbur sighed, propping his chin up in his hand. "Honestly, Tommy's pretty careful. He usually knows where we're going to land and if there's nothing to break our fall, he slows us down enough midair that we don't get hurt when we land. He does it less for Dream and Bad, mostly because Dream always catches himself and Bad teleports, but the little fucker was *gunning* for me today."

"Are you being bullied by a twelve year old?" Techno raised an eyebrow, listening to his dad wheeze. He was content, but still itchy under the skin - *baby baby runt little small nest nest protect find* - and he knew he wouldn't get that restless energy out until Tommy came to see him again.

"Oh, fuck off, he's a magical twelve year old." Wilbur stuck a tongue out and flipped Techno the bird before flopping back onto the bed. Techno could see the lines of irritation and aggravation from here, Wilbur tensing and untensing his back as he tried to get a grip.

Techno's instincts always made him restless, wanting to get up and move, hunt, fight, listen to the blood pounding in his ears and smell the copper in the air. Wilbur, on the other hand, just got *angry*. Moody, snappish, more prone to fits of violence. It was bothering both of them that they didn't know where Tommy was at the moment, when he should have been with them.

"He has wind magic, right?" Phil's gentle voice cut through the buzzing in Techno's ears and he nodded, thankful for the distraction. "Why not tell me a bit about what he can do with it?"

"He uses the air pressure in places to tell where he is. I think he uses himself as a ruler- I caught him mumbling once about how the alley was almost a Tommy and a half wide," Wilbur sat up as he spoke, waving his hands around. Techno watched as the irritation bled away, replaced by pride. "His magic moves so naturally, it's incredible to watch. He uses it to throw himself -and others- up and around as he pleases. We've seen him go pretty high, high enough where the oxygen would be limited, but he's never shown any signs of altitude sickness or difficulty breathing. Dream thinks he can pull oxygen from below to breathe when he's high up enough, but we're not going to be totally sure until we chase him that high and keep him there for a bit."

"His hearing and smell are a bit better than a normal human's," Techno added, shrugging as Wilbur stared at him. "I'm just saying, he's pretty good at sussing out where I am even if he doesn't use the wind. He said something yesterday about how this had to be my bedroom because it smelled a lot more like my soap- he was right, but it was still interesting to see a human able to do that."

"Ugh, of course *you've* made friends with him. At this rate, he's never going to trust me. Won't even let me touch him when I'm chasing him." Wilbur said gloomily. The irritated air was back and Techno could see the beginnings of a headache form in his twin's temple.

"Why not stay here and meet Tommy when he shimmies over? I'm sure he'd-" scrabbling at the open window. Techno and Wilbur both snapped their heads towards the sound. The window was empty one beat, then-

The curtains blew away from the window like a gale was sitting outside, and Techno supposed he was. Silently, he turned the communicator to let Phil see the newest member of their family, perched precariously on the edge of the window. Phil let out a soft *oh* and Tommy flinched back.

"Hey, hey," Techno crooned. He let the rumble purr start again, knowing that Tommy had liked the sound yesterday. Wilbur sat silent beside him as the wind blew in both their faces, Tommy drawing back towards the window as he recognized the second presence. "Just me and Wilbur."

"...there was a third," Tommy shuffled along the window, the new sneakers Techno had gotten him scraping along the brick. "A new person."

"That's Phil. Our dad, we're calling him on the com."

"...the com." Tommy repeated. He tilted his head again and the wind pushed at the little box in Techno's hands. Techno kept the purr up, patting Wilbur's knee in a quiet *be still*.

"Want to play with it?" Techno held the offer out, a little warped fungus on a stick.

Except Tommy was no strider and not as easily bribed.

The kid shifted, once, twice, an uncertain look on his face. But curiosity won out, like Techno knew it would, and he clambered into the room, taking hesitant steps towards Techno's bed.

"Hi Wilbur," Tommy's wind flashed out again, trying to find Wilbur's whereabouts in the room. "How are you doing, big man?"

"Hey brat," Wilbur kept his voice steady, casual, and Techno wanted to pat his twin on the shoulder, but he knew if he moved too fast, Tommy would bolt. "I'm alright, still kind of mad about the flinging around today." Wilbur raised an eyebrow and Techno tried to resist the dual urges to facepalm and then immediately strangle Wilbur. Joking around wasn't an option when Tommy was this jumpy- Techno knew he should've kicked his twin out.

Tommy stepped back, back towards the window. Techno went to call out again, unable to keep the purr up when faced with the baby of his pack leaving-

Wilbur made the *chuff-chuff-chuff* and Tommy froze. His twin cleared his throat, fiddling with his hands and patting the space beside him on the bed. Tommy tilted his head again at the sound of the blankets rustling.

"No harm done, I was just teasing," Wilbur's voice was a little rougher, scratchier from the noise. "Why don't you come sit with us? You can talk to Dad."

Tommy picked his way towards where Wilbur had smacked the bed. Techno's twin kept the tapping up and Tommy used the sound to guide him, until he was perched unsteadily on the blankets, far enough from Wilbur's torso that he could bolt if Wilbur lunged. Techno's voices frowned collectively at the action - *why is he scared? Technopog Wilpog Tommypog trust trust blood for the blood god* - but it soothed something deep in his chest that Tommy was at least there. It would be better if Tommy would curl into his side, like last time, but Techno wasn't going to push. He'd take what he could get.

Tommy fiddled with his hands and Techno kept his purr up, louder than was maybe warranted. Wilbur was never able to purr on command- he just sat, wide eyed at their newest addition. Phil, to his credit, seemed to understand just how skittish Tommy was and had stayed quiet. Not for the first time, Techno wished that Phil could step away and come help him. The man had always had more patience than any of them, however, they couldn't just leave the Empire without a ruler. Phil cleared his throat and Tommy jolted away from the sound, but didn't leave.

"Hey mate," Phil kept his voice low, calm, and soothing. When they'd found that raccoon in the floorboards, Techno had lured it out with food and Wilbur spent days chasing the thing around, until Phil had coaxed it out with the exact same voice and then gently carried it outside. "I'm Phil. It's nice to meet you."

Tommy was frowning again. Not for the first time, Techno made a mental note to teach Tommy to hide his expressions. Well- maybe. He could debate the pros and cons later.

"Phil's on the com," Wilbur spoke up before Techno could, leaning over and taking the box from him. He fiddled with the sides, turning the screen so Phil could look at Tommy. "It's a box-" Wilbur clarified when Tommy's confused face didn't change. "Made of metal and wires and redstone. It lets you message other people through text, or start a call like this one, where you can hear their voice and see them through the screen, and vice versa."

"Well that's not particularly helpful for me, now is it?" Tommy, ever so slightly, inched forward, curiosity once again getting the better of his fear. Techno wanted to write it down- he should make a journal. Everything he'd learned about Tommy. A small grin cracked on Wilbur's face as Tommy's shoulders dropped and Techno could only imagine the relief at his twin's voices and instincts not shouting at him anymore.

"We can always get you one that reads aloud other messages and types what you verbally respond with," Techno said. "It wouldn't be an issue. I'd feel better if you had one on you, really. Just in case you ever ran into trouble."

"Speaking of," Tommy glared somewhere around Techno's chest. It might've been intimidating if Techno hadn't been petting his hair last time. "What happened to that fire mage? They're gone." Wilbur glanced over at Techno, eyebrows furrowed. Confusion was practically radiating off his twin, hands tightening on the com. Suddenly Techno was very glad Tommy couldn't see their body language- if he had, he might've mistaken Wilbur's concern for anger and bolted.

"I told you I would handle it," Techno soothed, reaching a hand out and letting another *chuff-chuff-chuff* out when Tommy shied away. "I wasn't going to let them stay there where they could hurt you." The *again* was unspoken, but judging by the sudden fury in Wilbur's eyes, he'd gotten the message anyway.

"Did you kill them?" Tommy barked, uncertain. He was jittery again, like he was trying to decide whether to stay or leave. Techno thought about his response- he *had* killed the mage, strung his blood about aimlessly, really, but he wasn't sure if that was a good thing to tell Tommy. He kept the purr up, trying to soothe his skittish new little brother, but Tommy had risen to the balls of his feet, and- Techno bit back a sigh. He'd started this with honesty and he'd have to end with it too. He had a feeling Tommy would know if he lied, anyway.

"Yes," Techno knew his response took too long, but Tommy seemed to accept it anyway, staying stock-still on the edge of the bed. "They hurt you. Badly." Techno offered, trying to explain himself. His voices waited at the idea Tommy might hate him now - *we did it for him why why sadinnit L L L did we do something wrong* - Tommy shuffled on the bed, head down.

"Tommy," Techno had been about to open his mouth, but as in most situations, Wilbur beat him to it. His twin was scarily neutral, poker face on hard. "It's okay if you don't want to respond verbally, but Techno is going to need a reaction from you. His instincts are probably very... loud at the moment because of the uncertainty. If you are okay with him, headbutt his chest. If you are not, and it's fine if you aren't, you can just puff out your cheeks, shake your head, and leave." Wilbur cautioned. Phil, once again, had the sense to stay quiet and Techno tried to clamp down on the urge to fidget.

Tommy shuffled closer and Techno waited for the cheek puff, the head shake, the *disappointed he hates us not pog technomistake technobad no no* -

Tommy smacked his head into Techno's chest. The voices went silent, and this time, Techno didn't have to force his purr out. The wind pushed at him, trying to figure out if Tommy had actually hit his chest, but Techno just rose an arm and gingerly wrapped it around Tommy. The kid tensed again, and Techno was about to remove it, when Tommy *melted* into the contact, a quiet *whuff* escaping as he leaned into the hug, pressing his ear against Techno's chest to better hear the purr.

"Thanks, Tommy," Techno mumbled. "Is it okay if I move you between me and Wilbur? We can show you how the com works."

Tommy propped his head up, assessing the words before he gingerly nodded.



"Wilbur isn't... isn't going to hit me either." Tommy tried to phrase it like a question, but they all heard the nerves in the sentence. Wilbur's mouth dropped open, rage in every muscle, his eyes beginning to glow red- Techno clicked his tongue and quickly slid a line across his throat. *Shut your mouth.* Wilbur backed down.

"He'd rather die." Techno reassured, shuffling Tommy between he and Wilbur. Wilbur had the com flipped again so Phil had watched the whole interaction with wide eyes.

"I will never, *ever* hit you, Tommy. I promise. Can I touch you?" Tommy nodded again and Wilbur slid his arm over Tommy's shoulders, letting the kid lean against him. Techno wanted to protest the loss, but he knew that Wilbur and Tommy needed this. "And if anyone ever does, you can tell me and I'll make sure it never happens again, okay? You can tell any of us. And we will stop it."

Tommy nodded.

"Aww," Techno could hear the smile in his father's voice and he rolled his eyes, grinning at the rising red blush on Wilbur's cheeks. Wilbur had started purring, and it stayed even through his embarrassment. "So Tommy, I'm Phil-"

"King Philza of the Antarctic Empire," Tommy fiddled with the edge of his tee, looking for more threads to pull. Techno hadn't a chance to find some fidget toys yet. "34 years old, magic manifests as wings, known privately and publicly as kind but stern. Has not yet lost a war." Tommy listed, still fiddling. Wilbur blinked down at him as Techno chuckled.

"You done some research?" Techno teased.

"Rumors." Tommy's head glanced back in Techno's direction, finding a thread and slowly pulling it.

"Rumors? Oh boy, what sort of rumors are flying around this time?" There was laughter in Phil's voice, but judging from the expression on Tommy's face-

"They're not nice rumors." Ah.

"Run them by me anyway," Phil soothed. "It's okay, mate, I'm sure I've heard worse. I can't quite make that chuffing sound, but I promise you won't be in trouble for saying it."

"...they say you traded your wife's life for your magic." Tommy finally spat it out and Wilbur stopped purring. Techno, likewise, felt his stomach drop- he couldn't see Phil's face. He wasn't sure he wanted to.

"I see," Phil sounded very much like he was trying to keep it together. "Well, you were right mate. That's not a nice rumor at all."

Tommy just shrugged.

"I don't like that," Wilbur mused. Techno watched Tommy for any signs of an imminent run. "The idea you have to trade anything to get magic."

"But you do," Tommy argued. His head swung up and Techno motioned for Wilbur to relax his arm, put it back a bit- give Tommy space to lurch forward and away. "You do have to trade something."

"You make it sound like you did." Wilbur complied, shifting his arm back a bit. Tommy was tensing again, and Techno was pretty sure the kid was going to run.

"I traded my eyes," Tommy bolted forwards then, the window still open. It didn't make his statement any less horrifying. The pit in his stomach was back and Techno could feel Wilbur shaking beside him. In fury, in fear? "It was an accident- I didn't have another choice. He was going to-" Tommy shut his mouth then, seeming to realize that he'd been running it, and quickly jumped out the window. The wind carried him away and his absence felt like an actual hole had been carved in Techno's chest.

"Don't go!" Wilbur hurried off the bed and shouted after him, hands gripping the window sill. "Wait, Tommy, you aren't in trouble!"

More rustling. Was he still nearby? Techno took one look at the hardening, determined set to Wilbur's jaw and immediately felt immense fear.

"Wilbur, no." he tried. Let no one say he didn't try.

"Tommy you come back or I'm jumping out the window!" Wilbur hollered out, it was almost midnight and people were *clearly* sleeping. "You have three seconds- one, two-"

"Wilbur." Techno tried again. There was more rustling and Techno knew Wilbur heard it too.

"Three!" Wilbur jumped out the window. To his credit, he only shrieked a little bit, but even Techno could hear the wind screeching as Tommy flew to catch him, lowering him down gently onto the ground. There was a small scuffle, more rustling, and then Wilbur's voice, too soft for Techno to fully make out, started soothing the hushed sobs that cut through the air. Techno's heart *lurched* - he wanted to be out there, he needed to - *runt hurt runt sad crying sad no nest nest help* -

"-echno?" he blinked back into focus, staring at the com Wilbur had left behind. He picked it up, trying to find his distractions in Phil's familiar face. His dad looked tired, a little sad- a far cry from the shattered man Techno had almost expected. "There you are," Phil soothed. "Don't worry about Tommy, your littermate has him. You can trust Wilbur, right?"

Techno's instincts purred - *littermate has runt baby is safe littermate will hold protect in nest* - and Techno sighed as they stopped pushing so hard, relief flooding him as his shoulders dropped. Thank the gods that Phil always knew what to say.

"Thanks." Techno grunted.

"...I like him," Phil mused. "When are you bringing him home?"

They weren't going to talk about the whole *I traded my eyes for magic* thing, huh.

"Not sure yet," Techno grunted again, hearing the sobs muffle. He was pretty sure Wilbur was hugging him, but- aaand there was Wilbur's purr. Definitely hugging him. "I don't want to move too fast. He has to come to us."

"Agreed," Phil nodded, fingers tapping his chin thoughtfully. "I'll start preparing for his arrival anyway. Any idea his level of schooling?"

"Minimal. He seems to be good at quick calculations because he uses himself as a ruler to map out how far other things are from him, but it does seem that all his knowledge stems from what is practical to know on the streets." Techno hummed to himself.

"Okay, I'll refrain from placing him in an academy, then. Tutors, do you think?"

"Tutors would be best anyway. Not sure the kid could handle school. He has a deep distrust of other people. Wilbur's been chasing him for weeks and he only likes me because I feed him."

"I'll arrange for a placement test then. And find some excellent tutors."

"Record their interviews. I want final say on which ones we pick."

"Of course," Phil was grinning and Techno huffed, turning his head away. He was just being practical. Not soft. "He'll need some interaction with kids his age, though."

"Make his main attendants kids, then," Techno huffed again as Phil raised an eyebrow. "We can't just have him socialize with other noble kids. They'll act differently than he's used to- and they're usually stuck up and suck ups. He won't make any friendships there."

"You do have a point," Phil hummed thoughtfully. "Any ideas where to find a child, then?"

"...Puffy."

"Puffy is an adult therapist, Techno. I do think Tommy should talk to her, but she is not a child-"

"No, Puffy has a *kid* . I see him all the time, he's a strange mix of bold and shy, but he's well mannered. Bit of a gremlin. He has a friend, Ranboo. Ranboo's quieter and susceptible to peer pressure, but apparently he's good at getting them out of trouble when Tubbo gets them into it. Ranboo stays with them."

"You think Puffy would-"

"I think you should offer Puffy a permanent place in the castle on the condition her kids be Tommy's attendants."

"If she says no?"

"Then I have no other ideas."

"I'll ask," there was laughter in Phil's voice again. "She'll probably want to meet him."

"I'll see what I can do. I'm not sure if his anxiety also applies to other genders. Only male-oriented people have been chasing him."

"Alright. I'll-"

Wilbur groaned as he climbed back through the window, a sleeping child on his back.

"Kid fell asleep on me," Wilbur grinned, still purring. There was a wet patch on his shirt, bits of tears and snot, but Wilbur didn't seem to mind. Techno moved to hand him a tissue anyway. "I asked him, before he did, if he wanted to sleep here and he said sure, so I brought him back up."

Techno eyed Tommy's wrist again from where it was hanging off Wilbur's shoulder. "I wish he'd stayed awake long enough for me to feed him." Techno grumped.

"Mother hen," Wilbur grinned and set Tommy down on the bed. Techno let his right hand drop from the com, gently petting through Tommy's hair again. Even in his sleep, the kid cuddled closer to the touch. "I want him to stay." Wilbur stripped off his shirt, choosing one of Techno's and buttoning it up. He slid himself onto the bed, wrapping an arm around Tommy's shoulders again and getting the kid to cuddle into his side.

Techno was not jealous.

"Me too." Techno sighed.

"I just want to meet him in person!" Phil flung his hands up in fond exasperation and they turned their heads back to the com. "You keep forgetting I'm here, I only got to say like three sentences to him."

"Apologies, Dadza," Wilbur stuck his tongue out. "We'll make sure to appropriately administer Tommy's attention."

"We'll time it." Techno nodded, gravely.

Phil wheezed.

See you peeps tomorrow

# Potions

## Chapter Summary

Tommy runs into some trouble.

## Chapter Notes

An early update today, guys! I'm up earlier than I normally am- couldn't sleep last night so I'm going to try and make it through the day so I'll crash tonight.

Hopefully.

I have lots of work to do, so that should keep me up!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy hadn't meant to get into the fight. In his defence - if you could even call it that - they started it.

Magic like his was rare, apparently. Rare enough that people really thought they could make a pretty penny in tying him up and selling him as an ill-behaved pet to the highest bidder. 'S what the last people tried to do, anyway.

Tommy had fought these guys before, and unlike Dream and the others, they weren't playing fair.

A whistling was the only warning he got, flinging himself sideways and into a wall, before a net smacked into the ground somewhere to his left. Tommy was already bleeding, a cut running from his ankle to just above his knee- those nets had some wicked blades on the edges and Tommy was pretty sure they were weighted. He wasn't going to stop and pick one up to try and find out, though.

They were light in the air. Too light.



Tommy heard the reloading of a dart gun and bolted out of the alley, blood hammering in his ears. This dance was familiar, a pop one-two-three, they'd chase him into the city's alley grid, in the outskirts. The poorer factions, the places Tommy spent his time when he didn't feel up to playing tag with the king. He blended in here- or, he used to.

Ragged clothes had been swapped out for new ones, scars and matted hair cleaned and fixed. He had to look like he-

His foot hit a wet patch on the ground and Tommy didn't hesitate before diving into it, wincing as the mud dug into the cut on his leg. He could only be concerned about an infection if he lived past this chase, after all.

He'd outrun them before. He could outrun them again, even if he couldn't take to the skies and have his magic carry him to freedom. Even if he couldn't see them, he knew exactly how to hide himself amongst the other alley kids. Tommy wasn't *dumb*, he couldn't exactly see the things he'd been given, but he knew based on the feel and weight of the fabric that it wasn't any of the fancy silky shit Techno wore all the time. He could dirty it - the shit he'd been dodging as he ran was more than enough to tear it - and he should fit in just fine.

It was risky.

Tommy knew it was risky. He didn't exactly have a choice at the moment, though, so he needed to just swallow his fear and go on with it. He rolled with his shoulder, bringing his hands up to caked the earthy mud in his hair. It'd been soft and fluffy from when Techno had brushed it out, and-

Tommy missed him.

*Don't think about Techno*, he hissed at himself. *We are literally running for our lives- do not get distracted.*

Warmth and fluffy blankets and rumbly purrs under his ears-

Don't get distracted. He couldn't afford to get distracted.

Gross-ass cherries in his mouth, regen cream soothing his burns-

They were going to *catch* him.

Tommy blindly (hah) flung out his magic, searching for an out. There was enough pressure, a pause between the walls and Tommy turned on his heel, flinging himself towards it.

He promptly smashed face-first into a wall. Of all the times-

Footsteps pounded at the ground, people with heavy boots coming closer. The boots had metal towards the bottom, Tommy could hear the *clang clang clang* of it as they ran to get him. There was something warm and wet dribbling down his face, into his mouth- blood. Right.

His nose hurt.

He picked himself up, disoriented, feeling dizzy. He heard another whoosh, a stray dart burying itself in the wall behind him. Tommy went to run, but once again, life disappointed him immeasurably and he tripped on something fucking stupid on the ground. It hit the floor with an echoey clatter - it was supposed to hold something, then - and Tommy tried to step around it. He tried, he tried.

Tommy wanted Techno.

Something grabbed at his shoulder, the wind curling around someone's hand as it flew downwards, planting itself in one of Tommy's eyes that didn't work. He tried to shout, but there were more hands on his mouth, bringing him down to the ground with a knee on his back.

Victorious shouts echoed across the alleys, bouncing on and off between the walls, and Tommy wasn't even sure which way was up anymore.

He wanted Techno and Wilbur. Or-or Dream or Gogy or Snappy. Tommy would even take Bad, even with how he'd be scolded for his language. He wiggled and was hit again.

*I will never hit you, Techno had said. And if anyone ever does, you come tell me, and I will deal with it.*

Tommy didn't think he was going to get the chance.

---

They really should have expected that not everything would go well.

The team had stalked through the alleys, Techno once again opting to stay in Dream's mid-city apartment building, waiting for Tommy-

Techno and Wilbur were twins. Born of the same blood, adopted and raised by the same man in a time before they could remember it- but two houses with similar foundations could still be entirely different. They were different. Techno's voices were louder and often just shouted nonsense, spamming the letter E and a combination of Techno-something. Wilbur's twin often claimed that his voices were idiots because Techno himself had enough sense to get by on his own- Wilbur's voices were much quieter. Spoke in longer sentences, sounded like snakes in the back of his head. They were always right and he had long since learned to not ignore their warnings.

Wilbur smelled the blood before he saw it.

He was a ways off from the others, following the hiss in the back of his head of *danger there is something wrong with the runt go forward and left* .

A whine, followed by a smack.

Wilbur flung himself forward, no longer caring about keeping stealthy or out of the way. He knew that blood- had smelled it all over Technoblade, and even if it wasn't coated in ash and smoke and fire, Wilbur could still tell. He rounded the corner, already pulling out his crossbow, his daggers, his short sword.

He loaded the crossbow and took a few seconds to look around, assessing the threats before he aimed. There were eight men, all dressed in dark clothes, heavy metals at the bottoms of their boots and their hands. Three were closer to the ground, one had Tommy pinned under a knee, Tommy's blood splattered across the metal knuckles.

Wilbur shot him first. Clean, straight, right through the eye. He would have liked to take his time - a quick death wasn't something this man deserved for laying a hand on Wilbur's family - but he would have to make do. He reloaded again, hearing the men start yelling as their friend dropped. A one, a two- the three closest to Tommy were all on the ground, blood staining the brick in messy little piles. Tommy was still in it, red staining the white of his little shirt Techno had gotten for him, but Wilbur would worry about him a minute. When they weren't getting shot at.

Four more up at the edges of the alley, crossbows loaded with darts. Wilbur banished his crossbow back to his inventory, pulling up his sword and letting the flat of the blade block the darts before they reached his body. They smashed on the ground, little things pouring out some silvery liquid. Wilbur eyed it with contempt- he could recognize magic blockers anywhere.

He used his momentum to fling himself up the alley walls, humming as he summoned his daggers to them. Like a dance, a beat one-two-three-four, Wilbur dodged around one foe and slit his throat, tripped another and shot him when he fell, brought his crossbow back out and sent a bolt between the third's eyes, and the fourth he pushed off the edge of the roof, loading an arrow and letting the man plead for mercy he wasn't going to be getting. Wilbur kept his humming up long after the forth's head had smacked against the brick, blood blooming from the arrowhead buried in his skull, and he looked up. There *were* eight. It seemed the last, seeing all his colleagues falling to Wilbur's weapons, had abandoned ship.

Ugh.

Seems the only thing these assholes could do properly was piss Wilbur off.

Wilbur opened his palm, sending all of his weapons back to his inventory and jumped off the roof. He rolled with the impact, gravel scratching against his back and skull. Didn't matter though, didn't matter because Tommy was blearily trying to raise himself up from a puddle of blood.

Wilbur skidded to a stop in front of the kid, hands out and grabbing for him. Tommy let out a shriek as he was touched and the winds blew wildly at Wilbur's face, throwing his hat off his head and sending it down the alley. Wilbur ignored it, ignored everything else and pressed the kid to his chest, tucked under his chin.

"Tommy, Tommy," he breathed. Tommy's little hands smacked at his chest before he stilled, hopefully recognizing Wilbur's voice. "It's me. It's Wilbur."

"...Wilbur?"

"Yeah, kiddo. Got yourself into a right mess here, huh?" Wilbur let himself laugh. He stood, rolling his eyes at the puddles of blood that had soaked into his pants. He'd have to get the servants to scrub these out, ugh. That'd be such a *pain*. He easily pulled Tommy's weight into his arms, balancing the kid against his chest like a toddler. The back of his head purred, a similar rumble rising up from his throat. Tommy melted into it, pressing his ear against Wilbur's collarbone, and Wilbur could feel his own purr growing stronger at the response. *Runt, baby, little*. His instincts pushed at him. They wanted Tommy home, in the nest that Wilbur had built in his room - or in the nest in Techno's room, or the one in Phil's room, didn't really matter - and *safe*. Safe and fed and not with bruises blooming like terrible violets across his cheeks.

"They've-" Tommy cut himself off and Wilbur purred harder, gently encouraging him to speak. He stepped out of the puddle, glaring down with growing disdain for these assholes. "They've chased me before."

"Oh?"

The kid in his arms shuddered. "They've *caught* me before." Tommy's hands traced his neck, like he was almost expecting to be choked.

" *Oh.* " Wilbur didn't even try to keep the snarl out of his voice that time. He peeled out of the alley, watching the crowds carefully for any sign of more of these men. The crowds watched him back- he knew he stuck out like a sore thumb here. And despite Tommy being covered in mud and bruises and with the few rips in his clothes- his sneakers were still new. His hair was still shiny, and he didn't have the constant coat of dirt that other kids had from playing in the bricks all day. *Tommy* stuck out like a sore thumb too. *A noble going to fetch his wayward little brother* , nameless faces in the crowd whispered. *There is no other explanation* . Wilbur smiled and let them keep looking. They were fairly close to the truth, after all- he couldn't wait to announce Tommy as the new Prince of the Empire.

In fact, he couldn't wait to go back to the Empire. He enjoyed vacations in Dream's kingdom, after all- the Empire's borders took up the North of the entire continent, stretching from West to East and taking small divots further South. They had a few beaches, but they were still cold year-round and the terrain still so used to snow. Dream's kingdom was one that shared a border, but the border was broken up by a series of small mountain slopes that had been turned into a rather popular ski resort. The official border crossing was just a few miles South of the resort, making it technically Empire territory, but they had mutually agreed to keep it a neutral grounds of sorts for vacations.

Dream's kingdom, Essempee, stretched along the entire West side of the continent, extended about half-way across the land mass. It was smaller than the Empire, but they had nearly unfiltered access to the Western seas and a navy unlike any other in the world. They also had a strange luck in finding precious materials and resources- shipwreck after shipwreck, long forgotten temples, all bursting with gold and treasures that the country would take as their own. The Empire and Essempee had always been on neutral terms, but they were slowly pushing towards trade agreements and an official alliance. After this whole mess, though, Wilbur would *gladly* ally with Dream. In fact, he would advocate for it. They didn't ally with tyrants and Dream was no tyrant.

While he'd been a bit busier chasing after Tommy, the man regularly went around and redistributed his wealth to people in need. The country as a whole had incredibly strong welfare programs that kept almost the entire country comfortably middle-class. Dream did

some honest, good work, and Wilbur would be proud to call him an ally. Dream's kingdom was *lovely*, it was just *warm* and Wilbur missed the cool nights of the Empire.

But this was so much more important than Wilbur's comfort level. He headed through the alleys, letting his instincts guide him forward to find the rest of his pack.

"Are we going to Techno?" Tommy peeped up and Wilbur smiled down at his little brother, wiping the bloodstained fluffs of hair away from his eyes.

"Yes." Wilbur found it hard to speak when the purr was up, but he'd struggle through it.

"Take a left," Tommy slouched against his chest as Wilbur paused in the intersection. "Then go straight, then a right, then straight, then a left." the kid listed off directions, hand waving absently towards the path he was giving out. The breeze blew through the alleyways and Wilbur paused. The wind shouldn't have been blowing, not this hard between the buildings-seemed Tommy *hadn't* gotten hit with the magic blockers. A knot of tension in Wilbur's chest loosened. "'T's faster."

Wilbur couldn't purr any harder than he was, but his instincts wanted to try. Instead, he gently butted Tommy's head with his own, rubbing his cheek against Tommy's forehead. He set off down the path Tommy had given him, but at the end of the first left, they were just at the side of the apartment building Dream owned, and there wasn't enough space for Wilbur to squeeze through.

"Well, looks like we'll have to go the long way," Wilbur reassured. He knew Tommy could feel the dead end the same as Wilbur saw it. Oh god what if he thought it was his fault and got sad? Wilbur could not handle him crying. He panicked, his purr briefly stopping as his mouth flailed. "Well of course it isn't your fault Tommy, I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. Silly Wilbs, am I-

Wilbur blinked down at the gremlin grin slowly stretching across Tommy's face. What.

"Hang on." Tommy chuckled, like an ominous little shit. Wilbur was confused, what could he possibly need to hang on-

A breeze flinging his mop of hair out of his face was the only warning he got before he and Tommy were being launched skyward. Wilbur shrieked, clinging onto the child in his arms for dear life. He could feel his shirt rising up - fuuuuck he should have tucked it in - as he got *flung* up.

"Don't worry, I do this all the time!" Tommy had managed to untangle himself from Wilbur's death grip. He tried not to look down. He was not going to look down. He was-

Ah fuck he looked down.

They were going to fall and they were going to die and *how the fuck did they get this high up?*

Wilbur opened his mouth, probably to yell at the child, but the breeze that had been keeping them *up* suddenly vanished, replaced with a hard hit from the side. Wilbur spiraled through the air, Tommy's smaller hand in his.

He was pretty sure Tommy was shrieking his laughter.

Wilbur was just shrieking.

They slowed as they approached the side of the building. Wilbur smacked into the brick with a weighted *oof*, grappling for purchase on the fourth floor window sill. Tommy had just flown through the window entirely and Wilbur heard Techno's startled grunt, followed by a furious snarl as Tommy's injuries were exposed to the light. Wilbur pulled himself up and through the window, glancing up.

His twin was already at Tommy's side, hands fluttering over the bruises and checking their severity.



"Get a health pot," red eyes met Wilbur's own and he nodded. He stepped out of the room, heading off to where Dream kept his stash of shit. "Are you hurt anywhere else?"

Wilbur didn't stop to listen to Tommy's answer- not when he had bigger fish to fry here. He skidded into the room at the end of the hall, one that Dream had stocked with chests and chests of healing supplies. The hinges groaned as Wilbur pried the chests open, grabbing the red-filled bottles and a few regen cream containers. Techno had insisted on them being close by in case Tommy ever came in injured, and for once, Wilbur was thankful for his twin's paranoia.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the chapter, I'll see you tomorrow~

# Y'all are gonna get grounded

## Chapter Summary

They're going to get grounded-

## Chapter Notes

Yo how's life??

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You said that they've chased you before," Wilbur was the one to break the silence in the room. Before, the only things Tommy could hear were the shuffle of clothes and bandages, and the regen cream getting spread along his face. "What do you know about them?"

Apparently the guy who'd punched him had used brass knuckles. Tommy knew his face hurt, but he didn't know how damaged and bruised the skin was. He'd assumed he had a black eye from getting punched there, but he wasn't sure what else. Techno had panicked over the amount of blood, but Wilbur had quickly asserted that the blood wasn't Tommy's.

"They always come in groups," Tommy's voice was raspy again and he resisted the urge to sigh at it. The blubby fake cherry taste of the healing potion was sticking to his tongue like a half melted caramel and he was rather upset about it. These potions were magical, could heal even the worst of wounds, and nobody had figured out how to make them taste good? Tommy called bullshit. "Usually six to ten of them. They have metal things on the bottom of their shoes that lets them stick to walls and climb really well. It makes a weird sound when they run though, so that's how I usually know they're coming." Tommy paused when someone clicked their tongue. It was close. He was about to blow a puff of air in that direction, see if it was Techno or Wilbur, when a comfortably warm mug was pressed into his hands. Techno, then. Tommy hummed his thanks, settling back down near the open window. He brought the drink to his lips, assuming it was the same tea as last time- but instead of fruity and soothing, it was chocolatey? Tommy hadn't had chocolate in a long time.

"This is a strange tea." Tommy licked at the cream that had gathered on his lips, frowning as he tried to make sense of it. Why would tea be frothy?

"It's not tea," Techno's voice, in front of him but slightly to the left. "Hot chocolate."

"Oh." Tommy took another sip. "I like it."

"I thought you would."

"You also said that they've caught you before," Wilbur interrupted them. Tommy could feel the air curl around Wilbur's palms when he smacked them into the floor, the short slapping sound following after. "What did they do to you? Why are they after you?"

"Why are you asking?" *Why do you care about me and why does it matter* and- ugh, these people were just so confusing. Tommy still couldn't really understand why Techno was so insistent on feeding him, or why he was given new clothes, or why he wasn't hit when he was being dumb. They were confusing. Tommy shuffled a bit closer to the human fireplace that was Techno, sighing in relief when Techno gently put an arm around his shoulders. Tommy turned his head so he could nuzzle into Techno's side. He took another sip of his... hot chocolate and relaxed when the warmth travelled down his body. He could feel the dried mud pull at his hair when he moved and he sighed. It'd be a pain to brush out.

"Why am I-" Wilbur's voice was raised in a half furious snarl- and this, at least Tommy could understand. Couldn't help the flinch into Techno's side, but he understood the anger. Wilbur was going to-but no, Wilbur said he wouldn't-Techno said he wouldn't let anyone hit Tommy. His head hurt. These people were too confusing. "Tommy," Wilbur took a deep breath and *crooned*. It was a strange sound, a musical rumble, and Tommy jolted a bit at this one. Nobody offered any explanation though, so Tommy was left to guess on his own. It was good, probably? All the bad ones so far were grumbly, they *sounded* mad. This one sounded almost... like Wilbur was calling or soothing? But the *chuff-chuff-chuff* was supposed to be soothing- op, not soothing, reassurance. This was quickly getting too complicated for Tommy, and the building migraine behind his left eyebrow started pulsing harder. "I want to know because I care about you. We also need to know so we can tell Dream, and he can get rid of them if they're causing problems." Wilbur sounded much calmer now.

"Oh," Tommy was trying real hard to think through the jackhammer in his skull. "Uhm, they go after kids, usually. People in vulnerable positions with magic. They run experiments, try to study the magic and see what they can learn," Tommy took another sip of his hot chocolate. He huffed a breath, feeling his hands shake. The phantom feelings of chains were back around his neck- "They um. They would put a-a chain around my neck and-" Tommy felt Techno's arm around him tighten. He gulped a breath. No getting out of this now. "They would choke me to see if I could force oxygen into my body even if my windpipe was gone. They had to keep healing me- they kept squeezing it until it couldn't go back on its own." Tommy hid his face in Techno's shirt. Focus on the fabric, on the stupid rose soap, there's nothing around his neck, nothing nothing at all, he can breathe even if he's choking on the air, there's air here, he can-he can-

"Thank you for telling us," Techno's voice picked up and Tommy leaned into the rumbles, trying to focus on how Techno's voice always shook his chest out. "We will handle it. Do you want to take a shower?" Techno's hands played with some of the hair that had gotten stuck together with mud and Tommy winced as the strands were pulled uncomfortably. "You've gotten quite muddy, here." Techno ended his sentence with another rumble purr and Tommy couldn't help but lean into it. Even if he was still learning the cues, this was so much *easier* than normal people. No dancing around the truth, trying to guess tone without body language to bounce off of- just happy rumbles and mad rumbles. Tommy could work with that.

He nodded. He was pretty sure if he tried to speak anyway, he'd just end up bursting into tears.

"Do you want me to go with you? I can sit outside the door or go in. Your choice," Techno offered. "If you want me in then you can keep your clothes on and we'll just wash your hair."

Tommy inhaled and thought about it. He wasn't used to being super dirty anymore and he didn't like the feeling of the mud that had caked along his arms and legs from his dive. The cut had healed up on his leg, so that wasn't hurting, but Tommy still didn't like how the mud pulled at his skin.

"...can you sit outside?" Tommy *hated* how small his voice sounded. Hated how reliant he was becoming.

*But would it be so bad, to go home with Techno and Wilbur?* a little voice asked inside his head.

"Of course." the twins answered at the same time and Tommy was gently pulled to his feet and guided towards the bathroom.

*Shut up.* Tommy told it back.

"I have my crossbow and my daggers and my sword," Wilbur put his hand on Tommy's shoulder and started purring again when Tommy didn't flinch. "And Techno has his axe, shield, and sword on him in his inventory. Nobody will get past us." the door creaked as it was opened and Tommy shivered a bit as his feet touched cold tile.

"Inventory?" Tommy played with the edge of the bathroom door, a small breeze flowing through the room.

"It's part of our magic," Wilbur explained. He waved his hand. "I can tell you more after you've showered?"

Another bribe to stick around. Tommy was a curious soul, though, he always wanted to learn and *know* , and he was starting to get rather suspicious of how these two were using that against him. Even so-

"Sure." Tommy whispered. He wanted to know. And maybe he wanted a few more free Techno hugs, or some free Wilbur cuddles. But that'd be ridiculous, which was exactly why Tommy was not entertaining that.

"Do you want another hot chocolate?" Techno this time. "Dad actually knows way more about the magic than we do, Wilbur just talks out his ass and pretends he knows," Wilbur let out a wounded noise of protest. "We can call him again. He was real upset last time."

"...oh." Tommy didn't really think it was possible for him to wilt so much at a simple admission- he didn't care if Phil didn't like him. He *didn't* .

"Yeah," Wilbur sounded amused. Tommy was real glad that the asshole found his pain funny. "He wanted to talk to you more so he got mad at us for taking your attention. Dadza's *jealoussss* ~" Wilbur sing-songed to the tune of Techno's laughter.

" *Oh,*" these people kept surprising him at every turn. "Um, yes to another hot chocolate... please."

"We'll be waiting for you here when you're done." Techno said and Tommy closed the door. The fan turned on, whirring blades giving him easy access to the air currents. Tommy could hear Techno and Wilbur fall into easy banter, the sound of a sword being unsheathed calming his nerves. Maybe it shouldn't have been so soothing to hear the sound of a blade- but Tommy had been a lot of things in his short life. Always the fighter but never the *fought for* .

But there were two people outside, guarding the bathroom door just because Tommy was still scared. Who were giving him privacy and wanted him in their lives. Tommy turned the shower on, waiting until the water was as hot as he could make it before stripping and jumping in. He didn't bother folding his clothes, he was pretty sure Techno would just give him new ones.

The rain-like shower splattered across his back and shoulders, leaving slightly reddened skin behind from the temperature.

*It wouldn't be so bad to go home with Techno.* the voice whispered again.

This time, Tommy didn't tell it to shut up.

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"-obvious symbols. Their cloaks didn't carry anything, but your guards found the bodies already, right? Did you see anything identifiable on them?" Wilbur fiddled with his communicator, staring down at Dream on the other end. Techno wasn't entirely sure how the man managed to emote even with a mask over his face, but by the gods, did Dream look *displeased*.

"They didn't," Dream's tone was clipped, harsh and angry. The shower was still running and Techno could smell his soap getting stronger, tuning out the scent of mud and dirt slowly. They were still guarding the door- Wilbur had his crossbow out and Techno his sword. They were fairly certain that no one would be coming here, that no one was bold enough to attack them, but they could never be too careful. "There was no ID on them either. We ran their faces against our records- some of them were off the grid, but two had criminal records. Minor crimes, were released early on good behaviour. I hadn't even heard of-of *magic hunters* , not in my country." Dream's fingers tapped harder against the arm of his throne.

"Tommy spoke about them like they'd been around for awhile," Techno hummed. He readjusted his grip on the sword, ear flicking as the tub made a small popping noise when Tommy shifted his weight. His instincts were sharpened, searching for any kind of threat- Tommy had been injured and that was enough to set them off, but the kid had asked them to protect him while he was vulnerable. It was a teeter totter of it being far too much for Techno's instincts to handle and being just enough. They liked protecting. They did not like that it was necessary. "He might have encountered them outside of Essempee."

"Some of *my* citizens were in that band of child abusers," Dream snarled. "Which means they have at least some kind of established presence here. My guard has been dispatched, the soldiers and police forces are going to hunt them down as we speak." Techno was pretty damn sure that he'd never seen Dream this angry before. Annoyed, sure- not furious.

"We need to call Dad and tell him too," Wilbur huffed from beside him. He had an arrow prepped and loaded in his crossbow, the barbed point dripping with a thick blue liquid. Techno could smell the spider eyes from here. He understood- didn't think it was entirely necessary, but judging from how Wilbur's eyes tracked a constant path from the window to the door and back again, Techno was pretty sure his twin's instincts were being fairly *loud*. Tommy had given them this job - guard him while he was showering - and they were going to see it through. "They might have a presence in the Empire, too."

"Already messaged him," Techno held up his communicator, displaying the row of text he'd sent to their dad. Phil had responded and they'd been having a conversation, swapping details as Phil prepared their own assault. "He's already on it. He-" Techno hesitated. "He wants us to bring Tommy home."

Wilbur's hand tightened on his crossbow. Dream sighed, a drawn-out and heavy thing. Not for the first time, Techno wondered how the man was able to run every major facet of his

country without rest. He had his advisors, of course, but his responsibilities were a heavy weight to bear. Techno understood all too well.

"King Philza has a point," Dream scrubbed at his face under his mask, slouching back on his throne. "On one hand, we don't want to rush Float-er, Tommy. We need him to trust you guys so he can go with you willingly. On the other hand, if we let him go off on his own again, he might get captured and I'm not confident in our ability to *find* him if those idiots do first."

"We could just kidnap him," Wilbur suggested. Techno gave his twin a look, suddenly being overcome with the urge to let his palm meet his forehead. "We can good cop/bad cop him. I'm not afraid to play the bad guy if it means he's *safe*."

"Oh yes, let's threaten to kidnap the traumatized child with trust issues," Techno could feel Wilbur bristling beside him. "That sounds like a masterful plan, Wilbur. Not like the child would hate us forever or anything."

"No, I think kidnapping's off the table for now," Dream looked a little more amused, sitting back up. That throne didn't look very comfortable- unlike the ones in the Empire, Dream's was just made of metal with a hard, rigid back. "Even if you did, he'd just escape. You'd have to drug the shit out of him to stop that from happening and one, I don't think either of you would be able to do that, no matter how safe he would be, and two, *I* wouldn't let you do that." Maybe Techno should get him some cushions. That had to be hell on the butt.

"Yeah fine," Wilbur waved a hand. Techno knew what that was like, after all, he'd been in his fair share of bad chairs- "What do you suggest we do, then?" -and they'd always left his tailbone hurting and his back sore, and Techno really didn't know how Dream could stand to do that. Techno was about to ask, really, but then the king jolted. He could see the tension in Dream's shoulders. "Dream?" Wilbur prompted.

"Uh," Dream leaned back on his throne, a few pops following. Techno was really going to get him a better chair for Christmas, this was ridiculous. "King Philza is on his way here. I've just been informed he's crossed the border."

"...what?"



## Chapter End Notes

SEE YOU TOMORROW SIMPS

# Madza

## Chapter Summary

Dadza is Madza.

(To the person who commented that: YOU MADE ME LAUGH MY ASS OFF, THANK YOU FOR THAT)

## Chapter Notes

LAST CHAPTER OF THE WEEK

This chapter is dedicated to Modmother, for the "Dadza is madza" line

ALSO

My good friend, DeVoid, I am encouraging (read: forcing) to write her first fic, so everyone please give her some encouragement!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil relaxed back on his seat in the plane. He swirled the glass of wine he'd been given in his right hand, humming. The stem of the glass parted his fingers, the red liquid swirling about in his palm. The plane hit a small patch of turbulence, but Phil wasn't worried- his wings twitched as the wind buffered the jet.

The jet was silent, the cockpit where Karl and Quackity were flying the thing had its door shut. Phil didn't really mind, he knew how the others were currently feeling about him. As a King, Phil normally walked around in normal clothes. Long coats and a red heart necklace, missing the gold bangles and jewelry that Techno was so fond of; Phil didn't even normally wear a crown. He considered his wings mark of his status enough to identify him. He wanted to come off as well-meaning, as a softer ruler than his predecessors.

It didn't mean Phil was incapable of taking every last drop of his authority and *twist* every last piece he could touch to get exactly what he wanted.

He'd dropped everything when he'd seen that message from Techno, that someone had tried to kill Tommy. Kill Tommy, capture Tommy. Techno was always nonchalant, always pretended, but Phil could read between the lines to see the fury in his son's words when he had briefly said that Tommy had been caught by these *individuals* before and tortured to see where the limits of his magic went.

Phil's feathers bristled in his own fury. His sons had gotten the voices from him, after all.

The long, dark cape clasped around Phil's shoulders dragged at his seat, pulling at the plush comfort. It was fastened with gold clasps, melted into the crest of the Empire. The red heart necklace was tucked into his shirt, his crown heavy on his head. Phil had finally put on all of the gold braces and earrings that Techno and Wilbur kept sneaking into his room- the soles of his boots were plated in diamond, precious gems in the rings on his hands. Phil knew he oozed power, oozed control; his sword was sheathed at his belt, the highest of enchantment glimmering along the blade.

He couldn't help the dark look that had kept to his face since Techno had sent him the message, and Phil knew it made it look far too much like his father, especially judging by how people in the castle had flung themselves out of his way as though he was going to run them over.

A slight *shickk* broke Phil's train of thought and he tilted his head over to where Sam was scraping a whetstone across the blades on his trident. The creeper hybrid was smoking and Phil could smell the gunpowder from here.

"Calm down," Phil nodded his head towards where Ponk was meditating, his hands glowing gold as he focused his healing magic to the tips of his palms. "We don't need to explode out of the sky."

"Apologies, your Highness," Sam muttered. He scraped the stone across the blades on his trident again; the smoke had stopped wafting off him, but he still smelled like gunpowder. "I am rather... wound up."

"I understand," Phil huffed out a breath. He would pour Sam a glass of wine, but the alcohol activated with his explosives and caused them to be bigger, louder, more likely to go off. Sam didn't drink often, but when he did, they had to have a bomb squad on the scene just in case

Sam got a bit annoyed while tipsy. "I am quite upset as well." Phil brought the lip of the glass to his mouth, swallowing the wine. It was quite fruity, a low alcohol concentration, one of Phil's favourites. He needed something grounding before he went on a violent rampage.

*How DARE they*, the voices screamed. *They hurt the baby-* there was a pounding across Phil's left eyebrow - *the baby bird* - it was quite annoying, really - *Destroy them Destroy them* - Ponk would probably have some painkillers in his bag - ***rip them to shreds and scatter their entrails along the street*** - maybe Phil should ask for some - *death for the death god* -

"I just-" Sam sighed, his trident dipping in his hand. The hybrid looked quite troubled behind his gas mask and Phil tried to block off the voices for now. "I can't believe that there are magic hunters- I mean, there have always and will always be small groups of them, but they're never an *organization* like this before. This- testing, torture, deliberate hunting of vulnerable people-" Sam shook his head, smoke wafting off his gas mask again. Phil tightened his hold on the wine glass, shifting to cross one leg over the other. "I don't know how we didn't know about this sooner."

Phil shrugged, watching the glass fracture under his hands. He put the glass in its cup holder, watching with a critical eye to make sure the cracks weren't bad enough to spill wine everywhere.

"We know now. We can find them now," Phil traced the lip of the glass with his thumb. "We can *destroy* them now. Only a matter of time, old friend."

"You're calmer than I thought you'd be, your Highness." Sam finally sheathed his trident, nodding to himself as he leaned back on his own seat. Ponk peeked one eye open, peering between Phil and Sam.

"Oh, trust me," Phil finally let his bloodthirsty smile out, absently popping his sword in and out of the sheath. " *I am far from calm*. They attacked one of my own, my newest, my littlest son-" the voices started screaming and Phil couldn't hear the plane's engine over their shouting. "They have made this *personal*. "

"I'm quite excited to meet the new prince," Ponk stretched his arms above his head and the cracks that followed startled Phil straight out of his murderous thoughts. He couldn't do anything but stare- what the actual fuck was Ponk *doing* to himself to snap crackle n pop like

goddamn rice krispies? "You all seem really fond of him. He's wormed his way into your heart in such a short amount of time; you haven't met him in person yet, either, and you're already so protective." Ponk gave a sly grin, plopping down on his side and smacking the side of his face into Sam's lap. Sam, to his credit, just raised an eyebrow, but Phil was used enough to their antics that he could just brush it off.

"I've seen him on the coms," Phil hummed. The jet gave a short jerk as it began to descend. Phil couldn't see the snow anymore, instead, it was all sunshine and green fields rolling out the window. They were nearing the capital, then. Good. He was starting to get antsy. "I'm very sure that if I didn't adopt him, Techno and Wilbur would fight each other for the right to do so. He's a very cute child," Phil laughed, remembering Tommy's fluffy blonde hair, the curiosity sparkling in his eyes when he'd stopped being so anxious, the talent Phil could see in every move the kid made. "And my other sons are already so attached. Techno is certainly *trying* to hold himself back, but I'd give it a day or two before he starts trying to cover Tommy in gold."

"Piglins," Ponk laughed. "Who do you think is going to try and put him in gold first- Prince Technoblade or Prince Wilbur?"

"Prince Wilbur." Sam poked the side of Ponk's face. Ponk immediately grinned, holding a hand awkwardly to his back like he was asking for a handshake.

"My money's on Prince Technoblade, so you're *on*. Loser has to wear a catboy maid outfit for a whole twenty four hours." Ponk declared. He kept his hand out and Phil watched the expressions flash across Sam's face - confusion, horror, resignation, fondness - and he chuckled lowly to himself.

"Alright," Sam drawled. He grasped Ponk's hand, shaking it once. "I hope you like stockings, Ponky."

"I'm not going to lose!" Ponk jabbed at Sam's knee and Phil tuned the sound of their bickering out as he refocused out the window. The streets and cars were starting to come into view as the plane descended, seatbelt lights activating. Sam and Ponk were too wrapped up in their argument to notice the lights go on and Phil just didn't care to heed them. They were getting closer. Phil was quite ready to just leap out of the plane and have his wings carry him to the ground, but considering Sam's irritation levels, decided against it. He quite liked Karl, he would hate it if something were to happen to his favourite co-pilot.

Tommy had looked so scared, so anxious; even when wrapped in the presence of his brothers. By all accounts that should have soothed any worries Tommy had, but Phil had watched Tommy bolt away from them like they were going to hurt him. It was absolutely inexcusable, and Phil's hand tightened on the arm of the seat. He was going to find whoever had done this to his youngest and he was going to pay it back *tenfold* .

Phil flicked through his inventory, clicking through the little grey boxes of cookies and blankets, stuffed toys and the warmest cloak Phil had: all things he had brought for Tommy. Phil's magic was a funny little thing he called *Minecraft* . He supposed that it should have a real name, one that Phil hadn't made up, but no one in the world had ever manifested the same magic as Phil did, so he got to call it whatever the hell he wanted. To put it simply, Phil's magic allowed him to manipulate reality, to play life as though it were a game. It gave him an inventory he could summon at will, his wings, and a few little bars that measured any damage he'd taken and his hunger level. The most interesting part about it, of course, was that Phil couldn't permanently die. He could always respawn, waking up wherever he slept last. He didn't do it often - it was incredibly painful, the process of respawning - but it kept him alive, and ready, for whenever his sons needed him.

Phil's favourite part about it was that he could make others play the same game as him.

He'd had his own run-ins with magic hunters, although it was never anything as organized as the group that had gone after Tommy. When he was young, still living under his father's foot, the old King would offer for Phil to give other people the power of *Minecraft* - the inventory, the respawns, the bars - in exchange for political favours. Hunters had gone after him, and after Phil had killed them, he'd gone after his father and those political pricks next. Nothing had ever felt so *satisfying* since. Even people Phil was close to were not given *Minecraft* . It was a power Phil kept for his family and his family alone.

He couldn't wait to give the magic to Tommy, to wrap him up in Phil's energy and make sure his newest son couldn't leave them either. Techno had respawned a few times- Wilbur had only once, but they were close enough calls that Phil couldn't help the anxiety surging into his stomach. He *needed* Tommy to have the same option to respawn, especially if these people were after him. One bullet shot wrong, a blade in a vulnerable spot- Tommy could feel projectiles, yes, but what about less tangible things? It would be so easy to carve something small, light, and fast enough that Tommy wouldn't have enough time to read, and then Phil's youngest would be *gone* . Whether or not Tommy came back with him, and Phil was certain he would, he was going to be placing his magic upon his son. Phil wasn't losing anyone else.

Not again.

Ponk's voice raised in pitch as he whined at Sam and Phil chuckled lowly under his breath. He hoped Ponk liked stockings, too, because it was *definitely* Wilbur that was going to snap first. Part of the reason Phil had worn all of this gold and fancy shit he didn't normally bother with was so that the twins would hopefully calm by one member of their family being covered in gold. Piglin instincts, Phil had learned, were very protective and possessive- they demanded the sounder be draped in jewels and stuck in a nest. Phil was hoping he could pull some of their attention off of Tommy; the poor kid had looked so startled when Phil had seen him last.

The plane descended further and Phil stared down at the cars and people. Their jet lowered itself towards the private landing grounds attached to Dream's castle, and Phil could barely make out the fellow King and his second-in-command peering up at the jet, the wind flying through Ser George's hair and pushing at his goggles. Dream, to his credit, looked unfazed: but Phil could see the tense set to his shoulders. He smirked a bit, leaning forward in his chair. He plucked the glass of wine, downing the rest of the ruby liquid, and letting the mulberry taste settle on his tongue.

Techno and Wilbur were one thing. Phil was another.

The plane dipped, landing gear engaged as it rolled to a stop along the runway. Dream's servants were rushing to the engine, ready to collect their bags and luggage. The stairs unfolded from the plane and Quackity opened the door, glancing at Phil. He uncrossed his legs, gesturing for Sam and Ponk to take their places behind him. Phil had left the Empire in Pete's hands; the steward was more than capable of running things while Phil was off collecting their wayward princes.

Wayward indeed.

*Death for the death god*, the crows whispered in the back of his head, no longer shouting now that the salt-breeze of Dream's capital city was heavy in his lungs. Phil wondered if Tommy liked the cold, if he was so used to this place- he would definitely be putting Tommy's room beside his own, where their floors were heated by the natural springs underneath the castle. Techno and Wilbur ran hot as piglins and they didn't need as much heating as Phil did.

Phil nodded to Quackity as he left the plane, making eye contact with the other King as he took his first step down the stairs.

*Soon* . he promised the voices in his head. *We will raze them all to the ground soon. Let us find Tommy first.*

*Baby bird.* They whined back. So attached. Phil let the dark grin stretch across his face, relishing in how Ser George visibly flinched.

The Angel of Death descended.

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Tommy was sitting back in the plush chair he'd slept in after Techno had healed him for the first time, the taste of fake cherries drowned out by the creamy chocolate drink. He sipped at his mug again, his eyes drooping just a bit. It was really warm in here, and Wilbur had insisted on a blanket. The window was open and the chair was really comfy, and Tommy had made his shower way too hot, so he was getting sleepy. Sue him.

"So, Tommy," Wilbur was somewhere to his left, but Tommy was way too tired to fling his magic out to find out exactly where. Wasn't like they were going to attack him or anything. After a pause, he hummed at Wilbur to make sure the other knew he was paying attention, but Tommy's focus was stolen by Techno's throaty purr. There was a hand in his hair, large palm cupping his head as claws scratched lightly at his scalp, and *oh* , if Tommy wasn't sleepy before, he definitely was now. "Dad's on his way to meet you."

"King Philza?" Tommy knew he was slurring his words a bit. He took another sip of his drink- he trusted Techno to grab the mug if he started to droop. He leaned into Techno's hand, the purr from behind him almost rumbling the entire chair.

"Yeah, Dad," Wilbur said. He sounded a bit nervous and Tommy straightened against his seat. Nervous. Was King Philza violent? "He's, well, he's coming here to meet you-" oh god.



“He’ll be here in a few hours, actually, Dream went to go meet him at the airport.”

“Is he going to hit me?” Tommy couldn’t help the yelp, jolting against the cushions. The blanket fell off his lap and Wilbur made a wounded noise, a small and *sad* croon. He hadn’t-judging from how Techno and Wilbur talked about King Philza, and the little bit Tommy had talked to him, he hadn’t thought the man was *abusive* - the idea of anyone hitting Techno was a bit laughable, but *still* . King Philza had sounded so nice over the com, was it just a trap?

“What?” Wilbur’s hands were on Tommy’s face, gently cupping his cheeks. “Where did you get that idea, Toms? He’s never going to hit you.”

“You sounded nervous!” Tommy tried to defend himself, shrinking away from the grip. There was a soft disturbance in the wind and a light smacking sound, and Wilbur stopped touching his face. Part of Tommy was relieved. The other part was so *upset* , he wanted the- a whine escaped his throat before he had time to pull it back. There was a frozen silence. He fucked up. He’d fucked it all up, they were going to hate him, nobody wanted to be around someone who was as clingy and *needy* as Tommy. Yeah, he liked being held, but nobody had time for that, so it didn’t matter. The window was starting to look real nice at the moment, he was sure he could escape. Escape and-

Wilbur pulled him towards his chest, the *chuff-chuff-chuff* escaping his throat. Tommy hesitantly returned the hug, burying his head into Wilbur’s collarbone. Unlike Techno, who always smelled like fancy roses, Wilbur smelled a lot like *pine*. There was an undertone of metallic blood, probably from where Wilbur had fought those guys earlier- Wilbur had fought those guys. Tommy owed him. How could he pay him back?

“No no no,” Wilbur hushed. “I’m not nervous because I think Dad’s going to hurt me, I’m nervous at the havoc Dad’s going to wreck across the entire city. He’s really mad that you got hurt.”

“Why?” Why did they care? Why did Tommy *want* them to care?

“Techno told you, we’re adopting you,” Wilbur laughed against his hair. “Dad basically adopted you the second we told him about you, and it solidified when he got to talk to you. He’s really mad that you got hurt, so he’s going to come and help take those guys down, and then we’ll take you home.”

Maybe a week ago, Tommy would have argued. Asked to leave or just launched himself out of the window. Afraid of this being a trap, afraid of them lying-

“Okay.” he snuggled into Wilbur’s jacket.

It wouldn’t be so bad to go home with them.

Home?

*Home.* Tommy thought, face buried in Wilbur’s jacket with Techno’s hands petting his hair. And if Tommy’s eyes let a few tears out, crying quietly as Wilbur hushed them, neither of Tommy’s bro-

Neither Wilbur or Techno said anything.

Chapter End Notes

Okay *simps*

See you Monday!

# Magic

## Chapter Summary

Ponk loses the bet.

## Chapter Notes

Yo yo yo Welcome to Monday folks! Have a chapter~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eret crossed their legs, settling back onto the chair. "He got away?"

"They had him pinned," Punz shook his head, glaring down at the men who had kneeled at Eret's throne. "Supposedly he was rescued by *Prince Wilbur* of the Antarctic Empire, of all people."

Prince Wilbur? Eret sat up- now *that* had caught their attention.

"You didn't say anything before about the Empire being involved," Eret narrowed their eyes at Punz, the flared waist on their skirt shifting on their throne. "Why were they there?"

"We have taps into Dream's apartment building- supposedly they're trying to adopt the kid," Punz eyed the dagger Eret was twirling absently in their hands and they smirked, purple and blue swirls of colour dancing over the blade. "King Philza is on his way, actually."

"Intercept before he gets there then, if Philza squirrels Tommy off into his kingdom, there's going to be nothing we can do. The Empire has a too solid defence- Tommy is vulnerable in Essempee," Eret sheathed the blade, standing from their throne. "Take as many of my soldiers as you need. I want that child in my castle by sundown, in three day's time, or there will be consequences. I'm sure you understand me, Punz?" the man nodded, jaw stiff at Eret's side.

"If you get him here *before* the three days are up, I'll double your pay." Eret waved a hand as Punz's head snapped up, determination in his eyes. He gave a single, sharp nod, before stalking off and barking orders at the soldiers in Eret's castle.

Men like Punz only wanted one thing, after all. Money made their worlds spin, the gravitational core to their planet. The promise of *extra* payment would be enough for Tommy to be delivered onto Eret's doorstep by tomorrow. At least they hoped. They'd paid quite a bit of money for that boy, and even if Tommy was being troublesome now, Eret knew they would be a good parent. They had to set rules, limitations; Tommy had been out past his curfew for far too long.

Their feet carried them up the stairs, past the marble columns and through the secret tunnels to the hallway that housed only two bedrooms. The first door to the right their destination- Eret creaked the door open and stepped into what would be Tommy's room, when he arrived. Eret had been a year younger, lonely and bored in their too-big castle, when they had stumbled across the magic trade. An underground system of sorts- their main base was in Essempee, but they had recently spread to Eret's kingdom. Supposedly Essempee's borders were too open, too large for the allowance of international trade, that it had made the country a perfect target for slavers.

Eret had taken their pick, choosing from the more *expensive* options- magic made for the best soldiers, after all, and they were sure that when they treated their new guards well that they would all settle into their new jobs. And then, Eret had seen *him* . Younger than anyone else Eret had seen so far, straining against his bonds, and a mat of purple-black-red bruises all across his neck. He had been glaring viciously, and Eret had realized in just a moment that the boy couldn't see. Eret had tried to wave, tried to smile at the boy- no response. His eyes had been completely focused somewhere over Eret's shoulder, and they had realized that the boy was looking to where Eret had last made *noise* . Sympathy had gripped their heart and they had asked how much the boy was.

The woman showing them around that startled at Eret's interest and said something along the lines of how the child was powerful, but poorly trained. Too wild, unstable. Bit his handlers and had resisted his capture- supposedly had put up one hell of a fight. *Wind magic* , the woman had said, *He uses it to see. He's useless without it.* She had thrown a small stone into the cage and laughed when the boy jerked. *You don't want him*, her mouth had moved and Eret resisted to urge to just take her head off there. *We haven't broken him yet. He's a loose cannon.* A loose cannon. A loose cannon with the softest hair Eret had ever seen and baby blue eyes. He was absolutely precious and he didn't belong in this dingy cell where he was clearly mistreated.

Eret bought him on the spot, and that night, the kid had escaped. The slavers had offered their assistance in recapturing him in exchange for Eret's money and continued patronage.

They were *finally* getting closer, but clearly, the Empire had seen the same thing Eret had. Too young to be out on his own- little Tommy needed to be protected. Trained. Eret hummed as they swept around the room. They'd spared no expense, but that was to be expected for Tommy's status. The windows were locked and the drawers were filled with the magic-numbing drugs that the slavers had so kindly given them. Tommy would be left blind, helpless, dependent. And just like with the other people Eret had purchased, they would show him that Eret could be trusted, loved, relied on. Tommy wouldn't even miss his magic. Maybe some days, Eret could let him have it, as a treat.

They really were excited for their son to just come home.

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"He's absolutely precious." Phil brushed a stray piece of Tommy's hair out of his face, trying his best to keep his coos at a low volume. His youngest was sleeping, and while Techno had sworn that the bags under Tommy's eyes had been worse before, they still looked like bruises. He needed his rest. His boys had laid Tommy on Techno's bed in Dream's apartment and he was swaddled in the covers, warm and content and safe. Wilbur had already started rearranging the pillows like he did in his nests and Techno was twitching, trying to hold himself back from joining in.

Phil let the gold he'd draped over his ears clang together, stealing his boys' attention. They stared at him, happy little rumbles coming out of their chests and Phil almost burst into amused laughter at how their pupils dilated. They certainly seemed calmer, less tense, since Phil had arrived, but who knows how they'd react when Tommy inevitably left again.

"Dad," Wilbur grabbed at his arm, a high whine rising in his throat. Techno twitched again. "Dad come sit with us." Wilbur motioned towards the pile of pillows and blankets he'd meticulously arranged around Tommy, his pupils still blown to hell. He looked high, if Phil was being honest. High off his instincts, maybe.

"Shhh Wilbur, you'll wake Tommy," Phil lightly scolded. He let himself get pulled though, settling on the bed beside Tommy. He wanted to cuddle the kid, wrap his wings around him,

but he couldn't yet. Wasn't sure if Tommy would be comfortable with that. "He needs to sleep." Wilbur just hummed a bit in response, fluffing another pillow with just a tad too much aggression.

Tommy's eyes flickered open.

"Hi, mate." Phil breathed. Tommy froze for a single second and that was enough time for Techno to try and put his hand on Tommy's head.

The kid's magic flung itself out in a gust of wind that had Phil struggling to inhale against, his wings catching the breeze. He tried to tuck them, but he was already being pushed backwards and thankfully, Techno grabbed him before he slammed into a wall. Wilbur's stress nest was blown apart, blankets flying everywhere and a pillow hitting Wilbur right in the face. Phil stretched out a hand at the *terror* on Tommy's face, but the kid launched himself out the open window.

Just like that, he was gone.

Wilbur peeled the pillow off his face and hurried to the window. He hung himself out of it, head snapping back and forth as he looked for their youngest. Phil patted at Techno's arm, getting his son to let go of him. He stepped forward, gently sliding an arm around Wilbur, trying to soak up the tension. He couldn't blame them- it must have felt a bit like whiplash, having everyone here and safe, and then suddenly being ripped away from their youngest-

"Sorry," Tommy was perched back on the window, wind blowing into Phil's face. He bounced on his toes anxiously, and by god, was it rather cute. Now that he was awake, Phil could appreciate the gremlin energy wafting off this kid. He absolutely couldn't wait for Tommy to come home and wreck havoc in the castle, make the wind blow and take off that one man's busybody wife's wig. Phil would pay money to see it, but with Tommy around, he didn't think he had to. "Force of habit."

Wilbur made a frustrated whine and Phil gently pulled his son away from the open window, guiding his son back to where Techno was standing far too still. Their heads were far too loud right now, Phil assumed, and they'd need each other. Wilbur grabbed at Techno- Techno had always had more control over his instincts because of how loud his voices got, but Wilbur was far more susceptible to falling into them.

“Quite alright, mate,” Phil extended a hand, palm up. He kept himself still, not moving even when Tommy’s wind ruffled against his feathers uncomfortably. He’d need someone to help preen him if this kept up- he could feel the feathers moving out of place just from the air currents. “I’m sorry for scaring you. That was my bad. I’m Phil-”

“Hi, your Highness.” Tommy shuffled nervously on the window sill again. The sun rose, orange glow painted across his cheeks and Phil’s magic *sung* .

“Just call me Phil.” he kept his hand out, quiet- a silent offer. Tommy’s face split into a hesitant grin just as the light broke the horizon, a backdrop of the second brightest sunlight Phil had ever seen - second only to Tommy’s smile - broke through the windows, shining into the room. Wilbur made another whine when it glinted off Phil’s gold and he felt himself returning Tommy’s smile.

“Hi, Phil,” Tommy grabbed at his hand, the winds finally calming enough that Tommy had “seen” where Phil was, and he couldn’t help the reaction. *Baby bird*, the voices cooed, *Give him Minecraft!* The red heart necklace on Phil’s neck started glowing, burning on his skin as the blocky, textured tendrils of his magic gently wrapped around Tommy’s wrist. The kid could feel them- he tried to jerk his hand away on instinct, but Phil kept his fingers wrapped around Tommy’s wrist. He was so thin- Phil’s *palm* was almost enough to wrap Tommy’s entire wrist. Techno might’ve been onto something about feeding the kid. *He’s on Hardcore*, Phil could imagine the crows in his head cawing at his ear, settling on his shoulder. *But you can fix that!* “What the hell is that?”

Right.

“It’s my magic, mate,” Phil urged the tendrils into Tommy’s skin, watching them sink in as the magic grabbed at the boy’s life. Tommy blinked several times, shaking his head in disorientation as it settled into his bloodstream. When Tommy pitched sideways and stumbled, Phil was ready. He caught the kid, settling his new son against his chest. “Don’t worry, the dizziness will fade.”

“The fuck?” Tommy’s voice was quiet, words slightly slurred, and Phil lowered them to the ground. He stroked Tommy’s hair, smiling when his son leaned into the contact.

“It’s called Minecraft,” Phil could feel it pulsing at the back of his head and he opened his control menu, humming as he added Tommy to the short list of people Phil had Whitelisted to his game. *Tommy Joined the Game* flashed across his head. “Remember how Wilbur and Techno could summon weapons to them?” Tommy nodded. “My magic gives people an internal inventory and tracks their general health and hunger levels. Wilbur and Techno have that inventory - it’s where they store those weapons. You can store pretty much anything in there, but I’ll teach you more about it later.” Tommy was blinking heavily, sensation coming back to him as he twitched his fingers. By Wilbur and Techno’s experience, he should be feeling stronger. Phil started rubbing his back- Wilbur had gotten extremely nauseous and had puked for about an hour after Phil had given his magic, so he wasn’t taking any chances with this new one. The voices in his head cheered as they started connecting to Tommy; Phil wondered what Tommy’s Chat would sound like. If Wilbur’s were practical, Techno’s impulsive, and Phil’s just *loud* - what would Tommy’s be? He couldn’t wait to find out. “But the most important part to it is that it gives you the ability to respawn wherever you last slept if you ever die,” Phil hummed as Tommy tried to sit up, grabbing at Phil’s shoulders to aid his shaking legs. “It’s something I give to every member of my family.”

“...family,” Tommy repeated. His wind brushed out weakly and Phil guided Tommy’s hands to his face, letting the kid touch and explore without his magic. “You haven’t adopted me yet.”

“Yet,” Phil grinned. “How are you feeling? It settled into Techno alright, but Wilbur was a bit sick after.”

Tommy blinked, slow and heavy as the words processed. “Yeah, I’m fine, big man,” he pitched forwards and Techno made a concerned noise, stepping forward with Wilbur koala’d onto his arm. “...’m dizzy.” Tommy admitted. Phil hummed and placed the back of his hand onto Tommy’s forehead. Slightly warm- he’d have to keep an eye on it.

“It’s alright mate, we’ll take care of it. You’ll be okay,” Phil kissed his son’s forehead and tucked Tommy under his chin. “Tech, mate, go grab a thermometer?”

Techno nodded and entangled himself from Wilbur, the door shutting softly behind him. Wilbur inserted himself right beside Phil, putting his own hand on Tommy’s forehead to feel for himself the heat radiating off of it.



“I got sick too, Toms,” Wilbur took over scratching at Tommy’s head. He was clearly too anxious to keep a purr up, but Phil could see the edge of instincts washed away by all the members of his family unit being present. “Don’t worry about it, we’ll take care of you.”

“Why’d you-” Tommy coughed a bit and Phil could feel the heat spike from here. “I thought you people were all about consent?”

“With those magic hunters chasing you, I didn’t think it wise to wait,” Phil hummed. Techno came back into the room with a thermometer and another mug of hot chocolate. He passed the stick over to Phil, hovering worryingly over Tommy. Wilbur made another whine and stood, his pupils blown again. “Speaking of,” Phil grinned as Wilbur started rifling through one of the drawers, tossing little gold accents out. They hit the floor with little *clings*, until Wilbur started pulling things and putting them in a little pile. “I’m going to need a full account of your experience with them to make it easier for us to arrest them.”

Wilbur hurried back over to Tommy, humming as he wrapped necklace after necklace around Tommy’s neck. Tommy raised a hand with furrowed eyebrows, mouth open to ask, but Wilbur just took that as an invitation to grab Tommy’s wrist with gentle fingers, pushing gold bracelets down his arm. Phil chuckled, burying his laughs in Tommy’s head. Tommy smelled like Techno’s soap.

“Piglins, mate,” Phil shrugged helplessly as Wilbur started stringing necklaces over his neck too. “You get used to it.” Wilbur started pushing rings onto Tommy’s fingers. Phil sighed as Techno hovered a little more, his pupils dilating as he watched his littermate cover their pack in gold. “Eventually.” Phil grinned at Tommy, sticking the thermometer in Tommy’s mouth.

“I hope Ponk likes stockings.” Phil mused. Techno jolted at that, his attention coming back to Phil’s words.

“Heh?”

## Chapter End Notes

I want to have another nap



# Cuddles

## Chapter Summary

Cuddles.

## Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter today, just some fluff

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Clink.*

Wilbur flicked his ear.

*Clink.*

"You know, Tommy-"

*Clink.*

He put a finger up, opening and closing his mouth as Tommy plucked another ring off his finger.

*Clink.*

The little band bounced off the wall from where Tommy threw it, clattering on the floor. It slid until it hit the carpet and it was much closer to Wilbur's feet now. Something in him

pushed for Wilbur to pick it up and put it back on, but-

*Clink.*

Wilbur winced. After he'd given into the impulse to cover his pack with gold, he'd forced them both down for a cuddle. And while the cuddle itself wasn't bad, Tommy was dizzy and disoriented and had fought being snuggled with. He'd kicked and yelled, and Wilbur both hadn't let go and hadn't asked to begin with.

*Clink.*

He needed to apologize.

*Clink.*

"You have a problem with rings," Tommy grumbled. He seemed annoyed but not traumatized, and if he was still willing to speak to Wilbur after what'd happened, that was a success in Wilbur's book. He really shouldn't have done that, not when Tommy was still so jumpy. "You put like twenty of them on me." Tommy twisted the last ring on his left hand, clicking his tongue. He plucked it off and chucked it with a little more... er, *vigor* than he had at the previous ones.

*Clink.*

"It's uhh- a piglin thing," Wilbur twisted his hands nervously. It was real surprising that Tommy was even talking to him, talking to any of them. He started messing with the rings on his right hand, the pile of necklaces Wilbur had forced on him clanking together. He winced again, rubbing the back of his neck. "We- Techno and I- are really protective over our family, piglins live in packs, and their young are guarded fiercely. We also really like gold. Not sure why piglins love gold, honestly, but they hoard it. So-"

"So family plus gold makes your brains go brrrrr~" Tommy rolled the r and Wilbur blinked at his little brother.

"Er, yes." Wilbur watched as Tommy started plucking more rings off his hand. He looked up, not quite high enough to reach Wilbur's face, and gave his best attempt at a scowl. Wilbur would give him points for it - he was trying - but Wilbur could see the apprehension and fear in Tommy's expression. Wilbur's gut twisted terribly at the idea that Tommy might be afraid of him and the back of his head *wailed* .

"Well, you put these on me," Tommy ducked his head and grumbled. "So you can come help me take them off."

Oh.

*Oh.*

Tommy wasn't afraid of Wilbur, he was afraid of asking for help. Wilbur made a humming noise, tilted and peppered with his happiness. Wasn't quite a purr, but Tommy relaxed at it anyway. He took Tommy's wrist with gentle fingers, sliding the rings off. He really had gone all in on the overkill, huh. Tommy swallowed hard enough that Wilbur could hear it. Maybe he was nervous? *Tell him a story* . Wilbur's chat whispered. A story? Wilbur could do that.

"So Phil brought some of his staff with him," Wilbur let his voice take on the almost musical lilt it did every time he told a story to a child. *Make him laugh*. Chat demanded. He would. "Sam and Ponk. They've been with us for so long that they're basically old friends, but they work for Phil back at the castle. Ponk's really cool, he's got glowy magic hands and he can heal people. He's also really good with a spatula - maybe better than Techno - but don't tell Techno I said that," Tommy giggled and Wilbur preened at the silent praise. "Sam's an expert with redstone and building. He's going to be making your communicator and he's in charge of all updates to the castle for your arrival."

"Updates?" Tommy had relaxed now. Wilbur's instincts were practically throwing a party in the back of his head. He hummed in response, reaching out to Tommy's neck and pulling the necklaces off. Tommy's ears were unpierced. Lucky. Or not, depending on how you looked at it. Techno's favourite gifts were earring jewelry, so Wilbur would try to get Tommy to agree

to have his ears pierced. It would make Techno happy, to have another person to make earrings for.

"Yeah," Wilbur gently bumped his nose into Tommy's, thumb brushing over Tommy's earlobe to see how many piercings they could reasonably do. "They're putting braille all over the castle so you can touch the walls and read where you are. I think Sam is also putting an AI system into the castle too- one where if you talk to her, she'll respond? She'll have directions and everything for you in case you get lost and she'd be able to tell you what doors lead where. They're also hunting down a copy of every book in braille or finding a document of it, so Sam's been experimenting with storage capabilities so he can fit an entire library's worth of books into a tablet or something."

"I don't know how to read braille." Tommy had small earlobes. Wilbur would guess two piercings before he'd have to move up the cartilage. From past experience, as long as Tommy wore at least one pair of Techno's earrings, it would be enough. But, if Tommy *did* go up his cartilage, Techno might just have a field day.

"Techno's learning. He's pretty good, not perfect, but he can teach you," Wilbur pulled the last of the necklaces off. There was a distorted humming in the back of his head, a push to just put at least one piece of gold onto Tommy, but he refrained. For now. A whine rose in his throat and Wilbur swallowed it. "Anyway, Sam and Ponk placed bets on whether it was going to be me or Techno who snapped and put you in gold first, and uhh," Wilbur rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. As he listened, Tommy absently reached out for Wilbur's hand. He manipulated the fingers, playing with the knuckles. Wilbur grinned at it- Techno really did need to get him some fidget toys, but Wilbur felt an odd amount of pride at being Tommy's fidget focus. "Well, I did, so Sam won and now Ponk has to wear a catboy maid outfit for twenty four hours." Tommy tipped his head back and *laughed*. "Knowing Sam," Wilbur couldn't help the happy purr that bubbled up from his chest. "He'll make Ponk wear it on a day where he has to be in front of other people, but Ponk is pretty shameless, so he'll probably just *nyah* at onlookers and pass on second-hand embarrassment."

"He sounds funny," Tommy giggled. *Giggled*. Wilbur grinned. "I like him."

"You will," Wilbur hesitated. "Look, Tommy, I'm sorry-" Tommy hummed and kept playing with Wilbur's fingers. He traced the tips of Wilbur's nails and for a moment there, Wilbur was worried that he was going to cut himself on the sharp points.

"You couldn't help it," Tommy shrugged. "Phil said it was your instincts that made you act like that."

"Still doesn't excuse it. I should have better control."

"You don't get mad at me when I can't control my fidgeting."

"That's different-"

"Is it?" Tommy jerked his head up and this time, he was looking a little closer to Wilbur's face. His face was hard, a determined set to his jaw- "Doesn't seem different to me." he pushed at Wilbur's fingers a little more aggressively, pulling them together and apart again.

*Baby baby baby* , Wilbur's head pushed. He sighed and gently rested his hand on Tommy's shoulder. "Can I-" he went to ask, but Tommy was already nodding. Wilbur guided Tommy into his lap, tucking Tommy under his chin. He kept his hand where it was so Tommy could keep playing with it, but the allotted cuddle made the purr rise in his chest, steady and strong. Tommy huffed and leaned back against Wilbur's chest, getting a better feel for the purr's rumble. Wilbur rested his chin on Tommy's head, peering down as Tommy pulled his fingers apart again, tracing the callouses from his guitar's strings that littered Wilbur's fingertips.

Techno was going to be *so* jealous.

## Chapter End Notes

I have a migraine and if I continue to have one tomorrow, chapter might get skipped

# Debate the Definition of Defenestration

## Chapter Summary

Hi hi I'm back on my bullshit

## Chapter Notes

Yo, you may have noticed I skipped yesterday. Was in Migraine Land, but I am slowly coming out of it. I appreciate all the support <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"*Nyah*," Tommy really, really and truly, had no fucking idea how this man managed to *evoke* the feeling of a cat, even without the maid outfit he'd been told would follow. Something about his voice- god, Wilbur had said that this one was shameless, but Tommy didn't think it would be like *this*. "I am Ponk, future Highness!"

Tommy shrunk back from the title, humming nervously. The curtains lashed about the room as his magic reacted, pushing against the two new figures Tommy had just been introduced to.

"Just Tommy, big man," the second figure was still quiet but Tommy could smell smoke off him. It didn't smell like a cigarette though- it was more woodsy, like foresty gunpowder. Strange. "Uh- what's the smoke?"

"Oh," the second person spoke- his voice was deeper, more serious almost. The smoke smell started lifting, but it was still there. It reminded Tommy a little too much of the last brush he'd had with the fire mage - *tommypog champinnit* - so he was quick to hurry the smell out the open window. The voices - Phil had called them Chat - were apparently going to start harassing him now, but they hadn't actually said anything bad. Just cheered him on, really. They kept using derivatives of *pog* and *champ* and they had promised to help him. Tommy wasn't sure if that was good or not. "Sorry about that. I'm a creeper hybrid, so I start smoking when I get-" Sam hesitated. "Emotional."



Tommy shifted. He was distracted enough with the whispers of *Sampog Ponkpog you can trust them* in the back of his head that he jolted when a hand gently laid on his shoulder.

*Techno Techno Techno!* the voices said.

"Tommy," it was Techno. Tommy relaxed, leaning back into the touch. "One of us can stay here if you want. I promise you that Sam and Ponk are safe- they would never hurt you. Dream will live if one of us stays here instead of going to the meeting." he sounded concerned. Tommy wriggled under the weight of it. He did want one of them to stay- he didn't like the idea of being left alone with strangers, even if Techno trusted them. But this meeting was important. Tommy didn't deserve to keep them back from it- he didn't want to be a nuisance.

*Not a nuisance!* the voices argued. *You are worthy of everything!*

He wasn't, but alright voices. Whatever you say.

"No, it's okay," Tommy lied through his teeth, pushing the now louder yells of the voices back. "I'm- this meeting is important. It's about the magic hunters, right? You all have to be there." Tommy fiddled with the little cube he'd been given. Techno was right, it had a bunch of sides and buttons and switches- Tommy's favourite part was a little oval dip on one of the sides that was softer than the rest of the cube. It was so *comforting*, even when the softness was only felt on his thumb.

"You're more important than a meeting, mate," Tommy jolted again at Phil's voice. Tommy wasn't *stupid* - he could tell how uncomfortable the wind blowing at Phil made him. He was pretty sure it had something to do with his feathers being ruffled out of place? Tommy wasn't sure. "One of us, or all of us, can stay if you want. We can always just have Dream call us on our coms."

*It does make him uncomfortable,* the voices purred. *When you push with the wind, push with his feathers and not against them. It moves them out of place.*

“Okay, thank you.” Tommy mumbled under his breath.

“Sorry mate, didn’t quite catch that.” Phil said. Tommy shook his head, tapping his fingers on his leg to the beat of the *You’re welcome* s that invaded his head.

“Uhm, it’s okay. Thank you though,” Tommy blinked, trying to tune them out. “I’ll be okay with Sam and Ponk.” He was still feeling a little dizzy- they had made him promise to not go off on his own. His magic was flashing in and out as it got used to being around Phil’s. Supposedly Tommy was the first person Phil had used Minecraft on who already had magic of his own, so they were on the lookout for any strange side effects. But Ponk had already given them the all-clear.

“If you’re sure,” Phil hummed. A hand pressed against his cheek and Tommy knew that the long fingers were Phil’s. He leaned a bit into the contact, trying to imagine what Phil’s smile looked like. “Tell Sam and Ponk if anything... strange happens, alright?”

It sounded like Phil was expecting something strange to happen. Tommy furrowed his eyebrows, jolting a bit when the voices in his head went completely silent.

“Strange like what?”

*Strange like us.*

“Well,” Phil hesitated and Tommy flipped his cube around, thumbs smacking into the buttons. He really liked this one but Techno had promised to find others- a bendy one? Tommy was excited for a bendy one. He grit his teeth together and wondered what other kinds of... fidget toys there were. “All of us hear voices, mate. We’re pretty sure they’re from the magic. You shouldn’t be hearing them for a week or two, but just in case.” Phil brushed some of his curls behind his ear and Tommy tried to look up where Phil’s face should be. He experimentally sent a light brush of wind towards where his head was angled and blinked when he didn’t feel anything. Phil was shorter than he thought.

*Dadza loves you* , the voices whispered. *Tell him! Don’t tell him.* An argument broke out in his head and Tommy took a breath, pushing them back again. He’d have to ask how the

others dealt with it, but- later.

“Okay,” Tommy mumbled. “I will. You go do your- your *old man* things.” Phil chuckled at that, brushing more of Tommy’s hair out of his face. He wasn’t sure why the man was bothering; wasn’t like Tommy’s hair could actually impact his vision or anything.

*There are other fidget toys!* Another voice piped up. *If you like chewing, there are ones for you to bite on. You can have them as necklaces or just in your hands. You’re also clenching your jaw.* Tommy stopped clenching his jaw, rubbing at it with the back of his hand as an ache grew.

“If it were anyone else calling me an old man, they’d be dead,” Phil mused. Tommy froze when Phil kissed his forehead before stepping away. He could feel the wind wrapping around Phil’s hand as he waved, frozen anxiety settling in his stomach. Tommy could hear every beat of his heart in his ears, thumping the voices out. “We’ll see you later. Tell Sam and Ponk if you need anything.”

The door closed and Tommy felt like he could breathe again.

*Dadza loves you!* The voices yelled. *He is not angry!*

“You’re sure?” Tommy kept his response soft enough that Sam and Ponk didn’t hear it, flipping his cube around again and rubbing his thumb on the soft spot.

*Yes.* They tried to make the same purr noise Wilbur and Techno did, but it was off. Too high, not rumbly enough, and there were several different attempts across all the voices. One sounded very much like an old car engine, and Tommy giggled at their attempts. They were funny, if not accurate. He felt better already, warmth spreading from where Phil had kissed his forehead. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to go home with Phil.

*Found family is my favourite trope!* The voices cheered. Tommy turned to Sam and Ponk’s direction, but when he heard a subtle throat clearing, he fixed his position. He’d been too far left. Whoops.

*Sam is going to ask if you need any help getting around.*

“Do you need, um-” Tommy could hear Sam’s clothes shuffle as he moved, his voice a bit muffled. He tilted his head, pushing a light breeze towards it. There was something on Sam’s face and unlike Dream’s mask, there weren’t any hidden pockets between it and Sam’s face.

“No,” Tommy said. He wondered- *It’s a mask! He produces spores when he exhales that are harmful for other people to breathe in, so the mask filters the bad out!* “Oh, a spore filter?” Tommy distantly felt Ponk’s head snap up. *Yes!* “No, I don’t need any help getting around. I can feel my way with the wind.” Tommy shuffled along the room, breezes blowing to life under his fingers.

*Awesamdad go brrr-*

*Wrong fic, you idiot, we’re not even in that universe.*

*4/4 SBI supremacy!*

“You can hear the voices,” Ponk came a little closer and Tommy shied away. He quite liked it when Ponk stayed on *his* side of the room, thank you. Tommy liked this side and they could have that side. “Can’t you?”

“...yeah.” Tommy almost dropped his cube, his magic throwing it back into the air. He found it midair, catching it and flipping it around to flick the switch back and forth.

“Cool. What are they saying?” Ponk, thankfully, backed off. Tommy heard a shuffle and a thump- he flung a breeze out and found Ponk’s figure to be a third of its original size. Either the man sat or he had size-shrinking magic that Phil had neglected to mention.

“Uh, they said what Sam was going to ask, they told me about different kinds of fidget toys-”  
*Hummina hummina hummina-* “They’re not bad.” Tommy flicked his switch a little more aggressively, trying to get the buzzing energy out of his chest before he did something he’d regret. Like going out a window.

*Defenestration pog.*

*Does it count as defenestration if you’re throwing yourself out of a window?*

*Defenestration is the act of throwing **someone** out a window, it does not specify it must be someone **else** .*

“As long as they’re not bothering you,” a pause. “Wanna watch a movie? I know a good one.”

“...I can’t *watch* a movie.”

“Why not- *oh*. ”

Sam slapped his palm into his forehead, a gesture done with such familiarity that Tommy had the distinct impression that it happened quite often around Ponk.

*Lmao.*

---

The man in front of them was gagged. Ropes tied him to the chair behind him, pulling his wrists together. He’d tried some fancy tricks to get out of them, but Techno had taken anything he could have used. They’d zip tied his wrists to the legs of the chair, enough that his shoulders must have been aching with the strain. His white hoodie was discarded to the

side of the cell, half dried blood splatters ruining the fabric. The golden chain he had worn on his neck was dangling teasingly from Dream's fingers.

Dream and Phil were still seated, Dream's head propped up on one hand while his other played with the chain, one leg crossed on his other knee. The picture of casual nonchalance. Phil couldn't quite share his ability to look so calm. He was *far* from it, and he knew his wings were giving him away. His eyes burned, and he wasn't sure that he had blinked in a few moments.

Phil raised a finger and Sapnap ripped the gag off the man's mouth. He smacked his lips together, ungluing his tongue from the roof of his mouth. Phil stared him down, taking some sick satisfaction in how the man shied away from his glare. He almost reacted the same as Tommy, but-

Tommy pushed into the cheek caress he'd given the boy before he'd left, had leaned into Phil's little forehead kiss to his tiniest bird. As much as Tommy shied away in fear, he also pushed back into any touch. Phil knew the effects of abuse and loneliness- Tommy wanted touch, wanted hugs, even as much as they made him afraid. Imagining his baby bird was enough for some of the tension to leech from Phil's shoulders, his boys a steady presence at his sides. Techno at his right and Wilbur on his left. As much as Phil missed Tommy, he was glad the kid wasn't here to see this.

"I'm a mercenary," the man narrowed his eyes at them, flickering between Dream and Phil, as though he was unsure of who to focus on. Who he was making a deal with. He settled on Dream, and Phil almost chuckled at the man's intelligence. He had been caught scaling the apartment walls- he'd been taken down by Techno while Wilbur was in the midst of his instinct-fueled Tommy cuddle. The men that this one had been with fled the scene. They'd managed to snag a few of them, but they'd crushed something in their teeth and were dropping of cyanide poisoning. This one, however, hadn't had the same out. "I answer to the highest bidder." Both an offer *and* a warning, then.

"Three totems of undying, three hundred thousand dollars, and an enchanted netherite weapon of your choosing." Dream shuffled, moving his leg and spinning the chain around one finger. He looked disinterested, but Phil knew better. He saw the moment the man's eyes widened, and he knew they had him. Totems of undying were *priceless*, after all.

“Deal,” the man breathed. He grinned through bloodstained teeth, courtesy of Techno.  
“Name’s Punz. Think you could untie me?”

Phil stayed silent, letting Dream take the lead. He flicked his fingers and Sapnap burned the edges of the rope until they snapped, keeping the flames dancing at the tips of his fingers.

“Who were you working for?”

“Sovereign Eret. Monarch of Amasius.”

“I’m familiar. What were you being paid to do?”

“Essempee is the trading home for magic slavers, your Highness. I used to work for them- hunting people down, I’m sure you know how it is-”

“If I were to keep you in my payroll, would you point out the locations of their bases so they can be *removed* from my country?”

“Gladly.”

“Excellent. Keep talking- what was Eret having you do?”

“That one kid- Tommy, I think his name was, was caught by the slavers. Eret would go every so often and buy guards for their castle and they liked Tommy, so they bought him. They started thinking of him like a son-” Phil *growled*. “-and they didn’t like that the Empire was getting involved with Tommy, so they hired me to hunt the kid down and bring him back.”

“They wanted him as a *son* ?”

“Well, they always said as a son- but really, it was more of a pet. They had all kinds of chains and magic blockers... let’s just say it wouldn’t have been a *kind* environment.”

“And you’d just be okay with putting a kid there?” Wilbur stepped forward, a snarl on his lips, but Phil flung a hand out in a silent reminder for his son to back down.

“Money is money,” Punz shrugged. “Not my problem.”

Dream uncrossed his legs, leaning forward. One eye shone from under his mask, the acidic green pinning Phil in place.

“You’re going to point out where Eret’s castle is,” he said, slowly, like he was almost afraid of being misunderstood. “And then you’re going to point out where these... magic slavers are in my country. You understand?”

Punz shrunk back and nodded. Phil let out a dark chuckle, brushing his wings against both his boys. There was just one missing, but after they’d helped Dream clean up this little mess-

They could go home.

## Chapter End Notes

I'll see you tomorrow!



# **Bitchblade or Brotherblade? Chat must Decide**

## Chapter Summary

Today I feel like causing Chaos

## Chapter Notes

I am so tired, going down for nap after this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Okay, okay, are we straight?”

“...put the left one up a little higher.”

Tommy’s ear was wiped again with a cold, wet cloth, before another poke of a sharpie was marking a dot on his face.

“How about now?”

Sam hesitated and Tommy heard him walking away, getting a better distance to see. “Good.”

“Alright!” Ponk cheered. He tilted Tommy’s head back down, a metal scraping sound coming from the table beside the chair he’d been seated on. “You sure you want to go ahead with this, Tommy? You don’t have to. We can stop at any time.”

“I’m sure,” Tommy gently traced his ears. Supposedly Ponk would heal the piercings after they went in so he didn’t have to take care of them or anything. “I can’t see it anyway, so it

doesn't bother me if it's there or not. And you said Techno would really like it if I got my ears pierced."

"Yeah, he would," Ponk tilted his head again as Sam walked closer, grabbing the twin metal thing from the table and setting it up against Tommy's other ear. "But you don't have to do this just for Techno, you know. Even if you can't see it, it's still your body." the metal was cold as it got pressed up against his ear lobes. Supposedly they were using surgical grade titanium metal to pierce the ears, then Ponk would heal the edges, and then they'd put in some gold earrings from Techno's stash.

"I like the idea of the earrings." Tommy admitted. He fidgeted a bit, spinning his cube and smacking at the buttons. He wanted the earrings- wanted the connection to Techno. Apparently the piglin twins loved gold, but Tommy already knew that- Techno had a particular fondness for *earrings*. According to Sam, Techno would spend hours meticulously crafting earrings inlaid with precious jewels for Wilbur and Phil to wear. Tommy wanted the same connection to Techno that the others got.

*You would still have a connection to Techno even if you don't get your ears pierced!*

*Go up your cartilage! Techno'll have a field day with that.*

Tommy hummed as Chat well... chatted. They were right- well, probably. Tommy wasn't quite convinced yet, but he supposed he'd just let them talk. He still wanted it- wanted to know Techno loved him enough to spend hours pushing and pulling little strands of gold together. Even if Tommy couldn't see the jewelry, he knew that the weight would be a comforting reminder.

"Okay Toms," Ponk put a hand on his shoulder. "We're going to do it on the count of three. You still sure?"

"Yeah."

"Kay. Try not to move, alright?" at Tommy's confirming hum, the two cold spikes of metal were laid on his ears. "One, two, three." Tommy didn't jump when they sliced through his

ears. It was a sharp, piercing pain, but nothing he couldn't handle. He'd been through worse-hell, he'd had worse that *week* . It throbbed lightly through his ear and Tommy twisted his cube around again, searching for the soft spot to rub his thumb on.

*Good job! Chat cheered. So brave!*

"Thanks Chat." Tommy mumbled. Sam and Ponk left his side, clinking following as they set the piercing things back on the table. Ponk let Tommy hold one before they did his ears, let him explore all the little nooks and crannies of the thing. It was heavier than Tommy had expected. His ears felt a little strange and there was weight on them that hadn't been there before.

"Good job," Sam had a deep voice. It was almost as soothing as Techno's, Tommy thought. "Ponk?"

"Yup!" more rustling, and then Ponk's hands were by his right ear. "This'll just feel a bit warm and itchy, okay?" Tommy nodded and itchy warmth poked at his ears, the throbbing going away as the warmth took its place.

*Ponk is healing!*

*Uh, guys-*

*Ponk pog!*

*Techno can smell Tommy's blood-*

*POGCHAMP!*

*He's-*

The door smashed, wind blowing into the room as it crashed into the opposing wall and bounced off. Tommy jolted, fear flooding his veins as heavy footsteps rounded the corner and hurled themselves towards them. He ignored Ponk's startled yell, summoning the wind to his fingertips. It whirled around the room, the little piercing things getting flung up and carried in his breeze. Tornadoes were ridiculously easy- Tommy didn't even have to focus on making the wind swirl. Just put enough hot air up top, enough cold air down below, and smash them together.

*Wait wait wait that's Techno!*

He focused in on the enemies. Three of them- the tallest was *broad* , long hair- two lumps in front of his mouth.

"Tommy?" *Chuff-chuff-chuff.*

Tommy relaxed, letting his magic flow like water in an open hand, the winds slowly calming. He gently brought the piercing guns to the floor- gosh, he hoped he hadn't broken them. Would he be in trouble if they were broken? His fidget toy was gone too. Techno had *just* given him that, and Tommy was useless enough that he'd already lost it.

*It's over by the couch!*

*We can guide- op.*

*Brotherblade's got it!*

*Brotherblade, lmao*

"Tommy," Techno was in front of him, all soothing rumbles and a tone that was not angry. Tommy melted, stepping forwards and trying not to collapse from the adrenaline rush.

Techno caught him easily, arms slipping under Tommy's armpits and lifting him into stronger arms. He tried to bite back a whimper, sucking in the comfort, even if he didn't deserve it. "I smelled blood- are you hurt? What-"

One of Techno's hands brushed his ear as it had reached to pet his hair and Techno froze. He leaned down, pulling Tommy away from his chest and tilting his head to get a better look at his ears. Tommy frowned- he wanted snuggles and he wanted them right now.

"Bitch." Tommy decided.

*Gettem!!*

*Bitchblade go brrr*

"You pierced your ears," Techno was purring again. Gently, he tugged at the titanium metal in Tommy's ears, his hand leaving Tommy's head. Muffled jangling noises turned into harder ones. Bringing something out of his pocket? There was warm metal pressed to his ears- warm from being in Techno's pocket, warm from just being in the same area as Techno was. His hands returned to Tommy's ears as the new jewelry was pressed into the piercings, something clicking on the back as they were secured in. Experimentally, Tommy shook his head, feeling the weight of whatever was put in as it dragged on his earlobes a bit. Heavier than the other studs. He shook his head again, hearing it jangle. Metal brushed against his jaw- longer, too. "Is this okay?"

Tommy nodded and pressed into Techno's chest again. Techno kept the purr up, louder and Tommy pressed his ear to Techno's collarbone, trying to hear the sound better. The metal in his ears pressed against the silky material of Techno's shirt.

*Awww, farming awwes*

"Are you um-" Techno coughed, throat stumbling over the purr. "Are you going to get more piercings?" he sounded hopeful and Tommy couldn't bear to disappoint him.

“Yeah,” he let Techno gather him into his arms, carrying him over to the couch for a proper Techno cuddle. “I’m gonna- I’m gonna get another piercing on my earlobes,” Techno gently headbutted him, rubbing his cheek on the top of Tommy’s head. “And then I think I want at least one on the cartilage. Maybe two.”

“The cartilage?” Tommy could feel Techno’s grin on his head. “Ah, that’s-” Techno tried to hide how his hands shook from excitement, but Tommy had already felt them. The purr had also increased in volume and now it shook Techno’s entire chest. “That’s great.”

*They’re so cute! :D*

*PerkyWombat, you wholesome motherfucker.*

---

Sam smiled at the scene before him. Wilbur had tackled both Tommy and Techno after Techno had put the long, intricate earrings in, hovering and pushing them both towards a pile of hastily put together blankets and pillows on the floor. After he’d gotten his littermates situated, Wilbur had forced Phil down with them, his dark wings covering all *three* members of his family.

Sam had worked for Phil for a long time- longer than most people. He had been there when Phil had adopted Techno and Wilbur and now he was here for Phil’s final son. They weren’t summoned here with their King to babysit the youngest Prince, though, so for now, Sam left the room, gently closing the door behind Ponk and blocking out the sounds of muffled purring coming from the room. They deserved a break.

His face grew colder as he strode away from the room, back down the hallway and to the stairs. Not the elevator- Sam knew better than most how damn easily things like those could be hacked for a quick kill. Sam adjusted his trident on his back. He’d checked on the plane ride here- the blades were perfectly sharpened. Perfectly sharpened to slice their way through a meddling Sovereign’s throat.

People never looked past Sam's redstone experience or past Ponk's cheerful demeanor to recognize that Phil only brought them along on missions when he wanted someone dead. Ponk hummed a cheery tune as they descended the stairs, waiting to meet Dream on the first floor. The sound his boots made changed as the poisoned spikes rose from the soles, clanking against the ground. When he needed to kick, they'd all go back into the boot and engage the middle spike- thinner and filled with the poison. Perfect for injection.

Dream was leaning against the stairwell door when they walked through, nodding in approval at the blades Ponk twirled between his fingers, his mask pulled up around his face. Sapnap was similarly outfitted, fireproof gloves along his hands and combat boots tucked into heavy cargo pants.

"Ready to go?" it was a useless question but Sam nodded anyway. "Plan is to go in guns blazing. I don't want to be *subtle*, I want them to know exactly who they've pissed off," Dream twirled his cape behind him like the dramatic bitch he was as he peeled off the way, heading out to where a helicopter was spinning its blades out in the field. "Kill anyone working for them on sight. We'll capture the higher-ups and find out where the rest of them are hiding, but everyone else- dead."

"You're not giving them a trial?" Sam sounded disinterested. Maybe he should have cared more, but- "Not very democratic of you." Tommy had flinched from them for a solid two hours before he'd crawled over and let them come within three feet of him. Sam was *angry*.

"I'm a king," Dream laughed humourlessly. "I can do whatever I want."

Quackity grinned from inside the helicopter's cockpit. His mussed hair and red cheeks told Sam that he *definitely* hadn't been snogging Karl before they came over. Karl coughing into a fist. His hair was a mess, but- it always kind of looked messy, so Sam couldn't fault him for that.

"What do you want us to do with any prisoners we find there?" Sam fiddled with the dart guns attached to his arms. Tranquilizers and pure nicotine injections alike- depends if he was fighting a panicked person with strong magic or a guard.

"George and Bad went ahead- they set up a temporary relief tent. Medical supplies and all that. It's around the corner, we have the entire grid of that part of the city closed off and shut

down. Send them that way and tell them that they'll be under my protection and we'll get them sorted so they can live their lives." Sam nodded at Dream's answer, his words growing louder the closer they grew to the helicopter.

Sam sighed at the blooming purple bruise on Karl's neck.

At least Dream was taking this seriously.

## Chapter End Notes

### WHO WANTS LEAF SHEEP FACTS?

Just kidding you're not getting a choice.

The *Costasiella Kuroshimae* are also called "leaf slugs", "leaf sheep", or "salty ocean caterpillar". They were discovered in 1993 off the coast of Japan. They live in the ocean, but have also been found in the waters around the Philippines and Indonesia. They do this thing called kleptoplasty, in which they keep chloroplasts from the algae they eat and then absorb the chloroplasts, which lets them indirectly perform photosynthesis.

They're only about 1cm long and they are tiny little funky magic slugs!!

This has been leaf sheep facts with Kat



# If I can't win this fight-

## Chapter Summary

Welcome to Monday!

## Chapter Notes

Happy Monday folks! I took my pills on time today :P

THIS CHAPTER IS CO-SPONSORED BY MY FRIEND JAKE WHO EDUCATED ME ON GUNS

EVERYONE SAY THANK YOU JAKE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An arrow tip whizzed at Tommy's head and he brought his hand up, flicking it away with his fingers. The winds in the training room were still- but enough of Tommy's movement could generate enough flow to make it worth his while.

He danced, popping off one shot to dodge another, spinning around an attempted shot. Guns were actually quite easy to deal with- they were loud as hell, even with a silencer, first of all. Another gunshot cracked through the air and Tommy gently took the air breezes, shuffling them all to the side. They were also ridiculously easy to knock off target. Tommy had had a lot of practice, after all, and while you couldn't just blast a pillar of wind at a bullet - it would *not* stop and Tommy had to learn that the hard way - but subtle shoves along the sides of the bullet itself would knock it far enough off course that it could look like he dodged. Of course, this was all dependent on him noticing the bullet's position after it was fired- that was the hard part.

Another bullet whizzed by and Tommy tapped the side of the casing, letting his muscle memory of dodging gunshots take over. He heard the chairs over by the side of the room creak as either Techno or Wilbur shifted. Tommy wasn't sure which one of them it was, or could be; Techno was certainly heavier and could make the chairs creak more, but Wilbur had sat weirdly on his and latched on with a death grip, half falling out of it every time anything sharp or pointy came anywhere near Tommy. Could be either of them, really.

His earrings whipped around, tickling his neck, and Tommy wondered how gold could possibly feel so soft.

“ **Engaging Phase Four** .” the robot that had been - supervising? - his training spoke, its grating voice harsh on Tommy’s poor ears. He twitched his ear as the sound of scraping metal filled the room, next with the distinctive sound of rounds being fed through a sentry machine gun’s chamber.

“Stop.” Techno stood, Tommy knew he stood, as he spoke. But the robot wasn’t *bound* to Techno’s commands, it was bound to Tommy’s.

He was already running, feet skidding across the floor as the spray of bullets followed his trail. He could hear them ricocheting across the walls and Tommy jumped the last few feet, diving behind the concrete half wall he’d kicked on his way in, when Techno and Wilbur had said something about testing his magic. He hoped they’d found some kind of shelter- there were a lot more rounds than he’d expected. He could hear them both yelling over the bullets popping out of the sentries, though- so they were both alive. Probably.

Tommy’s hands grappled along the floor, searching for what he’d kicked over here earlier-

There.

His hands clenched around the handle of the fans. They were covered in some kind of metal- when Techno had explained the different kinds of weapons they had in Dream’s apartment, guiding his hands along them so he didn’t cut himself, Tommy was pretty sure that he’d called the fans a *tessen* . Whatever they were called-

Tommy stood, flicking the fans open and grinned at how the wind *moved* . This would be much easier- he didn’t need to create the movement, he just needed to multiply it. The sentry machine guns recognized him with a small beep, their barrels shifting with a shrieking groan of metal. Tommy heard the door to the room slam open, more panicked yelling following as the sentries finished shifting, barrels trained on him.

Tommy spun and the guns fired. The winds generated from the fans kicked at the bullets. Tommy's ears rung as the bullets shrieked, spinning around him and leaving trails of heat in their wake. He kept spinning as the machine guns chugged, chains of rounds leading up to the sentries slowing down until-

*Click click click-*

And they were done. He flipped the fans in his hands, snapping them closed and stepping away from the half wall.

"Tommy?" Wilbur sounded scared. Tommy thought he did anyway- he wasn't great at discerning tone without being able to see their stupid faces. And Tommy was *very* sure Wilbur had a stupid face. Maybe Techno didn't have a stupid face and Phil was basically a god, so his face had to be very nice and very *not stupid* .

"Hm?" Tommy picked his way around the bullets. He pushed at the ground, shoving them away- he knew from experience that they'd be hot as hell, especially after the second half of the shoot-out. He'd been shot before with a tired gun and the bullet had cauterized the wound as it had made it, which had been an absolute pain in the ass to try and heal.

"How'd you-"

Tommy waved his hand at the sentries. "They're sentry machine guns, yeah? They have a chain thingy with the bullets," Tommy skipped around the bullets littered on the ground, watching his shoes. He didn't want to wreck them quite yet, but the bullets were so small on the ground that it was hard to feel them. He went to take a step, feeling the hot metal under his sole and brought his foot back. He could just- but he had help now. "Could..." an encouraging *chuff-chuff-chuff* from Wilbur. "Could one of you come get me? I can't feel the bullets very well and they're too hot to step on."

"Of course," Techno rumbled and Tommy heard the metal clink as Techno probably tried to kick them. "I'm coming up on your left."

“Okay,” Tommy hummed. He stood where he was, listening for the sounds of Techno shuffling through the floor. The sentries had finally stopped- Tommy hadn’t told them to stop so he supposed that someone had hit an emergency off switch. “Anyway, they have these chain thingies with their bullets, and they clink when they fire. I just... listened for when they were getting empty.”

“You just-” Wilbur cut himself off with a laugh and Techno’s hand came down heavy on Tommy’s shoulder. He tried not to jolt, but judging by how Techno’s fingers tightened on him, he didn’t think he succeeded. “You just *listened* through the machine gun fire?”

“You’re using the tessens.” Techno lifted one of Tommy’s hands, where he was still clenching down on the fans. Did Techno not want him to have the fans? Tommy let them go and they clattered to the floor. “No, Tommy-” Techno sighed and bent. They scraped against the floor as Techno picked them back up, handing them over again. So... Techno *did* want him to have the fans? “You can keep them, Tommy. I’ll work on making you a different set, though.”

“Oh,” Tommy let the fans droop, running his hands over the metal. “Are these ones too expensi- oh.” Tommy flailed a bit as he was swept up into Techno’s arms. He’d been carried by Wilbur before, but a Techno carry was different. A Wilbur carry was soft and comforting, like an older brother singing a toddler to sleep- a Techno carry completely enveloped him and Tommy couldn’t hear or smell the world outside Techno. His chest rumbled and Tommy brought the fans to his lap. This was- this was fine. Absolutely fine.

Tommy was *not* nervous, fuck off Chat.

“I’ll make you a *better* set,” Techno nosed at his face again, tusks pressing against Tommy’s forehead. He wasn’t sure why Techno and Wilbur would headbutt him like that, but judging by the purring erupting in Techno’s chest and echoed by Wilbur, it was a good thing. Tommy would take it. “With lighter materials and stronger metal and with the Empire’s crest instead of Dream’s stupid smiley face.” Tommy stuck his tongue out.

“Ewwww,” he flung one of the fans away from him, grinning as it clattered on the floor again. “Are they- wait, what’s Dream’s colour again?”

“Dream is always in green.” Green like grass. Green like emeralds. Green like poison in movies. Tommy couldn’t forget.

“Boo!” Tommy jeered and threw the other fan, laughing louder when this one hit the ground and skidded, sending stray bullets careening across the ground. Techno laughed, holding him closer, and when they approached Wilbur, he bumped his forehead against Tommy’s.

“That was really cool though,” Wilbur pulled away. “Seriously. I thought I’d seen it all, couldn’t be amazed anymore- you just blew it out of the water.”

Water. Blue like Tommy’s eyes. Tommy didn’t want to forget.

“Thanks,” he ignored the rolling nausea in his stomach, just clinging to Techno harder when he tried to put him down. Techno huffed a laugh and Wilbur opened the room to the training facility. “I’m a big man!”

“The biggest.” Techno rumbled.

---

The man screamed when he was set on fire. Dream was used to it at this point- Sapnap was quite the firecracker, and as a magic user himself, he took personal offence to this transgression. Not that Dream didn’t. These idiots set up base in *his city* and they really thought that he wouldn’t notice, and that they’d have the means to escape when he did.

He picked at his nails as the man on fire tried to put himself out, his ugly suit trapping him as the fabric smoldered, leaving behind black patches of charred skin. Such a pity, Dream sort of wished he had Sapnap’s magic to just join in on the fun. A different person, one with an indiscernible gender, leapt out the window in an attempt to avoid Sapnap’s flames. Dream watched absently as she fell, hitting the ground with a mix of a *crack* and a sick *splat*.

For their part, Sam and Ponk had actually been quite useful. They had focused more on getting the captured victims out, but Dream had seen a sadistic side to Sam that he hadn’t been privy to before now. Maybe it was because of Ponk; if Ponk were younger, less trained, he would have made a perfect target for these people. Ponk had left several guards clutching

their sides as poison worked its way up their bodies, and had made quick work of picking the locks and disabling traps.

There were all sorts of people here- Sam had left Ponk to tend to the civilians, all in various states of injury, all with chains - *and oh god did Dream's blood **boil** at that* - but Sam had chosen to forge ahead with Sapnap. An explosion sounded as Dream turned the corner, bringing his arm up to protect his mask from the smoke. When it cleared, Dream hummed as he took in Sam's little fungus spores littering the floor, engaging the filter the creeper hybrid had insisted they all wear. Sam had his off, breathing out the little puffs of spore, eyes bleeding a terrible red.

He had blood dripping from his mouth- blood that *was not his* , because there was a sluggishly weeping slash on his leg that was black, not red. Dream wasn't going to ask. He'd already seen a body slammed up against a wall and missing most of its throat. Whatever, Sam could kill them however he wanted. Dream wasn't here to judge.

"Have the people gotten evacuated okay?" Sam's voice was thick and raspy and Dream took in a breath of filtered air, patting Phil's employee on the back.

"Yeah, Ponk has them. Most are accounted for- Bad and George are running the medical tent. You made a good call by having Karl and Quackity bring more people to help the receiving efforts," Dream glanced out the shattered window, to where the white tents were erected. People bustled in and out of them, yelling to each other and helping newly arriving people into the tents. "Ponk is healing the worst of the injuries."

"What's the scope?" another explosion from further ahead. Sam didn't question it, so neither would Dream.

"Malnourishment, severe trauma, some lacerations, bruising. For the most part, they're alright. Some of them were pumped full of mystery drugs- George is already collecting them and doing a full lab sample," Dream huffed, shaking his head. "We expect that Tommy would have also been pumped full of the stuff- but he and his magic seem alright, even after exposure to it, so we have hope for their recovery."

"You sound like you're leaving something out." Sam flung his trident just at the right moment to send the right farthest prong into the dip in someone's collarbone. The person spat

blood before falling to their knees, shaking as their body desperately tried to stay alive. Sam turned away.

“Perceptive,” Dream brushed a stray glob of blood that had splashed on his mask off. “We found a bunch of files. We’ll be using them to identify most of the victims and their original place of origins so we can return them to their families-”

“Does Tommy have one?” Sam snapped his head at him. Dream watched more of the spores float to the ground. “King Philza will want it.”

“He does,” Dream opened his jacket and brought the manila file out, holding it in the air between them. Sam nodded once, and grabbed it. He smeared red on the cover and tucked it in his own chestplate. “I’ll leave you to give that to King Philza.”

“Thank you.” Sam nodded and Dream stepped away, motioning for Sam to go ahead.

“Of course,” he brought his axe out, slapping the other side against an open hand. “Now, let’s get going. I’m sure Sapnap would appreciate the help.”

“I have been helping,” Sam muttered. He took the lead, spinning his trident in his hands. “My spores are explosive, Sapnap has free bombs.”

“Good god,” Dream groaned. “If he keeps having this much fun, he’s not going to sleep tonight.”

“You sleep with your guards, your Highness?”

“Okay, you know what-”

See you tomorrow, simps!



# Pillow fight

## Chapter Summary

Good evening

How are you all?

## Chapter Notes

I have homework and I did none of it so I could write this!! Much more fun, would recommend

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I left for *ten minutes* -”

“We wanted to see how his magic worked!”

“ *Wilbur!* ”

Phil pinched the bridge of his nose. His boys had apparently - in the ten, maybe fifteen minutes he was gone - taken Tommy to Dream’s training room and *turned on the sentry machine guns* .

“We didn’t turn on the sentries,” Techno’s drawl would have sounded monotone to most, but Phil could hear the nerves in it. It still made him bristle his feathers in pride, a bit, that he would always have that effect on his sons, no matter how old or prosperous they became. Phil was still their dad. “Tommy did. We specifically said to set it to the non-lethal setting-”

“And you didn’t think to check.” Phil wasn’t really asking, but the boys’ nervous shuffling answered him anyway. He sighed again, finally taking his hand off his nose. Techno was

staring straight forward- something he only did when he was getting lectured and trying to show that he was remorseless, and Wilbur was fiddling with one of his knives, twirling the blade around in his hands. “Well,” Phil prodded, getting Wilbur’s attention back on him. “How did he do?”

“His magic is absolutely *incredible* , Dad!” Wilbur gushed, sliding the knife back into its sheath. “Even before the sentries came on, he was doing so well. He can block bullets and blades and other projectiles by like- it seemed like he was tapping at the sides, so they’d get pushed off course? He was so much more aware of his surroundings than I expected.”

“He also has lightning fast reaction times,” Techno nodded, glancing at his twin. “He’s able to predict the path of a bullet or projectile as soon as it fires and responds to avoid it just as quickly. He moves almost entirely on instinct- there seems to be little conscious decision while he’s dodging. He’s clearly used to running and evading attacks, not necessarily fighting back.” Phil nodded. He opened his mouth to speak, but Techno beat him to it. “I think he’d try and brute force his way through any other kind of fight, honestly. He doesn’t know much about the intricacies of it- so my bet would be that he’d just blow them into a wall and take off.”

“So he needs to learn to properly fight, then.” Phil hummed.

“Yes,” Techno nodded, hands clenching and unclenching. “He fights like a prey animal that’s been trapped in a corner- while useful for emergencies and for running away from something, not entirely useful as a form or in a situation which requires more complex problem solving. More than just flee.”

“Alright,” Phil grinned at his son, reaching a hand out and petting it through Techno’s hair. Techno always kept it conditioned and soft, it was quite lovely to touch if Phil was being honest. He always enjoyed the soft moments where he could braid Techno’s hair. Wilbur made a wounded noise, shuffling closer, and Phil chuckled to himself, raising an arm and pulling Wilbur into a side hug. “I’m assuming you’ll be the one to teach him?”

“Of course,” Techno sounded rather offended. “I don’t trust anyone else to. Besides, I’m the best swordsman among our entire army. I wouldn’t leave the job to anyone else.”

“Aww,” Wilbur tucked his head under Phil’s jaw like he was still a small toddler, having to bend over to fit. “Technosoft.” Wilbur cooed. Techno’s ears flicked irritably, his eye twitching as he likely thought of all his glorious plans for swift vengeance.

“I am *not*- ”

“Teach me what?” Techno’s head snapped over to the sound as Tommy stepped into the living room, freshly showered and into some new clothes. This time, the kid was wearing a soft white shirt, spun from the finest silk money could afford. He had a blue cloak with a large rectangle of red, the Empire’s crest embroidered on in gold. The cloak was fleeced, fluffy, and judging from how Tommy cuddled into it- warm. He had new boots, new pants and Phil was absolutely thrilled at how Tommy wore the Empire’s colours. It was always meant to be. Techno just hummed a bit in response, stepping forward with more gold in his hands. He took his time draping the intricate chains over Tommy’s cloak, fixing and pulling at the fleece, threading his handmade clasp in. Wilbur apparently had caught him spending far too many late nights putting the thing together- the clasp went in with a sharp *click* , and Tommy’s cloak was no longer in danger of falling off his shoulders.

A knot of tension in Techno’s shoulders vanished as he brushed one of Tommy’s ears gently, watching as the light sparkled off the gold earrings. Phil held back his chuckles when Techno turned back around, his pupils blown.

The conversation they’d had last night had certainly been telling.

*“He said he wants to go up his cartilage, Dad,” Techno had whispered while petting a sleeping Tommy’s hair. The gold earrings were still visible, sitting on Tommy’s neck. “The cartilage!”*

“Teach you how to fight.” Techno answered. He took one critical step back, tilting his head. Phil was very sure that there weren’t any imperfections to speak of, but Tommy seemed like the sort of kid to run around and get his clothes dirty at every possible opportunity. They’d have to make sure he had plenty of spares.

Tommy frowned. “I already know how to fight, dickhead.”

“Don’t call your brother a dickhead,” Phil scolded lightly, clicking his tongue at his youngest and reaching forward to ruffle Tommy’s hair. “It’s not very nice. And he’s right Tommy- you do need to learn to fight.” Tommy seemed to freeze at his words, but didn’t protest. Phil let a smile curl up his lips.

“You need to learn to *fight*,” Techno clarified. “Not just brute force your way through with magic. What happens if you get into a real fight, with an opponent you can’t just blow away?”

Tommy seemed unimpressed, crossing his arms. “I’d challenge you to find one single opponent I couldn’t just blow away.” he stuck his tongue out and Techno sighed fondly, stepping forward to poke Tommy’s cheek.

Phil tuned their argument out, only shaking his head when Wilbur finally left his arms and went to wind both his brothers up. It wouldn’t be long until they figured out Wilbur was trying to pull one over on them and teamed up to take him down, but Wilbur was going to learn that lesson the hard way, it seemed. The file Sam had delivered, in a small, unassuming manilla envelope, was still weighing heavily on his mind.

It was nothing they hadn’t expected.

The first picture on the front page was of Tommy, a few years younger. He looked even smaller, still held onto some baby fat in his cheeks despite the haunted look in his eyes. His pupils hadn’t been focused and according to the file, he’d been drugged with several doses of this magic numbing drug the slavers had developed. No long term side effects, thank fuck. Short term dizziness, confusion, block of magic, and nausea. Phil couldn’t imagine how jarring it had to have been for your magic to be ripped away- it was such an *integral* part of its users. It would be like taking an eye, but- Tommy would have an idea of how that felt.

*Tommy Innit.*

Phil thought that Tommy *Craft* suited him much better. His birthday was April 9th. He was fond of cows. The slavers had noted him as being particularly disobedient -willful- wild -resourceful- poorly mannered -determined- and untrainable. *Untrainable*. Tommy’s spirit was like his magic- soaring so high, so free, roaming everywhere he went. A wanderlust in his

veins that was the same in Phil's, the desire to spread his wings and see the world spiral beneath him. They were both like that. *Untrainable*. Phil called it *free* .

Eret had purchased him. To what end, the slavers hadn't noted, but it was for just over a million dollars. Phil was furious at the idea that anyone could just *buy* a person, but at the same time, he was wildly offended that Tommy *only* went for just over a million dollars. Please. Phil's sons were worth more than that- it was the same thing as when Wilbur got kidnapped when he was six. They demanded some kind of ransom, and only asked for a few hundred thousand. Honestly? Get creative. What would Phil not do for his children? Absolutely nothing. Demand something outrageous, so that at least Phil could tell stories in their names after he's killed them. He had traced his fingers over the partly smudged ink at the bottom of the page, Eret's gentle signature.

Maybe Phil would contact them, offer the money back. Be *lenient*. If Eret disagreed, he'd just have to burn the entire country to the ground. Phil was pretty sure he was going to do it anyway- and he knew Techno was already chomping at the bit for some good, old fashioned arson.

Not that Phil *wasn't* .

Tommy and Techno had seemed to realize Wilbur was egging them on just then, their bickering reaching new highs as Wilbur screeched and tried to run when they both reached for him. Apparently they were *Team T* , the certified Cool People Against Wilbur. Wilbur was dodging, ducking and wearing - and there went a vase, shattered on the floor, Phil would have to apologize to Dream - but his efforts were in vain when he got tackled to the side by a raging Tommy.

Tommy's biological father had never been in the picture according to that file. His mother was, however negligent and abusive she was. One her many one-night stands had been a slaver, had seen the potential for magic that most children had-

He had threatened Tommy's mother. At gunpoint, according to the official report stapled to Tommy's file. They classified their victims by their flaws, by what made their magic connect.

All humans were born with the *potential* , but it wanes and weaves in and out as you grow older. Phil himself hadn't gotten his magic until he was twenty four- sitting at Kristen's

deathbed with her hand in his, her eyes proud and hopeful, her lips moving to cast a spell that Phil couldn't ever hope to understand. Her magic had only ever come to her when she was dying. Blood had stained her pretty face and she had wheezed out her last breath. Phil remembered closing his eyes and when he opened them, her body was nothing but ashes gently brushed by the open window, a red heart necklace left in her place.

She had made his trade for him. Sometimes others could sacrifice things for their target to receive magic- a precious item, a finger - nothing ever comes for free. The more you gave, the more you got.

Tommy had *potential* . All children did, their bodies and minds still adaptable. Phil had spent years respawning randomly as his body tried to figure out how to conduct itself. His veins had exploded and his heart had stopped, and he had woken up more than once just to die again.

Tommy had been so young.

He had given his eyesight, pleading- he was *loyal* . The man had killed his mother anyway. The sacrifice of his own, the sacrifice of another Tommy cared for. Nothing ever comes for free, and Phil wasn't sure that Tommy's magic was truly worth the price he'd paid. A blinded life on the run.

The one good thing that came from those papers was that they found Tommy's official citizenship record. He was from one of the countries furthest East, a bit farther South than Essempee, that had built itself on top of a lake. L'Manberg. Their adoption and foster system was quite- err, aggressive. There were very few children wandering about in the system as the system itself worked its ass off to ensure everyone found a good home. Finding Tommy's papers and assuring the country that no, Tommy was not deceased, and yes, Phil was adopting him, had been a bit of a hassle, but L'Manberg - likely to remain in good standing with the Empire - had given in quickly and allowed Phil to adopt Tommy.

Tommy couldn't hold dual citizenships between L'Manberg and the Empire, so his L'Manberg ones had been scrapped in favour of the Empire documents that Phil had already expedited and signed. All that was left to do was show Tommy the signed adoption papers and tell him his new last name.

Phil was excited.

He was already brokering an agreement in place for citizens of Essempee and the Empire to hold dual citizenships, and he knew Dream was already itching to grant Tommy Essempee citizenship. Make it easier for Tommy to come visit and stay for a bit, if he'd like. Phil shook his head, pushing the thoughts of the file and its contents out of his mind. Eret could be dealt with, and while Tommy's past couldn't be changed, his future was in Phil's hands for now.

Phil couldn't wait to see the person Tommy would become, with the full support of the Empire behind him.

A diplomat like Wilbur? A warrior like Techno? A steadfast source of authority like Phil? Maybe a teacher.

Phil watched the wind swirl about the room, picking up the glass shards and moving them away from the wrestling going on. Their little nest was destroyed and Tommy picked up a pillow, using the wind to smash it even harder into Wilbur's face. Wilbur spluttered and went down, Techno pouncing not a moment later. The piglin twins rolled about, grunting and play-growling at each other. Acting like children for the first time in a long time.

Maybe Tommy would be a teacher. A teacher like Kristen.

She would have loved him.

The red heart necklace pulsed comfortingly under his shirt, warm against his skin, and Phil smiled at the feeling of Kristen's heartbeat. She had been dying- but this way, she could always stay with him, and *together*, they would protect their family.

Phil stepped forward, flaring his wings out and reaching for his boys.

"The goal here is to leave Dream's furniture intact-" Phil was cut off when Wilbur threw a pillow at Tommy, who dropped to the floor like he'd been shot at. The pillow smacked Phil's

bucket hat off his head and it floated to the ground like a little leaf.

The room was silent.

Eh. Fuck the furniture.

Phil picked up the pillow slowly, gently, laughing maniacally at the dawning horror in Wilbur's eyes. He flung the pillow and Wilbur ducked, and he did hear something shatter-

But Tommy was laughing, something loud and obnoxious and so *free* , and Techno was wheezing beside him, and pillows were flying through the air, and Kristen's heart beat above his.

Phil could get used to this.

## Chapter End Notes

Don't go to college kids

Or maybe do go to college

Either way I'm stuck here, because there is no way in hell I'm dropping out after having paid this much in tuition. NOT A CHANCE



**-then I'll sleep with the stars tonight.**

## Chapter Summary

OKAY I KNOW I HAVEN'T ANSWERED ALL THE COMMENTS, I AM BEHIND

GIVE ME A FEW HOURS AND THEY WILL ALL BE ANSWERED

APOLOGIES TO ANYONE WAITING ON ME

I AM IN HOMEWORK LAND

...almost wrote Hoework Land there

That sounds like much more fun than what I'm doing rn-

## Chapter Notes

Yo yo yo I am going to Pass Tf Out <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Tommy, come here.” Phil was sat at the edge of the bed in Techno’s room. His other boys had been banished into the living room to clean up the vases and light fixtures they had broken- Phil didn’t entirely trust Tommy to pick up the glass shards without cutting his hands, so he had left Techno and Wilbur to clean up.

One of Tommy’s flying pillows had given Wilbur a black eye, but none of them were going to mention it. They didn’t want to give Tommy a reason to run. The adoption papers were sitting on Techno’s bedside table, and Phil smiled when Tommy approached, unaware of the words inked into the pages. Phil was excited and his wings shuddered, flickering with his feelings. Kristin’s heart beat against his chest, the necklace warm, and Phil couldn’t be any happier.

He patted the space behind him, humming gently as Tommy clambered onto the bed beside him. He pressed into Phil’s arm without hesitation, and Phil didn’t want to stop the grin that grew on his face. He wrapped an arm around Tommy’s shoulder, curling his wing around his littlest’s back. *Baby baby baby-* Chat pushed. *Dadza. ChildInnit.* Phil kissed at Tommy’s

hairline, nuzzling into the soft little curls on top of Tommy's head. It had Wilbur's volume, but Techno's silkiness- it was always meant to be. Tommy was always meant to be with them.

"Here," Phil whispered, raising his free hand and flicking his fingers. "I have some things for you." His inventory flickered up, little grey boxes stuffed with things he had brought just for his new son. He clicked at the boxes and Tommy jolted a bit when the gifts plopped out of Phil's inventory and into his lap.

"...for me?" Tommy's little hands were grappling at the blanket Phil had brought for him, the same blanket he had given to Techno and Wilbur when they were little kids. It was old and soft, well loved by his elder sons and now passed onto their youngest. "How did you-"

"It's called an inventory," Phil nuzzled into Tommy's hair again. His feathers twitched, instincts growing louder, and he sighed a bit. He gently clicked another box, bringing out one of his primary feathers from his last molt. The feather was dark, shimmery with the light, and Phil took care braiding it into a gold chain, wrapping the metal around the stem of the feather. He draped the chain around Tommy's neck, a little proud chirp rising in his chest at his feather on Tommy's neck. "Here, raise a hand with your fingers out." Tommy rose it, eyes blinking down at his fingers. Phil hummed and brought Tommy's wrist a little higher, smiling when Tommy didn't resist. He wasn't flinching away, wasn't as scared. "Now flick them up." Tommy flicked his fingers and drew his hand back a bit when the magic twinkled along his fingers. Phil supposed he would feel the feather-light brushes against his fingers more than other people.

He couldn't see Tommy's inventory- nobody could but Tommy anyways, and Phil watched him carefully. He wasn't sure if Tommy could feel the inventory or what, if it could even be useful for him.

"I can feel the boxes," Tommy drew his fingers up and down, pressing them against an invisible screen with a reverent expression on his face. "And- and the Chat is telling me what is in the boxes. I can put things in the boxes?" before Phil could even nod or verbally confirm, Tommy's hands flung a pillow into the invisible screen. The pillow vanished as it disappeared into the inventory, and Phil grinned as Tommy brought it in and out, in and out again.

“Careful mate,” Phil kissed his forehead again. “You might rip it.” he gently nudged the blanket towards Tommy. “I brought you a blanket. It used to be your brothers’, but they wanted you to have it.” Tommy picked the blanket up, testing the softness of it against his cheek. He seemed to find it appealing, melting into the fuzzy cloth. “I also brought you a few teddies-”

“I don’t want *teddies* .” Tommy grumped. He grabbed at the one bear Phil had brought anyway, squeezing it gently. Phil got the idea that Tommy had never had the opportunity to have teddies when he was a child. “I’m not a child.”

He didn’t want to feel small or vulnerable, like he was being pitied. Phil drew him closer into his side.

“I have a teddy,” he nuzzled into Tommy’s hair again. “So does Wilbur, and Techno. Techno uses his plush mostly to prop up his chest and shoulders when he lays sideways in bed, and Wilbur uses it as a comfort item. So do I,” Tommy seemed to relax with every word. “You aren’t childish for wanting a teddy or using one. Sometimes it’s just nice to have something soft to hug, eh mate?”

Tommy placed with the teddy, his throat working and an uncertain expression on his face. Whatever he wanted to say, he should say it. Phil would burn the world to the ground for him.

*Dadza! Dadza!* Chat crowed into his ear. *He wants a cow plush- he likes cows. He is afraid of judgement.*

“It doesn’t have to be a *bear* ,” Phil prompted, gently. “It could be any animal.” He could almost hear Tommy’s teeth grinding together with how hard he was gritting his jaw. “I have a bear, but Techno has a pig,” Tommy swallowed. “Wilbur has a sheep-”

“Barnyard theme, yeah?” Tommy quipped, quietly. He flinched a bit, like he was expecting to get hit for the words, and Phil’s heart seemed to rip in two. Kristin beat steadily against his chest. “...I like cows.” Phil smiled and ran his hands through Tommy’s hair, scratching at the kid’s scalp.

“Thank you for telling me,” Phil grinned against his son’s head. “I’m going to get you the biggest cow plush ever.”

“Phil, no-”

“Multiple ones! We can have one that’s as big as you are-”

“Phil-”

“And a medium sized one, only half you-”

“Dad!”

“And a little- did you just call me dad?”

“...no,” Tommy tried to fling himself away, but Phil just held him tighter, watching his feather on a gold chain dance along Tommy’s chest. “No I did not. You misheard, big man.”

“I want to adopt you,” Phil blurted out. He couldn’t keep it secret anymore. “I have the papers on the bedside table. I’ve already signed them, I just- I wanted to get your official permission first.”

“You-” Tommy stopped struggling. His knuckles were going white with how hard he was gripping the bear. “You really want to adopt me. I mean,” Tommy shook his head, flinging his bear around a bit. Phil flicked his eyes around, trying to find the boy’s fidget cube- it might have gotten loose during the pillow fight. “Techno said you wanted to, but I mean, it’s one thing to be *told* you’re getting adopted and another to actually be *asked* -”

“Can I?” Phil brought the blanket to Tommy and watched as his son gripped at the plush fabric, pulling it around in his hands. “Can I adopt you? You’d be a Prince of the Empire, of course. If you didn’t want to be in the public eye, I would completely understand. We could

keep your adoption under wraps, or keep the press away entirely. Techno is the official heir and Wilbur his future advisor, so there would be very few duties you would take on, regardless.”

Tommy nodded.

“I can adopt you?”

Tommy nodded again.

Phil let out a breath, Kristin beating against his chest, and he brought Tommy in for a hug.

---

“So Punz defected,” this kid was starting to get on Eret’s nerves, if they were being honest. “Are you really surprised? He works for Dream now, and Dream offered him totems of undying. Kind of hard to beat that sort of price.”

“Are you so easily... *tempted*?” Eret twirled their dagger in their hands. They sort of wished they’d chosen their red dress to wear today instead of their favourite blouse and slacks pair, because they were probably going to be spilling a lot of blood, and these slacks were green. They’d get stains in the fabric. The kid shrugged, his purple hoodie pulling at his shoulders.

“I suppose I could be,” Purpled lounged. He was far more casual than Punz had ever been in Eret’s presence, and something about the familiarity put Eret at ease. “But you have something I want. Beyond just material goods.”

“Of course,” Eret purred. “You want your freedom.”

Purpled raised one hand, little bracelet jangling as he did. It was an ingenious little device, with a small needle embedded into his wrist. It dispensed the magic numbing drugs every so

often to keep these little soldiers obedient. Eret didn't have magic of their own- they hadn't gotten connected to any before their body was too developed to take it without severe consequences. They weren't entirely sure how it felt for magic to be taken, but judging from other accounts, it hadn't been pleasant.

"Yeah, that'd be nice," Purpled shrugged. "My magic's nothing special, I won't die without it, but I'd still appreciate having it back."

"Bring me Tommy and you'd get it back."

"What's your obsession with the kid anyway?" Purpled whirled, standing and cracking his knuckles. He had a judgemental eye cast towards Eret and they really didn't quite appreciate it. "Seems like you're going through a lot of trouble just for one kid."

Eret closed their eyes, uncrossing their legs.

"He looked so sad, sitting there in chains."

"So you'd put him in more," Purpled drawled. "Not quite impressed with that train of thought, to be honest. You really think he'd be happy with that?"

"He'd learn to be."

"...right," Purpled scoffed. "You could just let the Empire take him, you know? Cut your losses and they might not kill you."

Eret glared. "They wouldn't know about any of this to kill me."

"Except that the slaver hub in Essempee got raided by Dream and some of King Philza's team," Purpled rolled his eyes. "All the files out nabbed. That's where Tommy's file was."

“ *Just bring me the kid,* ” Eret hissed. “I care very little for any of that nonsense. What happened to the slavers is none of my concern.”

“Alright,” Purpled unclipped his dart gun, finally turning his back and leaving Eret’s throne room. “But don’t blame me when this gets you in over your head.”

Eret lowered their head, Purpled’s footsteps echoing out of the throne room.

It really was a lonely castle.

It used to not be- their son’s delightful laughter as he chased butterflies among the gardens, fisted for dirt in the grass, and annoyed the guards. Their son that had been murdered. No one laughed in their halls anymore. Tommy could fill the hole. He could.

It really was a lonely castle.

Chapter End Notes

GOODNIGHT

# Magic Tricks; play your cards right-

## Chapter Summary

GOOD EVENING

## Chapter Notes

Hey, how have your days been?? I spent lots of time yelling at Void and I also passed along all your thank-yous to Jake.

Jake says:

C:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*“Fundy, come back- you’re going to hurt yourself!” Eret’s little boy skipped ahead, fluffy ears flicking in delight at being chased. His tail swished back and forth as he ran, little paws scrabbling for purchase on the ground. Eret had found Fundy when he was just a little boy, curled around the body of his mother, trying to burrow his way into her cold arms. Eret had scooped him up and taken him home, hugging their son and comforting him when he cried.*

*He cried far less now.*

*All the doctors Eret had summoned to their castle had confirmed Fundy was healthy, albeit missing a few important vaccines. He clearly had established enough magic that his body had transformed to something more suited for survival. Maybe he could have been some kind of wilderness or nature mage, if he hadn’t been pushed quite so far. Eret had soothed the wild orange hair over their boy’s forehead and had every person who dared to whisper from the shadows of Fundy’s wasted potential thrown off the mountainside cliffs.*

*Fundy laughed, chirping a bit as he ran. His brown coat flailed behind him as the fabric struggled to keep up. He apparently had been able to embroider before his transformation, and while his stitches were a bit wonky and full of mistakes, he’d still carefully stitched on some rainbows on the collar of his coat. It had made Eret’s fragile heart melt, their son being*



*so supportive. Fundy's throat worked, choked little chirps rising from it as he chattered, squealing when he tried to leap over a log and Eret grabbed him around the middle, spinning their son around before depositing him solidly into their arms.*

*They kissed his forehead and let him nuzzle at his neck, and for then, it was enough.*

*Eret had never had much of a presence in their kingdom- they had a congress and an elected government to do that job for them. There was never any reason for them to get involved. But their entire country was in awe of how much this one child melted their Sovereign's heart- Prince Fundy became a staple figure. They were so proud of him, and his toothy little grins, even when he would skip lessons to come sit with Eret while they did paperwork.*

*Naturally, they never encouraged it. Never let Fundy hide behind their legs while the guards searched, never ordered the tutors out while Fundy giggled far too loudly for any sort of productive hiding.*

*He loved to play among the dandelions and the daffodils, chasing the bees and watching wide-eyed as the butterflies landed on the flower petals. It was terrible- so terrible that the world would choose that day for Eret to lose him.*

*Because even when Fundy's blood dripped off the flower petals from where it had been splashed on the impact, the sun still shone. The birds paused, but for far too short. They continued their song. The butterflies flew, the wind brushed the flowers, and the daffodils still stretched out to the sun. The world did not stop spinning, even if it felt like it did.*

*The world carried on even when Eret's felt like it had stopped. Wasn't it supposed to mourn? In all the movies, all the books they had seen- the loss of an innocent created rain. The clouds shuddered, the sky flashed, and the winds wailed. The world mourned for the loss of a child. Even on the day of Fundy's funeral, the sun shone. It was sweltering, the middle of August, and Eret couldn't even find the energy to wipe the sweat off their temples, staring down at the black coffin. Too small. Far too small.*

*Eret broke down that day, crying because the world would not, and far too dead.*

*Their hope was buried six feet under, as deep as their son's- Fundy would have wanted it, so Eret had made sure the coffin was biodegradable. They grew white stargazer lilies over the coffin, so Fundy could give back to the flowers he had so loved. Eret wasn't sure if it was even worthwhile- Fundy was dead. Fundy couldn't care about anything anymore.*

*Eret didn't think they could, either. The castle was so quiet.*

*Years passed in a grey, mournful haze, and Eret had stumbled from place to place with shaking hands and a distant mind, until the brightest blue eyes they had ever seen snapped them out of it. So different from the warm brown of Fundy's- Fundy was safety, comfort, familiarity. This was new. Something different. Eret's hands reached out to grasp, striving for the light-*

*For the first time in moons, they finally had hope.*

---

Purpled was starting to get real sick of this shit. He'd just been living his best life, chugging along- he didn't even have a very significant amount of magic. Nothing life changing that someone *needed* to get their hands on. He sort of got it, honestly, with that Tommy kid. Magic like that was rare; even without Eret's whole *creep* factor going on, kids like Tommy got snapped up quick by people who wanted a use out of those talents.

But Purpled had never been one of them. Very simply put, he could redirect people's attention. For like- maybe a few seconds. Enough to step on their shoe lace or grab their wallet, but nothing major. He supposed that he could have been a good thief or a mercenary or whatever, but Purpled had a fine job making coffee for zombies carrying briefcases. Hours were early and the pay was- well. He got *paid* .

But *free coffee* . Purpled could do that forever. Low risk, low reward, and he could go home and drink his triple espresso Americano in goddamn peace while he played Call of Duty. Really, it was a good life. Until he'd gotten kidnapped.

Bastards.

Eret had decided to buy him or keep him- whatever. Purpled really wasn't here to try to figure out Eret's weirdass mindset. A dead kid makes you go a little crazy, huh? Purpled couldn't relate. He'd had a goldfish once- but never a child. And he flushed his goldfish down the toilet after he'd forgotten to feed it for three days and it died.

Purpled was not allowed to have any more pets after that. But whatever, his mum kind of sucked, and he'd gotten emancipated and moved out on his own. Until he'd gotten kidnapped.

Really, Purpled was rather fixated on the whole *kidnapping* thing. Quite rude it was. But whatever- it was fine. It was. Purpled didn't need his magic to live, but the blockers felt like fire in his veins for a good few hours after they'd been injected. It was really annoying, and Purpled had done his damndest to get the blood things off, but nothing worked. When Eret had purchased him, they'd gotten the key to the stupid cuffs. The key was the only thing that could take them off safely; fuckers were lodged into the arteries that led into his hand. They'd rip out if the cuff was removed by force and he'd bleed out.

He stalked along the streets, idly playing with a deck of cards. Shuffling and reshuffling them. Sleight of hand was ridiculously easy, especially when you knew how to push people's attention away while their eyes were focused elsewhere. The long hoodie sleeves definitely helped, although Purpled had learned to push the cards up his right sleeve and not his left, where the cuff lay. All he had to do was bring one twelve year old to Eret and then he'd be free. He could get out of here.

Go back to his coffee and his video games and the apartment that had probably been left vacant. He supposed he could work for Eret a bit longer, get paid some more- so he at least had something to his name. This was much more exciting, even if the chefs in Eret's castle refused to give him the appropriate amount of espresso shots in his drinks.

Something about caffeine addictions being unhealthy. Whatever.

Purpled kicked absently at a tree, spinning the cards and reshuffling the deck. Had to find the kid. Sooner rather than-

The wind was spinning here much faster, with much less grace than it normally did. Purpled pressed himself against a tree, pulling at his clothes so they wouldn't create any pockets for him to be pulled upwards and away. The winds whistled through the trees, a small figure dropping down into the clearing. Fluffy blonde hair, bright blue eyes- the setting sun framed his head and the winds whipped around him, the kind of magic Purpled had never gotten the chance to experience.

He could live with it on his conscience, because the choice here was Purpled or this kid. Purpled was always going to choose himself. Not this random twelve year old. Didn't Purpled deserve freedom to? *Don't we both deserve-* a voice whispered in the back of his head, and Purpled furiously told it to shut up. The kid could end up in worse places than with Eret, after all. Eret didn't just want him as a weapon or as a tool. He'd be alive, and that was more than Purpled could say for himself if he didn't get out of Eret's clutches.

He took a breath, reshuffling his cards. The dart gun sat heavy in his pocket, a mix of the magic numbing and a sleeping agent loaded into the darts.

He stepped away from the tree, dodging to the side when the kid reacted by flinging a gust of wind at him. His eyes were following Purpled pretty well, but they were only at about shoulder height. Kid really couldn't see, then.

"Hey," Purpled soothed, frowning when the kid jumped again. "Name's Purpled. Want to see a magic trick?"

---

Tommy was a big man and big men don't get scared. Not at all. He was *not* scared, no matter what anyone else thought. And he wasn't running because he was scared either. He was just-

He'd called *King Philza of the Antarctic Empire* Dad. And yeah, it was kind of sinking in that they'd wanted to adopt him - like really, actually adopt him. Like you-can't-send-me-back-now, permanent kind of adopt him - and Tommy just needed some air.

Chat had pulsed sadly in his head when he'd made the decision to go out the window, because doors were overrated, but he'd pushed them back. He was a big man, with big man magic. He'd be fine, he was just going to fly around and a bit and think.

Never a better place to think than with the wind whistling through his ears, that's what Tommy always said. And he was very sure Phil would agree. So when a few hours had passed and Phil had been pulled away by something-or-other, and Wilbur and Techno were lightly bickering in the kitchen over who had to sweep up the rest of the glass shards they'd found from one lamp that had gotten tossed and shattered, Tommy had slipped on his new shoes.

He was still in the fancy Empire clothes and the gold clanged a bit as he had clambered up the window, perching at the sill before launching himself into open air. It was a bit of a new experience, trying to fly with the cloak. Before, he'd always worn regular shirts, and if he got his hands on a jacket, it was always closed and buttoned up. The cloak was an interesting drag, and Tommy found that the clasp was pretty strong. He'd been trying not to break it, but he'd lost focus a few times and almost launched himself into a few buildings, and had to pull himself sideways by the cape. The clasp had survived thus far. Tommy had considered taking it off, but. Well-

Clearly Techno had made it *Tommy-proof* because the damn thing was impossible to get unlatched. He wasn't sure what else he was supposed to do with it except just leave it on now. He'd flown around for a bit, buffering himself up and around. He supposed he could have asked Phil to come with him, but he didn't want to disturb him. He had left the room in a hurry when Dream had summoned him, so Tommy was sure it was more important.

More important than this, anyway.

Even before, from living with his mother, Tommy had never had any siblings. He really wasn't sure how to act around Wilbur and Techno- they liked taking care of him it seemed, but Tommy wasn't helpless. He was able to ask Techno for help with the bullets though, so Tommy would count that as a win. And Wilbur had rescued him when he was getting chased.

It'd turn out okay.

It was one thing to spend time with Techno, at the beginning- because that wasn't permanent. It didn't have to stay. Tommy didn't stay. Attachment was what got you killed in Tommy's world, where the only thing you could be attached to was your life. If you tried to cling onto anything else, grip onto anything- you would lose it, and trying to get it back would get you killed. Tommy would know.

The first few years since he'd lost his eyes, he'd spent getting to relearn the world. He assumed it would have been easier if he was born blind, used to it, but every step at the start had felt like he was about to go off a cliff. Every trip, every tremble, knocked his magic back even further. He had spent his days stalking other mages, healers, trying to figure out if there was any way to get his vision back.

His magic had gotten him hunted down by more than one group, more than one person- he'd had a lot of experience running. Tommy had always gotten away, and made himself a little game of seeing how far he could push the envelopes.

And sure, sometimes he found people he clicked with - Deo came to mind - but they had never made Tommy attached. Never made him want to stay. Somehow, these people were different. Techno with his happy rumbles and Wilbur with his *chuffs*, and Phil with his feathers.

Tommy wanted to stay and it scared the shit out of him.

He sent an experimental gust of wind down the forest below him- he'd flown quite a distance. He could feel the leaves brushing up against the wind as he slowly lowered himself, trying not to fling into any branches.

*Go back.*

*I'm telling Dadza.*

"You're too worried Chat," Tommy mumbled. "Nothing's going to happen. I'm in the middle of nowhere, who even-"

A snap. Tommy sent a blast of wind in that direction, praying it was just some kind of animal. His prayers were ignored - because of course they were - as he caught the side of a person. They sidestepped, they were taller than Tommy but they were really skinny. He should be able to yeet them, if he just focused in on the hood on their jacket-

“Hey,” a voice broke through Chat’s shrieks and Tommy jumped, flinging his head in hopefully the right direction. “Name’s Purpled. Want to see a magic trick?”

## Chapter End Notes

See you tomorrow!

## **-and maybe you won't get hurt.**

### Chapter Summary

A special sort of chapter in honour of Tommy's birthday...

### Chapter Notes

I have a migraine so I'm going to pass out when I'm done with this <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Did you *seriously* just ask a blind kind if I wanted to see a magic trick?” Tommy let his mouth fall open, grinning maniacally as Purpled seemed to stumble at the words, rocking around a bit. This just solidified it, then- Purpled had to be relatively safe, because he hadn’t already known Tommy was blind. He didn’t know, so he didn’t know Tommy. He wasn’t- wasn’t one of the slavers. He’d be good.

*Danger! Danger!* Chat cried. *I’m getting Dadza-*

Tommy really wished Chat had an off switch sometimes. It was perfectly safe, there was no need to call Phil. Purpled didn’t even know he was blind!

*He works for Eret!*

Sure he did, Chat. Even if he did, he would have known about Tommy. And Tommy could just blast him and carry on with his day. Purpled couldn’t do anything to him.

“Well- I- you see- you- you’re blind,” Purpled was stumbling over his words, hands spinning uselessly. Tommy could feel the cards the other was holding, but he was pretty sure that even if he did let Purpled do his magic trick, it would have far less impact because Tommy couldn’t see. “-I’m sorry man, I uhh- was not thinking there.”



Tommy plopped onto the ground, gesturing for Purpled to follow. He sat and Tommy could feel the wind brushing against his body as he went down, becoming some endless blob sitting on the ground. Purpled shuffled his cards again and Tommy tried not to brush too hard against them. He knew if he did, he'd scatter them everywhere. Magically, Tommy was not feeling much like being an asshole today. Maybe on other days, but not today.

"Wait," Purpled shuffled a little closer to him. "What are you doing out here? Shouldn't you have someone with you, if you're-"

"I'm not helpless," Tommy dug his fingers into the ground, barking his irritation back at Purpled. He found a soft little... round hard thing and spun it in his hands, trying to figure out if it was an acorn or a rock. He couldn't feel an acorn top- maybe a rock? But rocks weren't normally this smooth. Chat was no help, still yelling something about Phil and danger, but whatever. Tommy could handle himself. "I don't need a *handler*." Purpled raised his hands and Tommy knew his fingers were spread, in a placating motion Tommy still couldn't see.

"I didn't mean that. Sorry again," Purpled said. He sounded at least a little bit guilty and Tommy let himself be soothed by the tone. People always assumed he was dependent and needy and ugh- just because Tommy was blind didn't mean he couldn't handle himself. "I just meant- it's easy to get lost out here, yeah? I'm lost. And you're like... ten."

"I'm twelve, dickhead." Tommy stuck his tongue out.

"Don't you have family, or something, out here with you?" Purpled sounded a bit desperate. Maybe he really was lost.

"No," Tommy rolled his eyes. "And *I'm* not lost. It's also none of your business- what are you doing out here?" If Purpled was allowed to pry, so was Tommy. But where Tommy was expecting a fight or some kind of 'buzz off, kid', Purpled just relaxed back on his hands and heaved a sigh. The air moving from his mouth was enough for Tommy to get a better idea of his height- and oops, he was a bit taller than Tommy had been expecting. What was it with these people and being freakish giants?

"Got into a fight with my boss and walked off to cool down," Purpled shrugged. It sounded genuine enough, to Tommy. He silently raised one eyebrow, and Purple huffed before

continuing. “They’re being a prick. They have something they’re holding over my head for me to get my job done and they’re being a right ass.”

“Something- like, like,” Tommy struggled to come up with the word. Started with an r... what you paid to have an apartmen- “rent! Rent money?”

“Eh, sorta,” Purpled shrugged again. “It’s important to me though, so I kind of need to just work for him until he gives me what I want. Then I can get the hell outta there.”

“And do something better!” Tommy raised his hands and cheered. He’d never had a proper job - wasn’t old enough for one, despite his efforts - but even he could understand how sucky it was to be trapped somewhere lame. Maybe Purpled wanted to move? Or work a different job?

“And do something better,” Purpled echoed. “I just want free coffee, man- my boss is a control freak who never lets me have more than one shot of espresso a day. I miss the days where I could have two triple-shots and nobody would bat an eye.”

Tommy squinted. “That... that sounds like a lot,” Hesitant- does Tommy look like someone who drinks coffee? No. No, he’s not, he drank tea like a proper person. “Is that a lot?”

“No, no, no,” Purpled sighed, like an addict who couldn’t see the truth. “It’s not a lot. Not a lot at all.” Tommy was calling bullshit, but whatever. He hadn’t ever had coffee before- just tea. And the chocolate- the *hot chocolate* that Techno made him.

“What do you do for your boss, anyway?” Tommy turned over the thing in his hands. “And if this an acorn or a stone?”

“I uhh,” Purpled seemed distracted. He was fidgeting with his pockets. “I just run errands, I guess. I go out and grab... stuff that my boss needs. I mean, I also think I dispense some very needed advice for him, but it’s not what they pay me for. I just wish they listened to me more often, you know.” Purpled shrugged and shuffled a little closer. “And speaking of that- it’s a little dark out,” Chat was getting very loud again. “I can’t tell. I’m going to look a little closer, okay Tommy?.” Purpled sat down right beside Tommy and leaned over him, one hand

on his arm and another by his neck. Purpled smelled like grass and Tommy huffed. Man needed a stronger shampoo. Shampoo like-

Wait.

“I never gave you my name,” Tommy mumbled. He turned the stone again, hearing buzzing as Chat started shrieking like one of them was getting murdered. “I never-”

Metal at his neck.

Tommy flung his elbow to the side, catching Purpled in the ribs, but there was a sting at his neck and Tommy wailed at the familiar burn in his veins. He thought he’d- his entire neck ached, like fire down his shoulders, as the drug was injected. He flung a blast of air towards Purpled, but it was weak, and Tommy’s awareness of the world was diminished. He stumbled, smacking into the side of a tree.

*Left, left!*

*We called Dadza, he’s coming-*

*Just hang on Tommy, just-*

*Hang on a little longer!*

Tommy coughed. He didn’t think he could move his right arm from the side the drug had been injected. Purpled- he’d had a fucking dart in his pocket. He hadn’t shot it, Tommy would have known if he shot it. He just kept it in his hand and waited until he was close enough. Tommy was so fucking stupid.

He tripped over a root he didn’t see, shrieking as he hit the ground face first. There was a scrape on his chin and Tommy could feel the salt stinging at his eyes already. He didn’t want

this to be real. Didn't want-

Tommy missed Techno, and not for the first time, his own stupidity was the reason he wasn't going to see him. But this time, there wasn't a Wilbur right around the corner waiting to rescue him. This time, Tommy was on his own.

*Dadza is coming! They know, they're coming!*

Tommy wished Chat would tell them that he was sorry.

"Sorry, Tommy," Purpled was suddenly much closer to his ear than before. Tommy wriggled, trying to send an elbow towards the voice, kicking out, but in the next beat, Purpled had him pinned with his hands behind his back and Purpled's knee digging into his back. Purpled was way too heavy- or, or. Maybe it was Tommy that was way too heavy. "It's just business."

Tommy slept.

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*Dadza! Dadza!*

Chat cawed in his ear and Phil rubbed at it, sighing tiredly. Wilbur's eyes were tracing the gold rings on his fingers absently, but for the most part, they were paying attention to what Dream was saying. He was going over some of the other files, how many people they had recovered- to his part, Dream had done an excellent job of dealing with the kidnapped victims they'd found in the main Essempee bases and there were currently teams headed by Sapnap and Bad going to the other sites of the slavers to get the rest.

Dream was sorting the victims by their respective files. Some of them had family members alive and well, and who had been contacted after asking permission from the victim. Some of them had wept at the idea of seeing their families again, and according to George, there had

been many tearful reunions. Others had said that they'd been turned in by their family members, so Dream had been quick to get them sorted separately.

The majority of them were already from Essempee, but there were a handful of others, like Tommy, who were from other countries and were brought in from the outside. They expected it to flip closer to Essempee's borders. Dream had offered them all citizenship regardless.

Phil was rather proud that they hadn't found a single Empire citizen yet. It opened to the possibility of one particular hub being full of Empire citizens, but Phil wasn't too worried about it. Wilbur suddenly stiffened, his face losing colour as his eyes unfocused from Phil's rings, pupils shrinking down to little pinpricks. Dream paused in his lecture, having just whacked his middle finger pointing stick at his board. Phil furrowed his eyebrows, opened his mouth-

*Tommy's hurt-*

"Where?" Technoblade stood, knocking his chair over and flying from the room, Wilbur hot on his heels. "Where, Chat?" Techno snarled, eyes starting to glow red. Phil couldn't- they'd left him in the apartment!

"Dream, Tommy's hurt-"

*Tommy's gone! He was kidnapped!*

"-kidnapped," Phil shook his head, rushing out of the room. "By who? Where?" Phil rounded the corner- he had to check. The apartment door was already broken, barely hanging off one hinge, and it was empty. Wilbur was desperately searching through the bedrooms, coming out with a hand stress-pulling at his hair. Techno had already gone out the open - the *open* - window, his grunting fading as he climbed down the building. "He's-" Wilbur shook his head.

"Gone. He was last in-" Wilbur frowned, one hand at his forehead. "He was last in the woods- the big stretch of it about six and a half miles from here. Chat's probably already told Techno, but-"

*He was kidnapped by Purpled.*

“Purpled?” Phil mouthed the name.

*Seventeen years old. Purple eyes, blonde hair. Purple hoodie. He is an associate of Eret.*

“Eret. Eret has him.” Wilbur cursed at Phil’s words, launching himself out the window after his twin. Wilbur wasn’t being careful in his descent down the building, and Techno snarled at him in a wordless reprimand. Phil stretched his wings out, catching the wind on the feathers.

*He is bringing Tommy to Eret’s castle.*

“Dream?” Phil stayed in the window sill, knowing his flight was faster than his boys’ running speed. He could catch up. The other king was furiously tapping at his communicator, but looked up when his name was called. “Please have Sam release the declaration of war.”

Dream nodded.

Phil spread his wings and dove out the window, one hand on his sword belt. He’d killed a lot of people in his time- corrupt politicians, his father, criminals, even just people who had stepped a toe out of line against him. There were a few different classes of death expressions. Lonely, terrified, accepting. Phil wondered which one Eret would be after he tore their heart out and mounted it on the Empire walls.

Chat whispered updates on how Tommy was doing, little caws in his ears.

The murder followed Death.

Get wrecked, see you Monday

Have fun over the weekend!! :)

# Tommy is having a distinctly unpog time

## Chapter Summary

Welcome to Monday, folks.

## Chapter Notes

LMAO Y'ALL WERE REAL UPSET ABOUT THAT CLIFFHANGER

ALSO BITCHES I GOT FAN ART

[https://www.instagram.com/p/CNk49caFsQi/?utm\\_source=ig\\_web\\_copy\\_link](https://www.instagram.com/p/CNk49caFsQi/?utm_source=ig_web_copy_link)

GO CHECK OUT korokapot ON INSTAGRAM

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy opened his eyes again, it was all black. Whoopie, big shocker there. Sometimes he thought if he wondered hard enough about it, would he wake up and magically be able to see? Hasn't happened yet, but it always could! Let the big man have hope. He sniffled a bit, one hand searching- these were not the covers he was used to. Techno only used weird silky-ass blankets, something about having soft skin... so this wasn't Techno's bed. Who's fucking bed was it then?

Tommy sniffed. He was pretty sure he wasn't with Phil, in Dream's dumb apartment. Techno had a very distinct soap smell that followed him everywhere, and Tommy couldn't catch even a hint of it. So he hadn't been rescued yet. Phil had to come for him eventually- Phil had *adopted* him. Even if for nothing else, it would look bad for the Empire to lose a kid so fast. But the kidnapping, ah the kidnapping. Not ideal, if Tommy was being honest. Mildly inconvenient. This was certainly jimmying up his jams-

Ah fuck it, Tommy was pissed and more than a little scared. His fingertips were tingling, and his veins fucking *ached* so he was drugged. He couldn't use the wind to feel out the room and his head was silent for the first time in days. Chat wasn't yammering back there and the silence was strangely pressing on his ears. Could Tommy even use his inventory like this? He flicked his fingers up, humming nervously as he stretched his hand over.



Nothing, nothing, noth- a ridge. Tommy let out a breath and traced the edges of the box. So he hadn't lost everything, then, just- *most* things. He would survive. He didn't have anything in his inventory before, but he quickly grabbed at his clothes. He was still dressed in the Empire clothes from before and Techno's clasp and earrings were steady weights on him. Tommy popped the earrings off, cursing a bit at how difficult it was to slide the little backing shits off them. He chunked them in the direction of the inventory, satisfied that they'd landed when no *plock* sound followed. He just put his head through the hole of the cloak, grunting as he slid it off and chunking it - along with the clasp - into the inventory as well. Last thing that followed was Phil's necklace with the feather. Tommy traced the soft edges of it before he flicked his fingers down, experimentally waving his hand to where it had been before and checking the inventory was properly closed.

He didn't care about a lot of his things, but he wanted to keep those. He didn't want them damaged or taken away. Now, it was time to figure out where the hell he was. Tommy leaned off the bed, setting his feet down on the floor. His boots had been taken off.

Alright then. Tommy let out a quiet hum, ears twitching. Room wasn't big. Didn't echo- there was probably more furniture in here that he hadn't come into contact with yet. Experimentally, Tommy stuck a foot out and waved it side to side, smacking a hard edge. He leaned towards the edge, hands running over the smooth... wood? He licked it.

Yup. Wood. Plegh.

He knocked over the surface, until- there. Relatively hollow. A drawer. Tommy let his hands run over it until he found the knob, pulling the thing open. There were things in it that were roly, and glass? They clinked together when they moved. Tommy dove his hands in and yelped when a sharp edge caught his thumb. He went in more carefully the second time, picking one of the things up. Sharp, needle at one end. Glass, glass- it wasn't hollow. He shook it. Liquid, then. Something was swishing inside. Needles.

Tommy left the drawer open and dove for the pillow on the bed, taking the pillow out and opening the case. Two could play that game. He grabbed the needles in the drawer one by one, throwing them into the pillow case. He shook the drawer back and forth until there were no needles left in it. His face split into an evil little gremlin grin as he twisted the free end of the pillow case and gently placed the thing to hang over his back.

Tommy walked with one hand out until he met a wall. No furniture, nothing in the way. Absolutely perfect. Tommy reeled back and flung the pillowcase towards the wall as hard as he could. The needles smashed on impact, the absolutely *satisfying* sound of shattering glass following. Tommy hit the pillowcase over and over, liquid dripping from the bottom and onto his feet. Footsteps pounded outside the door, and Tommy waited.

The door flung open. Behind, but a bit to the left. The person stepped further into the room, but the little puddles of liquid they'd stepped in gave away their position exactly. Tommy stepped forward and swung- one pillowcase half ripped with needle points and small glass shards made for an excellent weapon. The person shrieked as it caught them across the face, sending glass and needle points right into their eyes.

Tommy shouldered past them as they fell, keeping a tight hold on his weapon. He knew this dance. He knew this game.

Drug him, leave him helpless. Make him *dependent*. Unfortunately for these assholes though, this big man didn't do *anything* the easy way. It was manipulative and Tommy really wasn't sure why these idiots thought he couldn't do anything without his magic. Sure, he couldn't see. Whatever. But more than half of what he did was guided by things *that weren't his magic*.

His footsteps echoed. Less, less, less- more echo off to the left. Tommy turned the corner and darted, grinning as the shouts of surprise met his ears. Two people lunged at him- one was wearing some kind of chain mail. It clinked when he moved, and clinked *hard*. Heavy, then. A tank. Tommy ducked under their tackle and their own momentum sent them straight into a wall. No metallic thunk, so dumbass probably wasn't wearing a helmet. The second person was lighter, no chain mail- just cloth. It was a heavy, thick kind of cloth though. Stiff. Tommy just swung his pillowcase in the direction of the sound and cackled when the iron smell of blood followed the person's pained shriek.

It had taken Tommy a long time to figure out how to even use his magic. You don't stay alive in his situation by fucking waiting for the solution to smack you on the ass. You stay alive by *adapting*. Tommy's other senses were strong. He didn't need sight, he didn't need magic to kick some ass. It was time these idiots learned that. The hallway abruptly stopped echoing, and Tommy grinned as his hands came in contact with a door. He kept the pillow case away from his body, careful of the glass shards and needle points sticking out of it- no need to give himself an infection. He ran his palms over the door, finding the latch and throwing it open. He didn't run out blindly, stuck one foot out carefully and felt for any stairs or dips. Finding none, Tommy whistled in a little birdsong tune. More echoes, but much more than before-

high ceiling, few items in the room. Tommy could hear real birdsong floating around it, so windows? Open ones.

“I didn’t think you’d be quite so resourceful,” a voice hummed, somewhere to his left. Tommy spun, trying to pinpoint it, but the person had to have been present before Tommy had entered the room, because he hadn’t heard any other doors open. “But I suppose that’s to be expected. It was in your file.” Tommy grit his teeth. This room was too open, too echoey- it was hard to pinpoint the exact location of the voice so he could swing his makeshift mace at them and then run.

“My name is Eret,” the voice purred. They had a lowish timbre, nothing compared to Techno- and they seemed remarkably calm for someone who was faced down with a kid with a bloody glass-poked pillowcase. “I use they/them pronouns. You are Tommy- although your full name is Theseus,” a small click and something glass was sat down. Something else padded at the floor and Tommy jolted. Still to the left- was Eret getting up? “He/him pronouns, yes? Or do you use other pronouns?”

“He/him,” Tommy tightened his hold on his pillowcase. “Bitch.”

“Fair enough,” Eret laughed. “I’m sure you’re very confused. How about you come take a sit and I can explain everything to you?”

“No chance in hell, asshole,” Tommy snarled. “I’m getting out of here and you can fuck right off.”

Eret laughed. “You know, I was really expecting you to be much more... pliant, after losing your magic,” a hand landed on his shoulder and Tommy nearly leapt into the air, curses leaving his lips. He tried to swing his pillowcase at the figure, but Eret sidestepped and expertly twisted Tommy’s wrist. A sharp pain shot through his hand and Tommy dropped the case. It went down with more glassey shatters, all the pieces clanking together. “I’m glad you’re so full of life, though. You’ve been awake for maybe ten minutes and you’ve already taken down three of the guards and sent the rest into a frenzy.” Eret’s arm wrapped around his shoulder- and unlike Phil, their arm was restricting. A promise of pain, not of safety.

“If you’re good, I’ll let you have your magic back,” Eret hummed as they dragged Tommy. He cursed and struggled, but nothing seemed to deter the other. Tommy’s knees bumped into

something and he was forcibly sat down, Eret's sitting to his left and keeping one hand on Tommy's shoulder. "Supervised, of course."

"What the fuck is your probl-" Tommy spat until a hand landed over his mouth, the grip hard.

"I've purchased and adopted you!" Eret sounded cheerful. Tommy kind of wanted to tell them that Phil had already adopted him, but he settled for sinking his teeth into the flesh of Eret's hand. Eret gasped and flung their hand back, clicking their tongue. They stood and Tommy braced just a second too early, Eret's unbitten hand cracking over his face. "I am your parent now, understand?" Eret cupped Tommy's opposite cheek, soothing where their hand had cracked across Tommy's cheekbone. This fucking blowed. Phil had better hurry his ass up- Tommy was getting real sick of this creepy mofo. "That means I need to set rules, and boundaries... and punish you when you break them. We'll go over the house rules now, alright?" Eret kissed Tommy's forehead, a mockery of what Phil had done... some time ago. Tommy wasn't sure how long he'd been asleep- but he was *revolted*. He tried to jerk his head away, but Eret kept it there, smiling against Tommy's forehead. "You'll like it here. I promise."

Tommy thought that was bullshit.

---

"I'm going to kill them."

"No, *I'm* going to kill them."

"Fuck off Wilbur, I'm our general-"

"*Boys.* "

"I'm perfectly good with a weapon-"

“Well *I* got Tommy to trust me *first*- ”

“ **Boys.** ”

“That means shit all-”

“ **BOYS.** ”

Techno and Wilbur snapped their heads over to Phil, guilty expressions crossing both of their faces. Phil sighed, closing his eyes and bringing his hands up to pinch at the bridge of his nose. He got it, he really did. He was also stressed and terribly worried about Tommy, but this argument was getting them nowhere.

“Knock it off, both of you,” Phil opened one eye to glare at both of his sons, who shrunk back at his irritation. “I’m worried for Tommy too, but we are not having a competition over who’s killing Eret, because it is going to be *me*. ” Phil put up one hand as his sons opened their mouths, trying to protest. “I’m the King of the Empire- if I kill him, it’s a direct *message*. Either of you killing him could have been an accident, or you going against my orders. It is important I handle Eret, you understand?”

They nodded. They were clearly disappointed, but not mullish- they’d obey. Phil hummed, thinking of the international backlash- if Techno were the one to kill Eret, people would whisper again about Phil being unable to control his monster of a son. If Wilbur were the one to do it, it would ruin Wilbur’s reputation as the levelheaded mediator- his career as an ambassador would be ruined. If Phil were to kill Eret, it would send the most impactful message. That Tommy was part of the *Empire*- and that they did not take threats to their own lightly. If his sons killed Eret, it could be considered a mistake. If Phil killed Eret, it couldn’t be mistaken as anything but absolutely intentional.

“Besides,” Phil tilted his head up, grinning. “You two can go rescue Tommy.”

“What if Tommy is with Eret?” Wilbur countered.

“Then I’ll fight Eret and you two take care of any guards, and get Tommy out of there,” Phil hummed. He pressed a nail into the table in front of them, slightly rocking by the jet hitting turbulence. “You’re sure this floor plan is accurate, Punz?”

The mercenary nodded, eyes fixed on the map. “Absolutely, unless they’ve undergone major renovations in the few days I’ve been gone.”

“Excellent,” Phil nodded. “Sam, Ponk, Punz, and Dream’s team will go in first-” Phil moved the little holograms forward. “Cause as many problems as possible. We will break off from them and head straight for Tommy and Eret- Techno and Wilbur, you’ll be able to sniff them out?”

Techno nodded, holding up the blanket Tommy’d left behind. It was still soaked in his smell, while Wilbur had a spare neckerchief Punz had given him that apparently was Eret’s. Phil nodded again, the scents locked into the boys’ internal trackers. Always came in handy.

“You boys will get Tommy out-” Phil lifted another finger, staring down his sons. “ *With no arguing*. Ponk, you’ll be coming with us to take care of any injuries Tommy might’ve sustained.” Ponk merely nodded at the orders. Thankfully, he didn’t let out another *nyah* - Techno was stressed enough that he might’ve reached over and strangled Ponk if he did. “I will handle Eret. I want that castle burned to the ground, you understand?”

The people around the table nodded.

“And Sam?” the creeper hybrid locked eyes with Phil immediately. He was smoking softly, and this time, Phil didn’t tell him off. “Please make an appointment with Puffy for Tommy.”

“I will,” Sam nodded. “She also got back to me on the whole moving into the castle thing- she’s agreed. She wants to meet Tommy first, but supposedly Tubbo is very excited about being friends with a prince.”

“Of course,” Phil sighed fondly. “We can worry about that when this is over.”

After he'd put his sword through Eret's heart.

## Chapter End Notes

Final reminder: [https://www.instagram.com/p/CNk49caFsQi/?utm\\_source=ig\\_web\\_copy\\_link](https://www.instagram.com/p/CNk49caFsQi/?utm_source=ig_web_copy_link)

Go check out korokapot on Instagram!!

See you tomorrow!! :D

# Tommy is a Biohazard

## Chapter Summary

Hey hey hey a Wednesday chapter whoops

## Chapter Notes

Sorry I skipped yesterday, guys! Had a wicked migraine. It was not ideal ;-;

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Rule one,” Eret was holding something rigid in their hands, something light and wobbly. Tommy was ninety-nine percent sure it was a chart- Eret seemed like a *chart* kind of dumbass. “You are not allowed out by yourself. I know you’re a free spirit, little one,” Eret cupped Tommy’s cheek again, the one they’d slapped, and Tommy resisted the urge to sink his teeth into the offending hand again- but he didn’t really want to get hit again. Techno, Phil, and Wilbur would come for him, surely? “But it’s quite dangerous out there. You will be accompanied by myself and a team of guards at all times.”

“Seems you have a lack of trust in your own security,” Tommy tilted his head, Eret’s hand lifting off his face. The man smelled like a weird combination of iron and sandalwood- and Tommy was quite sick of it. He could feel the restlessness in his bones, a shake in his veins as he desperately tried to keep still. He never did well in closed spaces. Not anymore. “Kinda seems odd... considering you live here.”

“Accidents have happened before, Fundy,” Eret hummed. Their breath stilled at the last word and Tommy felt his brows furrow in confusion- Fundy? Who the hell was Fundy? “Tommy.” Eret’s voice was lighter now, shaky and rougher. “My apologies, Tommy. Regardless... no going out by yourself. Rule two- you will not have access to your magic. I know how much you adore it, little love, but it is very dangerous. I can’t help but think of how many ways you could get yourself hurt using it and I absolutely cannot allow that. I’m sure you understand.”

“My magic is a part of me,” Tommy could feel it burning underneath his skin. Quiet, unreachable, but still there. The drug was still in his veins, preventing him from accessing it-



but the *feel* of freedom stayed. He lifted his head, trying for where he thought Eret's was from the voice. "You can drug me all you want, but the second you falter, I will rip the air from your lungs and *watch you choke*. "

"I was worried you would have this reaction," Eret sighed. They sounded almost disappointed and Tommy had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep his eyes from rolling. What a dumbass, honestly- did they really think that Tommy was just going to roll over and let himself be manipulated? Yeah, okay. Have a good time with that. "So I thought I'd get you some kind of friend." papers shuffled, somewhere in front of Tommy and to his left. "Your file mentioned that you would take practically any punishment doled out, corporal or otherwise, but that punishment to *others* is the real way to your obedience. You're loyal, aren't you?"

"You don't *have* anyone here to punish on my behalf." Tommy couldn't help but roll his eyes that time, listening to Eret click in disappointment again. Maybe if Eret had done this several years ago, before Tommy was jaded, their bullshit might have worked. But Tommy had spent too long in captivity, listening to manipulative bullshit. Besides, most people who tried to pull at others like little puppets had to actually gain their trust first- Eret was proceeding like they'd already established trust with Tommy. This idiot was so not poggers.

"I was thinking I could get you something for you to have," Eret almost sounded *gentle* there, like they hadn't just threatened harm to other people in Tommy's stead. "Perhaps a pet? Do you prefer dogs, cats, maybe a barnyard animal?"

"You say that like you don't know that my favourite animal is a cow. I'm pretty fucking sure that that's on the goddamn file too."

"...rule three is no swearing, but since you were unaware, I'll let this one slide for now," Eret passed at his head and Tommy jolted away from the touch, curling his lip up and bearing his teeth in warning. "Of course I can get you a calf, little love. Your calf will be lashed for every break in the rules, you understand? I do hate for it to be done-"

"If you hate it, then just don't do it," Tommy rolled his eyes again. The irritation was pulling at him- there had to be an open window here somewhere, because Tommy could *feel* the breeze blowing at his face, calling him out. Out to open skies, where the rushing wind was as much a safety net as anything else could be. Where Tommy was most free. "Animal abuse is a choice."

“Not if you’re making me. If you behave, your calf will not be harmed. See?”

“Oh, no no no, Big Them,” Tommy fixed Eret with his best glare. At least he thought he did. Wasn’t really sure where Eret’s face was, and without his magic, he couldn’t check. So irritating. Tommy honestly could not wait until Phil and the others got here, because he was getting real fucking sick of this. “You are choosing to be abusive. Nobody’s making you but yourself- that whole ‘I wouldn’t do this if you would just behave’ bullshit is called *coercion*, fucker, and it doesn’t work when people know exactly where you’re going with it. I’m not a toy for you and I’m not your fucking son.”

*Tommy?*

He blinked, twitching his ears as mumbles started up in his head again. God, Tommy was enjoying the- oh fuck it he missed Chat.

*Tommy! Tommy, you would not believe the week we’ve had, korokapot made us fan art-*

*Focus, pentaradial\_symmetry!*

*Right, sorry.*

One of these days, Tommy would gather up the courage to ask Chat what they smoke. Whatever it was, he wanted some. Seemed like some good mushrooms alright.

*Don’t be scared Tommy! Dadza is on his way- they’re about to come through the doors!  
You’ll be okay, we told them.*

*PerkyWombat, I’ve said this before and I’ll say it again. You are one wholesome motherfucker.*

“Besides,” Tommy relaxed back in his chair, cutting off whatever Eret had been rambling about before Tommy’d interrupted them. “What really made you think you could go against the Empire and win?”

*Eret really does have a punchable face. Hey Tommy, your pillowcase from hell is under Eret’s chair, if you dropped you could fit, you funky biological weapon, you.*

*sailingthenightsea is right, smack them with the biohazard!*

Yeah, uncapped needles just sitting in a drawer. Who does that? You’re just asking for a blood disease there. Eret paused, probably waiting to say something stupid like the idiot they were, when the birds stopped chirping outside. Tommy froze, turning his head just in time for the blast. He could feel the shockwave, but large and soft hands planted over his ears, the iron-sandalwood of Eret leaning further into his personal space as Eret protected his ears from the blast.

Tommy inhaled and coughed, breathing in little dust particles. He was gathered to Eret’s stupid chest, just in time for the door to fly open. He really hoped Chat was right- that it was Phil.

*It is. Listen to us next time we say to yeet, okay?*

Yeah. Tommy was pretty sure he could handle that.

---

The guards towards the front of the castle were laughably easy to take care of. Ponk jumped on one, swiftly tying a cloth around his throat and dragging him off into the bush after tapping his partner’s helmet down to cover his eyes, and slitting his throat into a pretty little red smile. Blood dropped off his blade, off onto the ground below Phil’s feet, but he wanted more. He was going to make a painting, something both beautiful and horrendous, a complete show of power. Sam slammed the butt end of his trident into the other guard’s skull and he collapsed. He was tossed off the raised edge, and with a splash, down he went to the river below. What a pity.

Drowning didn't bleed anyone out.

Phil kept an eye out for his sons- Wilbur had his daggers out, hood up, but his eyes were shone a dangerous red through the shadows cast over his face. Phil made a little clicking sound, and Wilbur's slitted pupils immediately darted over. Alert, then, not being overcome by the bloodlust. Techno hadn't moved from where he was shadowing Wilbur, a larger and broader figure not allowing himself less than a foot apart from Wilbur at all times.

"They're in the same place," Wilbur muttered quietly. Sam quickly split off, leaning down briefly to whisper something in Ponk's ear before taking off. He'd be helping Sarnap set up explosives around the castle, to turn this place into less than rubble. Technically, this territory was far too South for the Empire to conveniently use it as a colony, and even then- the ground was relatively infertile. Was mostly mountainous and rocky, although Techno had a theory about the potential mines deep in the mountains. They were beautiful, however, so Phil was thinking of just sectioning the country off and colonizing it as part of the Empire, both to preserve the landscape and to give his sons a place to vacation where they wouldn't be harassed. "The scents have the same trail. According to Punz's map, I'm pretty sure they're in the throne room."

Phil nodded. He slunk forwards, guards shouting as they noticed the group. They were approached with swords, palms bristling with magic, guns loaded. Phil side stepped the bullets, wings pulled tight to his body. Wilbur dropped to the floor, pulling out his crossbow. Wilbur always fought like a dance- he spun on the floor like he hadn't been bothered in the slightest, tight clothes not catching on slightly raised tiles as he pulled the trigger- pop, one two three, the guards dropped, their metal clanging as they went.

A four five six-

One of Sarnap and Sam's bombs went off, explosions rattling the castle as more guards yelled. Phil pulled his own sword, running one guard through a chink in the armour, letting the blood slide of his blade and coat his shoes. A grin stretched across his face, and oh god, had it been too long since Phil had waltzed with lady Death. People bled out on the floor around him by Phil's blade, glimmering with enchantments. Every time Wilbur tired, he would look at Phil's gold earrings and have his energy renewed- Techno merely stormed ahead, ignoring the bodies in his way.

He was larger, taller than they were- it didn't matter what they were wearing or what they were doing in their attempts to stop him. They weren't getting through him. Techno disappeared down a hallway, his pink hair tied back in a tight bun. A few strands had escaped Wilbur's many bobby pins, and they bounced as Techno raced down the hallway. Phil hummed a bit and lopped off a head, motioning with his head towards Wilbur.

"Ponk." Phil turned his head towards his soldier, watching as Ponk was jumping on one leg, his spiked boot out threateningly. Why was he- ah. White socks. Didn't want blood in them. Ponk paused in waving his boot and shouting gibberish at the cowering soldiers, turning his head to look Phil in the eyes. "We're going ahead. Clean up the rabble and come join us in the throne room."

"Of course, your Highness!" Ponk saluted Phil with his boot, smacking himself in the forehead with the toe. He cursed at his own shoe before lobbing it at the guards, yelling something about vengeance.

Phil followed his boys down the hallway, blood puddles splashing under his feet. He spotted the odd chunk of skin, bite marks apparent- so Techno was not having it today, it seemed.

Neither was Phil. His blade glittered in his hands, and Phil curled his fingers, readjusting his grip around the hilt. He had a Sharpness V enchantment with Eret's name on it.

## Chapter End Notes

ANYWAY HERE'S A CHAPTER SEE YOU TOMORROW

I'LL GET TO YOUR COMMENTS EVENTUALLY, I'M JUST LAZY

BUT I APPRECIATE YOU

# The Murder Follows Death.

## Chapter Summary

Here we go~

## Chapter Notes

HAPPY THURSDAY, HOW ARE YOU ALL DOING??? I made snickerdoodle bars, I wanted snickerdoodle cookies but then I sliced my hand on the grater when I was making potatoes earlier, and I did not want blood in cookies, so I made bars instead of cookies cause I don't have to roll those.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chat was roaring in the back of his head, a steady chant of caws. Their anger had dissolved their once completely present voices, turning it into a shriek of carrion birds that were ready to feast on a corpse. Techno could almost see them, or see how his father saw them- dark, glistening bodies, flying steadily through the air with black wings spread, beaks clicking, eyes focused below. They would follow soldiers, in older times, to battle, as there would be dead body after body to feast on after the massacre. Crows would follow soldiers like Technoblade, who felled enemies in his wake and left a trail of decomposing flesh behind him.

They followed warriors like Philza, who led his armies to victory, regardless of the men lost in his wake. They did not follow cowards like Eret, or diplomats like Wilbur- Techno and Phil knew the burden of the crows' bloodlust better than most. Techno could almost see it- one landed by his foot and plucked an eye absently out of one of the dead soldiers. Techno had taken bites out of a few necks, tearing jugulars and bearing his tusks at anyone who stepped too close. He had stared down at a body as it fell, the person's chestplate and neck guard put on incorrectly. They were young- just a bit older than Tommy. Their throat was missing most of its front, windpipe crushed in Techno's jaws.

Maybe before any of this happened, he might have felt sympathy for them. He might have reigned his bloodlust in, aided in pushing the youngest of their rank out of the doors and to safety. This was not that day- because Techno looked down at the blood pooling by his feet and he felt nothing but *rage*. Every time he saw a dead body slumped over in a corner, on the

floor, or pinned to the walls by their own sword, he saw Tommy. Tommy's face, Tommy's stupid nest of hair, Tommy's too-blue eyes. He saw Tommy and he raged all over again.

The bloodlust wasn't healthy. It never had been- and Techno had lost himself to it too many times. Chat would scream in his ears, demand blood- a sacrifice for their patron. They called him the Blood God, they cheered the title when he won competitions. Techno brought enemies down to their knees and he always stayed standing, but- this. Family was his weakness and they all knew it.

Someone had threatened that. He was going to find Eret and he was going to take Tommy back. In Techno's opinion, Phil was far too good to ever have blood on his hands, but- Techno would let him do as he pleased. If he hesitated for even a moment, though, Techno would finish it, the rumors be damned. Tommy's smell was heavy in his nostrils, a trail leading him forward. Techno knew that Phil would be on his way- in all honesty, was probably right behind him, but he was so damn focused that it didn't matter right now.

Tommy's blanket used to be *Techno's* blanket, when he was a little kid. Phil had found him and Wilbur hiding in the cracks of the Nether, a place few travellers ever visited. High risk, high reward- it killed people dumb enough to not come prepared.

Wilbur and Techno had been six, almost seven. They were twins, and while Techno looked piglin enough to pass, Wilbur did not. He had pink hair, but he was not broad and had almost non-existent tusks. The other piglins called him a runt when they pushed him around, too close to ledges over lava pools, and said Techno was better off without him. Techno never abandoned family, so when they decided to kill Wilbur, calling him a drain on their resources- Techno grabbed Wilbur and ran and they never once looked back. Phil found them a few days later, Techno pressing Wilbur behind him into the netherrack, arms spread and jaw squared, ready to take any blows.

Wilbur was fine in the Overworld. He adapted quickly, not needing the heat like Techno did. He hadn't said anything to Phil when they were brought home about how stupid cold the place was, but Techno had walked into his room one day and found a soft and fluffy blue blanket, the Empire's crest embroidered into the corner, and hadn't put it down since. Over time, he had acclimated, and his body started putting off enough heat for him to be comfortable, but he'd kept the thing. He had wanted Tommy to have it, wanted Tommy to have a reminder that he was Techno's family now. Whether the little gremlin liked it or not.

He could distantly hear voices, shuffling and speaking in the background, explosions popping around him as he ran. He spun around a spray of dust and pieces of rock flying from one of Sam's fungus-bombs, and launched himself forward. He hit the large, double oak doors with a shoulder, reeling back at how easy they moved under his weight. The one door slammed into the wall, making a large cracking sound.

Blonde messy hair, tall for his age but way too skinny, still in the clothes Phil had given him, the ones that really made Tommy look like the Empire's *Prince*. On his other side was someone Techno had at this point only seen in pictures. Stupidly groomed brown hair, sunglasses with pure white eyes just peering over the rims. A white dress shirt, a red-and-gold royal overcoat. Black pants, black boots- Techno hated them. He slung his axe off from his back, tightening his fingers around the hilt and grinning at Eret.

Eret blanched, and Techno didn't bother pulling back on the bloodlust. Maybe if Tommy could see then he would have- he didn't want to scare his little brother, but as it stood, Eret was the only one capable of being scared by him.

"You're going to get your hands off *my brother*," Techno snarled, grinning in no small amount of glee as Chat screeched victory in his head. "Or you're going to lose them." It was a fact- known, natural, and Techno relished in the way Eret's face shut down, their hands lowering from where they had been cupping Tommy's ears. Protecting him from the explosions, then? Techno might even ask Phil to make Eret's death just bleeding out instead of torture.

Chat was cooing, and Techno felt irritation rise heavy in his throat at how Tommy was missing his cape, his earrings gone. Of course Eret was the sort of bastard who would remove what Techno had made for his pack- those gifts needed to be back on Tommy. Techno mentally made a note to make Tommy more earrings the second they got home.

"Sovereign Eret," Phil greeted coolly. Techno twitched one of his ears, hearing two sets of footsteps come up behind him. He didn't need to look- he had heard Phil and could smell a bit of Wilbur's blood from a small cut. Techno wanted to pin his ears back and whine, but Wilbur had a hand on his shoulder, and Techno refocused. His littermate was fine- *littermate is okay, he is capable and strong* - but the baby of their pack wouldn't be, when he was still far too close to Eret for Techno's comfort - *call Wilbur a runt again, we **dare** you* - and he was about to bring his axe back up, swing it into Eret's stupid face, when-



Tommy whirled around in Eret's grasp, dodging Eret's attempts to keep him still, and he slammed his elbow into the side of Eret's cheek. Wilbur barked out a startled laugh, his crossbow clicking in his hands, one of Eret's teeth flying out from his lips from Tommy's elbow. Tommy pulled himself away and flung his little body in their direction, opening his mouth-

And there was the barking laughter Techno loved. By god, it was obnoxious, irritating, and one of these days it was going to give him a migraine like no other. But today, for today, it was the best sound he'd ever heard.

"I'm completely blind, fuckers!" Tommy shrieked. "So someone grab me before I hit a wall!"

Techno moved before Wilbur could, sliding forwards and to the side where Tommy was careening towards a half-cracked pillar. He grabbed at the kid, slinging him into his arms and burying his nose into Tommy's hair. Eret smelled like something stupid - was that sandalwood? - and Techno huffed. He wasn't entirely pleased that Tommy didn't smell like his soap anymore, so that was the first order of business when they got home.

"Where are your earrings?" Techno mournfully traced the edge of Tommy's ears, huffing irritably at the lack of metal on his brother. Wilbur, thankfully, had chosen to wear his golden braces and Phil was also in his golden crown and earrings, so Techno wasn't quite as focused on them. "And are you hurt anywhere?" a wave of guilt washed down his throat, like whisky on an empty stomach- he should have asked the hurt question first, who cared if Tommy had earrings in? Techno really needed to stop letting his instincts get the best of him.

"Eret slapped me," Tommy grumbled. Techno could *feel* his pupils dilate as he considered ripping Eret's head off right there. "Bitchass also had a bunch of uncapped needles in a drawer they were going to stab me with. Honestly, this fucker knows nothing about lab safety-" Tommy didn't even pause in his rambling when Techno picked him up, a low rumble starting in Techno's chest and vibrating Tommy's hands. Tommy clung on like a little koala, mouth still running a mile a minute just slightly too loud right next to Techno's sensitive ear. "-did they want me to get a blood disease? Because improperly contained needles are how you get blood diseases-" Techno flicked the ear closest to Tommy, grinning as it smacked at his nose. Tommy just stuck his tongue out and licked it and Techno gagged over the sound of Wilbur's wheezing.

"Stop it, you fucking gremlin-"

“Pay attention to me-”

“I *am* paying attention, what have you been doing- DON’T LICK MY EAR- and you don’t even have the earrings on, did Eret break them? Where-”

“I have them in my inventory, dickhead! I only took them off cause-”

“WELL PUT THEM ON THEN-”

“STOP YELLING AT ME!”

---

His boys - *all three of them* - disappeared out the doors Techno had come through. Tommy was yelling something about bloodborne pathogens, but Eret was standing with a dangerous look in their eyes and a gun in their hand. Phil chanced a glance back, wanting to see once again, just for himself- Tommy was okay. Alive, kicking and making a nuisance of himself in Techno’s arms with Wilbur carefully guarding them, his crossbow loaded and drawn to fire. Tommy glared back in their direction and lifted his hands from where they’d been clutching at Techno’s neck. Despite his grumbles, Techno just adjusted his carry to let Tommy hang on without hands- and Tommy sent two middle fingers in Phil’s direction. They were more headed towards *Phil* than they were towards Eret, but it was the thought that counts.

*Death for the death god.*

*Bleed him out, Philza.*

“With pleasure.” Phil hummed lowly, under his breath, before spinning on his heel and stepping forward and around, sinking the blade of his sword into Eret’s hand. The Sharpness V slid into the flesh, carving through bone like butter, and Eret shrieked as the nerves

connecting their fingers to their brain were severed, leaving them unable to hold or pull the trigger of their gun. The stupid little pistol clattered to the floor, and Phil lazily ran his eyes over Eret's pants, finding the press of a few sheathed daggers. Wasn't like they could do much with them now anyway, so Phil left it be. "Sovereign Eret. I do wish we could have met under better circumstances."

"He is *mine*," Eret hissed, lowly. They swung at Phil's face, something crazed in his eyes. Phil ducked, not bothering to bring his blade up- it was unnecessary. "I *purchased* him, I *loved* him-"

"You can't purchase kids, mate," Phil ducked again, neatly tilting his head to avoid one of Eret's wild swings. Their eyes were slowly darkening from the pure white they'd always been- according to the information Phil had obtained, they just had strange eyes. They never manifested any magic, even if their eyes made them look like they could. "You'll quite find that they're their own people." Phil ducked. "Resourceful." he smacked the flat edge of his sword against Eret's face, right in the cheek. "Wild." *That was for slapping Tommy, asshole.* "Not something for *purchase*. You wanted something little and loving? Should have gotten a fucking dog."

Phil kicked out, Eret's knee snapping inwards with a sick crack, the leg kicking back, malformed. They dropped to their good knee, groaning in pain, and Phil slid the tip of his sword under their throat. The edge left a small cut, beads of red trickling down their throat. Phil paused, Eret's sunglasses having flown off their face in the struggle. Tears welled in the corners of their eyes.

"A dog, a cat, hell, even a *fox* would have-"

"My son, my son," Eret was full-on sobbing now. They were lost, the glazed expression coming back tenfold. "They killed my son- Fundy, Fundy, Fundy-"

"Grief makes a person do terrible things," Phil mused, tilting his head. Eret leaned into the blade and it dug deeper into their throat, sending gushes of red down their shirt, poppies of blood blooming over their collar. "I can't forgive what you've done here."

"You will *give him back* -" Eret snarled like a wild animal, teeth bared and flashing the same way Techno's did when he was lost to his instincts. " *Give my son back* -"

Maybe Eret could have been saved. Maybe the kindest thing would have been to kill them. Phil wasn't entirely sure, wanted to weigh his options- but Eret pressed harder into the blade, cutting into their own carotid artery. Maybe they could have been saved- Phil had always thought *everyone* could be saved, with a pepper of patience and ceaseless care, some therapy, and some medication to help the brain with the production of serotonin. Maybe Eret could have been saved.

But beyond anything, beyond anyone- Phil knew he was selfish.

*Kill.*

*Kill.*

*Kill.*

*Death for the death god, Philza.*

*WE'RE NOT CHANTING THAT RIGHT NOW, Korokapot!*

Phil swung his arm back. His sword cleaved through Eret's neck with a clean swipe, and the old sovereign's head tumbled to the ground at his feet. Phil lifted a foot and kicked the body by the shoulder, watching it slump like a puppet with its strings cut, blood gushing from the wound.

Phil closed Eret's eyes before he turned on his heel and followed the sound of his boys' bickering.

The murder feasted.

## Chapter End Notes

SEE YOU TOMORROW

# Cuddles, more cuddles

## Chapter Summary

Hey so I'm sleepy have a chapter

## Chapter Notes

Void was sad that I did not include yelling at them in my Things I Did Today list from yesterday so:

TODAY I YELLED AT VOID

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy's earrings brushed against his neck as he shuffled, his face buried in Wilbur's ribcage. He had the blanket Phil'd given him wrapped around his shoulders, Wilbur's arm on top of it, and had a little cow plush hugged tight to his chest. It was really soft, had lots of fur.

Sapnap had thrown it at him and said something along the lines of "my condolences for your kidnapping". Strange way to give... uhh, *condolences* but Tommy would take it. He liked the plush- smelled a little bit like smoke. But not bad smoke, smoke like maple wood burning. It was a nice smell. Tommy would tell Sapnap that he smelled nice and thank-you for the nice-smelling cow plushie, but for some reason he figured that might not go over well. Wilbur shifted his legs a bit and it nudged his hip, and Tommy whined a little bit as his perch was disturbed. Wilbur'd been laying down peacefully on the couch, watching his show, and Tommy had crawled over and felt a little sliver of space between Wilbur and the back of the couch. So naturally, he'd wedged himself in and demanded cuddles. He was cold! Wilbur and Techno put out lots of heat. Sue him.

"I'm just shifting Toms, relax," Wilbur huffed playfully and Tommy snuggled harder into his ribcage, pulling his stuffie up to run his hands over it some more. It'd been a day or so since he'd been brought back home - was kind of hard for him to tell, considering that he couldn't see - and Tommy felt like he'd spent the majority of it sleeping. The drug wasn't fully out of his system yet- Ponk had run a blood test and there were still traces of it. Apparently it had a half-life of thirty minutes, which explained why Tommy could feel his magic under the

surface, but tests on the people recovered from the slavers had found that the drug wouldn't completely go until two to seven days had passed. "You named your cow yet?"

Needless to say, Tommy was not allowed to jump out of any windows until the seven day mark. He didn't particularly want to become a pancake, but man. A week was a long time. He huffed irritably and smushed his chin into Wilbur's side.

"You could call him Wilbur Junior."

"That's a terrible name. I'm going to call him Henry."

Wilbur scoffed. "Wilbur is not a terrible name."

"Yes it is," Tommy wrinkled his nose. "It's all- smelly. Smelly and stinky." Tommy poked Wilbur's rib. "Reminds me of smelly and stinky people."

"Excuse you, you little gremlin-" Wilbur twisted around but Tommy was solidly behind him. He just pressed his nose into Wilbur's side and whined, loud and high. It left a slight ache in his throat.

" *Technoooooooo* ," Tommy whined, squirming. "Wilby's *bullying* m-"

"Did you just call me *Wilby*? "

"No," Tommy felt the heat rise to his cheeks as the door clicked open, Techno's heavy footsteps following. "No. No, I did not call you-"

"You did, you did, you just called me *Wilby*- "

"I did not call you Wilby!"

"You did, you called me fucking Wilby-"

"Oi dickhead-"

"Are you embarrassed? Are you emba-"

"Hey *dickhead!* "

"-rassed cause you called me *Wilby* -"

"I did not call you-"

Wilbur finally managed to turn himself all the way around, his arms gathering Tommy to his chest as a wild purr erupted out of his throat.

"Awwww, Tommyyyyyy-" Wilbur nosed at the junction between his neck and shoulder, huffing. His purr rattled Tommy's hands and he brought Henry away from Wilbur's chest. "You can call me Wilby if you want Tommy, no need to be embarrassed."

"I don't want to call you Wilby." Tommy headbutted Wilbur's chest. Wilbur cooed a bit at him, the purr rumbling up his throat. Tommy had liked how the piglin twins had mood vocalizations before, but now that he didn't even have his magic, he appreciated it even more. Even the simple grunts and growls and whines were enough to tell Tommy how they were feeling- so much of speech is dependent on body language, mannerisms, expressions. Tommy didn't have the luxury of being able to spot them, and having not been born blind, he could clearly tell the difference between the before and the now in terms of how easy it was to communicate. He stumbled, he answered rhetorical questions, he often mistook crying for laughing. The piglins made it so easy for him.



"Hmm," Wilbur koala'd around him, rubbing his cheek over the top of Tommy's head. Tommy's ears were buried in Wilbur's shirt, but he could still hear Techno approach. Wilbur scooted them over and opened his arms a bit, letting Techno slot himself into their little pile. God, they were so clingy. And Tommy *was not* clingy. Not a chance. Techno's fingers gently poked at his ears, checking that the jewelry wasn't pulling at anything, before he slotted his chin on Tommy's shoulder. It was really warm between two Nether-born people. It was like wearing a parka, but-

Tommy could feel his eyes drifting closed, a hum rising on his lips as fogginess took over. He was used to not really getting enough sleep out on the streets, and some of the withdrawal from the magic blockers often made him hella tired. Most of the time he would fight it, instead of sinking right in, but Wilbur's purr was steady on his cheek with Techno's echoing at his back, and Techno's hails were scratching at his head with just the right amount of pressure.

And this time, Tommy was confident he could fall asleep and wake up safe.

"Toms?" Wilbur hummed over his purr, over the sound of Wilbur's show still going lightly in the background. Television never really did much for Tommy. "You fallin' asleep, bud?"

"No," Tommy listened for the rise and fall of Wilbur's chest, staying still so Techno would pet his hair more. " *You're* falling asleep."

"Of course, gremlin," Wilbur kissed his forehead. "Wanted to ask you something, though."

"Whaaaaat." Tommy whined. He didn't want to answer questions, he wanted to *nap*. This was all terribly inconvenient. There was a fog over his head, pulling him under. He didn't want to do anything except maybe daydream a bit, slip under Wilbur's arms and trust Techno to watch his back. He was starting to lose feeling in his limbs, and they felt miles apart, despite them not being starfish spread.

"We're signing you up for therapy, kiddo," Techno spoke from behind, scratching more at his scalp and Tommy melted into it. "Her name is Puffy. She's real nice, good with kids. She has two little gremlins of her own- Ranboo and Tubbo. We're going to set you guys up for some playdates so you'll have a few friends."

"M too old for *playdates*. " Tommy complained.

"They'll also be your attendants, bubs," Wilbur shifted a leg over Tommy so he could wrap it around one of Techno's too-big calves. "They'll help you with your classes, get you around the castle, help you get dressed-"

"Not a baby." Tommy tried to thwack at Wilbur's chest, but judging by the feel against his palm, he'd accidentally hit his chin. Tommy opened his mouth to apologize but Wilbur made a *chuff-chuff-chuff* at him and nuzzled at his head again.

"Of course, it's just that some of the more complicated pieces need help... like when we hold balls, bubba? You'll have to wear very fancy outfits, and they have about four layers and fourteen hundred different pins and pieces and *blegh*. Damn near impossible to put on by yourself."

"Do *you* have attendants?"

"Of course. So does Dad."

"Okay then. I'll think about it." Tommy closed his eyes and whined a bit. He wanted sleep.

"There's no *thinking* about it, kid-" Techo huffed a laugh and Tommy reared back his elbow, a certified Killing Machine, and smacked Techno's chest. The man let out a little oof when it connected.

"Be quiet, sleep now. I answered your question, lemme nap," Tommy kicked Wilbur's knee, too, just to prove that he was the alpha male here. "I'm the alpha male and I wanna nap."

"Apologies, your royal highness," Techno headbutted the back of his head and Tommy wriggled some more. They needed to just- stop talking. Furnaces don't talk, Techno.

Furnaces are quiet and warm. “We shall silence ourselves so you may nap.”

“*Royal pain in the ass* is more like it-”

Tommy flicked his chin and didn’t even feel sorry when Wilbur pretended to be gravely injured. He was not sorry. He was not cuddling, either.

Fuck off Chat.

“I have a question for you guys,” Tommy poked at Wilbur’s chest, and his brothers hummed at him. “Did you see anyone in Eret’s castle? Blonde hair, purple eyes, purple hoodie-wearing one of those kill bracelets. His name is Purpled.”

“No, didn’t see anyone who matched that description,” Wilbur frowned and Tommy could feel his lips tugging down from where he had leaned his face against Tommy’s. “Why? Did you know them?”

“He was the one who kidnapped me, but I don’t think he had a choice. He was funny, though.”

“...do you want us to go find him?”

“He needs that bracelet off or it’s going to kill him.”

“Sounds like an ish- *him*. ”

“Techno!”

---

Well this was. Less than ideal, if Purpled was being honest.

He'd known shit was going to go down the second that he brought Tommy back to the castle, and Eret had just waved him off when he'd demanded the bracelet be removed, too focused on their new son. They said they'd deal with it later, in a few hours, after Tommy had woken and acclimated himself. Purpled had seen the Empire in action though and he knew damn well that Eret was not making it out of that confrontation alive.

So he'd dipped. Retreated, ran away, what the fuck ever. The difference between Purpled and the other guards in the castle was that Purpled wasn't missing the entire front of his jugular and his windpipe was intact, thank you very much. As cool as it would be to finally be taken the fuck out, Purpled still had things to do. Espresso to drink. People to not die to.

He'd packed his shit and he'd climbed out a window, and he'd taken off running. The tracker on his bracelet was blinking red and Purpled knew he was being followed- it was just a matter of time until they caught up to him, really. Hopefully Punz would put in a good word for him.

Punz had almost been... like an older brother to Purpled, while they were both there. But Purpled and Punz differed in that Punz was a paid employee who chose to be there, and Purpled constantly had his life dangled over his head, forcing him to be there. Their relationship had never really taken off- Purpled didn't understand why Punz would work for someone like Eret, but money goes where money goes, he supposed.

He just hoped that he could play the 'I'm a teenager and had no choice' card when the Empire finally did catch up to him. He was running out of time, anyway. He'd snagged a few vials of the anti-magic blockers and had refilled his bracelet once. But he only had two more vials left, and it injected a bit every hour. The things had an emergency stop in them, where they'd activate the kill switch if the drug ran out. Purpled wasn't looking forward to finding out if the kill switch was *actually* going to murder him.

He just hoped the Empire had a good lockpick. Although, considering his last interaction with them, after kidnapping their Prince, it was more likely that they were just going to let it happen. His wrist ached with the phantom feeling, and Purpled wondered how it would feel to bleed out.

The bushes rustled outside of his camp, a twig snapping- it wouldn't have been an animal. Purpled made enough noise in here to scare them all off and the fire was enough to keep most of them away. A person.

Purpled snapped his head up and swallowed hard, grabbing his daggers and gun and carefully loading it. He wasn't going down without a fight.

## Chapter End Notes

I ate like an entire bag of chips and now my mouth feels like sandpaper

Am thirsty

Not the fun kind of thirsty

;-;

# Get the Man a Triple Espresso

## Chapter Summary

Happy Tuesday

## Chapter Notes

Hello people!! I skipped yesterday's update, had to finish and hand in the last of my assignments for school. Was too busy to write. SO welcome to the week and here's a chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"-can call me Puffy," now, Tommy couldn't really tell whether or not this Puffy was smiling, but it sounded like she was. Her voice was gentle, calming, faint hints of a foreign accent in how she pronounced her vowels and softened her consonants. "I'm going to be your therapist." Something shuffled on Puffy's end on the com and the one earbud Techno had stuck in his left ear gently piped up, narrating that Puffy had just readjusted pn her chair and picked up some papers.

"Hi Puffy," Tommy wasn't sure how to feel about this. His hands were shaking a little bit, breezes over his skin barely picking up. He still wasn't back to normal and he felt vulnerable- his bro- the twins. The twins weren't in the room, something about privacy and personal matters. Tommy clutched his blanket and ran a comforting hand over Henry. He didn't want Puffy to see his stuffie, not yet. "I don't need therapy. I don't need to be *fixed*." Tommy wrinkled his nose. Sam had set up his communicator; it would read out messages to him and he would respond verbally. It would type them out. When he was on a call, like this one, it'd narrate what was going on so he didn't have to guess. Tommy liked it. It made his life a whole lot easier when he couldn't just brush up against and find out what was there.

"Therapy isn't about fixing," Puffy kept up the calm, stable tone. She didn't react to his jab the way that Tommy would have expected her to, and something in him relaxed at the easy-going attitude. "Therapy gives you a set of tools to deal with problems in your own life. If you struggle with paranoid or self-deprecating thoughts, therapy can help you learn how to battle these thoughts and overcome them. If you struggle with communication towards your loved ones, therapy can help bridge those gaps. I think that *everyone* should be going to

therapy, and it is not something that fixes you, because you're not broken or in need of repair. It just makes your daily life and relationships easier to manage."

"You should be a radio host," Tommy decided. He dragged Henry into his lap, and when the communicator didn't beep with her changing expressions or having aggressive body language, he relaxed and buried his face in the plush. "You have a radio host voice."

Puffy laughed. "Why thank you, Tommy. I'm glad you find it soothing."

"So what's the whole point of this?"

"Just to get to know you," more shuffling sounds and the earbud informed Tommy that Puffy had moved again and started flipping through the papers. "Okay Tommy, so just to begin today: I'm Puffy, as you know. We'll meet every week at this time, either on the coms or in-person, whichever you prefer that week. My office is a complete safe space. You can bring your fuzzy friend there," the earbud told Tommy that Puffy was pointing at his cow. "People have eaten in here, cried in here- this is a judgement-free space, alright?"

"Okay." Tommy buried his face in Henry's fur, checking for Wilbur and Techno's familiar smells.

"In terms of your privacy," Puffy flipped through another page. "King Philza is your legal guardian now, as the adoption papers did go through, and he signed off on the paper here that lets you come to these sessions. That being said, however, *no one* is told what goes on. I will never disclose what we speak of- when you speak to me in this therapy environment, it is completely confidential. There are only two exceptions to this confidentiality agreement: if you say that you are planning to hurt others or yourself. In that case, I would need to inform the appropriate authorities of just that, and not anything else we talk about. In your case, the appropriate authority is King Philza. As well, while I can guarantee confidentiality while we are both in my office, while we are doing this online communicator set-up, I'm sure you understand that there are inherent privacy risks, of people eavesdropping or other issues on your end. I cannot do anything about that, so I will leave securing your own privacy into your hands. If you feel that you are being listened in on, then we can always stop our session and reschedule another time. Is this all okay with you?"

Tommy nodded. He was pretty confident that none of them were going to eavesdrop- he knew that Wilbur and Techno, with their hearing, were outside training just to avoid that exact situation happening. "Yes."

"Excellent," the earbud whispered that Puffy wrote something on the paper, and then flipped to a new page. "Also, you will have my communicator number to set up appointments. My communicator number is not an emergency service, so if you are in crisis, you need to reach out to crisis responders. For most clients, I would say to call an ambulance or the police, but in your case, I do believe Wilbur counts as a *crisis* and Techno counts as *service*, so I do suggest you tell your family." Puffy laughed at her own joke and Tommy joined right along. His cheeks were hurting from how hard he was laughing. "Lastly, as I will be in the castle with my boys from this point forward, I need you to understand that while we are not in therapy, I am not your therapist. I will, of course, still offer you support, but we will not be communicating therapy matters when not in therapy, or by communicator. Is this okay with you?"

"Yeah," Tommy nodded. "It makes sense. You have a life too."

"Thank you Tommy," Puffy made another mark on her papers. "Now that we're done with all that stuffy paperwork, I'd just like to go over some of your... history. You can tell me as much or as little as you please."

"My history?"

"Yes. You were young when you got your magic... it says your mother was killed."

"Yeah... yeah, she was."

"Do you remember it?"

Tommy thought back. He hadn't seen her die; he'd only heard the screams. He remembered his last moments before some kind of crippling numbness took his eyes, black chasing away any colour, any vision that Tommy had. He remembered touching her blood, how sticky it was on his hands. Air in his lungs and air in the world around him, and how he had felt every



brush from a whirring roof fan despite it being so far away, and everything had been loud. So loud.

"...yeah," clutching onto the back of his mother's coat as she threatened to leave him behind. She never hit him, but by god, did she hate him. She would only feed him after she had eaten, made him do chores that would swell up his little fingers until they were purpled-bloomed and bruised. Bring home one-night stands constantly, get way too drunk, and tell him with a shaking voice that he was *too much like his father*. "I can't decide if I hate her or not."

"Oh?"

"She was mean, she was..." Tommy trailed off. "She never said it, but- but I don't think she *wanted* to have me. She wouldn't hit me, but she'd say mean things and then she'd make me do chores. She'd leave me behind in the market and be disappointed when I showed up again later. She drank a lot."

Puffy hummed, and the earbud informed him that she was writing something down. "I'm just going to be taking some notes here, Tommy. Does alcohol remind you of her?"

"Yeah," Tommy could remember tripping over beer bottles and cleaning up spills, the burn in his eye from the one time his mother poured a glass of vodka over his head and told him to shut his mouth. "I don't... I don't like the smell."

"Have you told King Philza that?"

"...no?" Tommy made a confused face. "Why would I?"

"It seems that alcohol is a bit of a trigger for you," Puffy prodded, gently. "King Philza can make sure you can avoid it, or that your exposure to it is helpful instead of harmful. I think you should let him know, Tommy, and then he can help you."

"You won't tell him?"

*Puffy is tapping her pen against her forehead. She is smiling. "No."*

"I'll... I'll tell him then."

"Thank you, Tommy. Now moving back to what you said about your mother. First, I want you to understand that all your feelings towards her are completely valid, even if they're complicated..."

---

"Hey," Purpled stared. Stared some more. The person before him was wearing a multicoloured hood that covered his head and mouth, a black jacket, red and white pants. An Empire crest was carefully embroidered onto one sleeve, and Purpled swallowed hard. He knew that the Empire would send their attack dogs after him, but he'd truthfully thought he'd at least have a little more time. "Hey kid, child, kiddo, tot, toddler-" the man made a bunch of fingerguns, "shooting" off each gun with every word. "-baby, infant, small bean - well I guess you're more of a teenager, huh."

Purpled made to step back, one hand clutching at his dagger, and the man tilted his head, pushing back the edge of his jacket just enough for Purpled to see the gun holstered on his hip.

"Don't run," he warned. His tone was several shades darker, one raised eyebrow up. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"I kidnapped your new Prince, yeah?" Purpled spat. He carefully edged around this new person, stepping carefully. He wasn't sure he could take him in a fight. "You have *every* reason to try and hurt me."

"Yeah I guess," the man shrugged. "King Philza wants you alive though."

"Great, so I'm going to be *tortured*. "

"Nah, he's not that type of dude," the guy narrowed his eyes, a looming aura coming up around him. Purpled stepped back, spooked. "Besides kid, you really aren't worth the bullet it'd take to shoot ya." Purpled swallowed again. He could feel his heart beating in his throat. Maybe if he made a break for it, he could get the hell out of here- "sides," the man said. He was either immune to Purpled's distress or just plain ignoring it. "You're just a kid and we know that. That thing on your wrist doesn't have much time before it goes off and bye-bye Purpled, yeah? We got a guy who can get it off, no sweat. He's done it before and everyone who's had it removed has been fine."

"...you're not punishing me for *kidnapping* your *Prince*? " Purpled tried to keep the incredulity out of his tone, but the man just spread his hands and grinned.

"What can I say, King Philza's a good guy! Well, that, and Prince Tommy asked that we make sure you were alright. Oh!" the man *bounced*, brightening up and getting in Purpled's face. "I'm Ponk! So what's it gonna be, hormone central? You gonna come with me and get that bracelet off, or are you gonna stay here and die?" he was tilting his head, smiling in a way that meant he'd already won. Purpled sighed and dipped his head down. He'd have to cooperate. For now.

"Fine," he groused. "But you're buying me a coffee."

"Absolutely, I could use a pick me up too. Buckstars?"

"Yeah. Trente Americano, triple espresso."

" *Jesus Christ kid*. "

## Chapter End Notes

See you bros tomorrow

# Eat the Rich

## Chapter Summary

Breaking news for this chapter:

AZ SAYS HELLO

## Chapter Notes

Shhh I know it's 6mins after midnight

Leave me alone I have been drawing aLL DAY

CW FOR THIS CHAPTER: PURPLED'S BRACELET GETS REMOVED AND IT IS A WEE GOREY. PLEASE BE ADVISED, IF THIS DOES NOT JIMMY WITH YOUR JAMS, THERE IS A WARNING WHERE IT STARTS AND ENDS.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What the hell is that?!” Tommy shrieked over the absolute far-too-loud sound in his ears, echoing around his brain and rattling his head around. He had his hands clamped hard over his ears, bracing against the sound. If Techno and Wil weren’t with him, he would have bolted by now. His magic was coming back in small bits and pieces, and he could feel the sheer air currents this thing was giving off, but he wasn’t sure what it was.

Techno bent over, one of his tusks resting against Tommy’s cheeks as he went to yell in Tommy’s ear so he could be heard over the *chop-chop-chop* currently driving Tommy mad. “It’s the jet! We’re heading home. Just follow us, okay? It’ll be quieter inside.” Techno grabbed Tommy’s elbow and gently prompted him forward, tapping at Tommy’s arm to let him know when he hit a series of steps.

The metal clicked under his shoes, new boots that had way too many laces. Tommy had struggled with it while they were getting ready to leave, trying to tie a knot he couldn’t see. Wilbur had quickly knelt down and done them for him, chattering away about how much Tommy was going to love the Empire as he did. The metal sounded hollow, and it shook a bit as Tommy put his weight on it. He shuffled closer to Techno- he didn’t think it was going to

fall, but he didn't want to find out the hard way whether or not it was going to. Techno would be able to catch them. Probably.

There was a blast of cool air, settling the bead of sweat that had begun creeping down Tommy's leg. He absolutely hated leg sweats- it made his pants stick and that was just uncomfortable. Especially when it was paired with some too-heavy blankets. The absolute worst. The metal abruptly ended, giving way to something plastic, then lush carpet. Tommy frowned at how the carpet muffled the sounds of everyone's shoes- he had enough of a hard time figuring out where everyone was without his magic. This was just *irritating*.

"Better?" Wilbur came up on his other side. "I know that the jet's real loud. It's soundproofed in here though, so you won't be bothered by it. This your first time in a plane?"

"No shit, dickhead," Tommy grumbled. His tummy garbled protest, and he sighed. He wasn't used to going hungry anymore, and now it was like he needed to eat more than once a day. What an annoyance. Tommy honestly - and he really did mean this - had so many better things to do than continuously feed his stomach more and more food. "How many opportunities do you think I've had to be on a plane?" he could feel his irritation levels rising with the low blood sugar, but he considered it unlikely that they'd have snacks up here. Best bet was to try and sleep it off. What if the plane made him sick?

"Boys!" Phil cheerfully greeted from somewhere to his front. Tommy jolted a bit, head snapping up to where he was pretty sure he'd heard Phil. "Are you hungry? I have food."

Tommy immediately shot up and darted over, ignoring Wilbur's protests and Techno's wild grabs. He just hoped he didn't trip on anything, but as soon as he'd gone even three steps, Phil was there, cradling him in his arms and wings. Tommy sighed as the soft feathers pet at his arms, soothing the irritation that had been settling into a headache at Tommy's temple. Wilbur was loudly complaining from behind them about bribing Tommy, while he could almost *feel* Techno's I'm-Going-To-Just-Stare-At-You-Until-You-Relent Sad Cloud™ from here. Bad news for Techno though, Tommy couldn't see the Sad Cloud so he was mostly immune to it.

Tommy buried his face in Phil's shirt, huffing when Phil picked him up and settled him into a seat. "I have lots of snacks here, Toms- what do you feel like? Hmm, I have some iced and hot teas, chocolates, fruit, crackers-" Tommy unburied his head at the sound of *chocolates*, making grabby hands at Phil. Phil chuckled and dropped a quick kiss at Tommy's hairline. "-

you have to eat some fruit if you want chocolate, mate. It's the rules." Tommy grumbled again, but still took the little round orbs that Phil passed into his waiting hands.

He chomped down and the fruit exploded in his mouth, sweet and a little sour. Grapes, Tommy was pretty sure. He never really stole fruit- it would never keep the way other things would. It was also less filling than other foods- all in all, less valuable than other things Tommy would steal. But now he was here, and it seemed like fruit was in abundance. Phil slid the edges of a plate over to Tommy and he let his hands explore the edges, humming when he came in contact with the chocolate, more grapes, and some crackers. Tommy popped a few crackers in his mouth, crunching down on them. Phil was perched on his one side, an arm wrapped around Tommy's shoulders.

"You ever been in a plane, mate?" Tommy shook his head, eating another grape. He wanted more of these, whatever kind there was. He was pretty sure there were two kinds of grapes, and they were differentiated by taste and colour. Yes, by colour. *How so very helpful.* "Okay. So our pilots are Quackity and Karl, they'll say hello in a few minutes. You have to wear a seatbelt while we're taking off and landing, and during any turbulence, okay? In the event of an accident - and we have never had an accident, not in all my years of flying - there are oxygen masks and such that I will put on you, alright? Worst case scenario we jump out the plane and fly away."

"Okay," Tommy grinned and shoved a piece of chocolate in his face. It was much more melty than he'd been expecting, and he made a surprised noise as it got all over his hands. Phil grabbed a napkin and started cleaning his fingers off. "Phiiiiiiil-" Tommy whined, pulling his hand away. "-you don't *wipe away* the chocolate, you lick it, you're ruining the experience!" Phil stayed in complete silence as Tommy licked his own fingers. When he was done, Phil lunged forward to wipe the saliva off his fingers, instead of just wiping it on his pants.

What else, pray tell, are pants for? Rich people.

*Eat the rich.*

*How about we don't eat Phil, Az. Just a suggestion.*

*Eat Jeff Bezos.*

Now *that* I can get behind.

Tommy didn't even know who Jeff Bezos was, but he assumed he wasn't important. He sounded like a bald, baby-faced, self-important prick anyway.

*Accurate!*

Chat was going on about something, alright. Whatever made them happy. Something clicked around his middle and Tommy instinctively tugged at it.

“Just the seatbelt, mate,” Phil hummed. He handed Tommy a squishy rectangle- and hoooo boy, he could smell the mint from here. Tommy loved mint. “Chew this gum, okay? The gum is only for chewing, not swallowing. You throw it out when you're done. We'll be taking off in a few minutes and the change in altitude will make your ears pop, so the gum will help.”

*“ This is your captain speaking, Big Q in the- OW. Karl! ”* the speakers crackled static and... Big Q cleared his throat. *“ Uhh, sorry about that. We're taking off now, so put your seatbelts on or get tossed to the back of the plane like an avocado. Your choice! ”*

Tommy giggled. Techno and Wilbur slid onto the booth on the other side, clicking their seatbelts in. Tommy listened for the clicks, content in that his brothers wouldn't go rolling down the plane.

“Are Sam and Ponk not joining us?” Tommy asked. He hadn't heard anyone else in the jet, and he hadn't expected that they'd just be leaving the two of them behind.

“Sam and Ponk are off on a mission, Toms,” Techno drawled. “They're tracking down that... Purpled kid. The one you asked for. They'll get that tracker off, drag him back to the Empire, and then you can decide what you want to do with him.”

Tommy scrunched his nose. He wasn't going to *kill* Purpled, he wanted to get that bracelet off and then- maybe get him a new apartment? He'd have to think about it. And ask Purpled what he wanted to do with his life now that he wasn't bound to Eret.

"Oh, okay," Tommy jerked, shuddering a bit as the plane moved underneath him. Phil's arm drew him closer to his shoulders, and Wilbur's hand slid into his from the opposite side of the table. "Are-" Tommy swallowed his fear, shaking a bit as the plane rattled and started picking up speed. He popped the gum into his mouth and bit down, hard enough that his jaw popped a bit. It was almost overwhelmingly minty, but soothing enough. "Are they going to hurt him?"

"Of course not," Wilbur soothed. "They're just going to get the bracelet off, check him for injuries, and then accompany him to the Empire."

The plane gave a lurching jerk, and it started going up, at an angle. Tommy instinctively took a breath, magic straining against his veins as his first reaction was to buoy himself up. It *burned* along his wrists and arms, little bruises popping into life as his blood vessels snapped under the strain. Tommy shook, and Techno picked up a soothing rumble. Wilbur drew careful circles on Tommy's hand, and Phil pulled him closer. Tommy relaxed, his stomach dropping every time the plane dipped a bit, levelling out from the upward climb. He shook from the adrenaline, chewing his gum while Techno brought his arms out and examined the bruises Tommy knew would be there. A jar clinked, and then there was cream being slathered along his arms. The intercom buzzed again.

*"Karl here. We're up in the air and on route. You can go ahead and take your seatbelts off. The servants will have lunch ready in an hour and a half, so look forward to some food!"*

Karl cut out. Tommy liked his voice.

"You good?" Phil nuzzled into Tommy's hair, and he sighed and melted into the hug.

"Yeah." Yeah, Tommy was good. Tommy was good because Techno was rumbling and Wilbur was holding his hand and Phil was hugging him. Tommy was good because Techno's earrings were brushing against his neck and Phil's feather was looped around his neck.



Tommy was good.

---

Purpled walked out of the Buckstars. At the very least, he had gotten his triple-espresso trente Americano, but by god- that Ponk man had *nyah* 'd at the cashier and then had very pointedly looked at the furry pin and asked whether or not they were into catgirls. Purpled was about three seconds from dropping his Americano and running, because this man was clearly insane. Was this a successful venture? Well, Purpled got his coffee. He sipped at the sweet, sweet caffeine, savouring the bitterness on his tongue. Buckstars espresso wasn't good. In fact, it was quite burnt, and Purpled onto went there because they had bigger sizes than other coffee chains.

The baristas were also normally tired enough themselves that they didn't question Purpled's order. He clutched his blueberry scone, taking another glance at Ponk. He was whistling beside him, and even though Purpled very much thought it was far too cold out, Ponk was still sipping at a little vanilla bean frappuccino, a caramel one clutched in his other hand. When Purpled had asked who it was for, Ponk had just winked at him and said something along the lines of: *this is so we don't get exploded!*

Purpled didn't really want to meet the exploding one. Ponk brightened suddenly and spewed some of his frappuccino back through the straw and into the plastic, and Purpled winced and looked away. Did he have any idea how much saliva was in his drink now- ugh. Adults were such a *pain*.

"Sam! Sammy!" Ponk jumped up and down like a little kid, waving enthusiastically. Purpled was damn lucky it was late out and there wasn't anyone else around, otherwise they would have gotten stared at. Purpled followed Ponk's gaze, straight to a creeper hybrid that was striding towards them. Gas mask on his face- so this one produced spores. Smoke was lazily curling off his shoulders, spinning into the air around him as he growled at Ponk a little bit.

"Sammy, don't be mad. I got the kid and we got Buckstars-" Ponk presented the caramel frappuccino like a trophy, and Sam's hand carefully curled around it, bringing the straw to his mask. Purpled watched curiously as a little compartment opened and Sam started sipping at the straw. "-cause I know you needed a good sugar rush." Sam raised an eyebrow a bit, lowering his drink.

“Purpled?” he asked, and Purpled nodded, sipping at his Americano. Sam sighed a bit and handed his drink back to Ponk, who happily grabbed it to hold. “Here, sit down. I brought my tools, so we can get that bracelet off.”

(CW for Purpled's bracelet removal starts here.)

“You’ve done this before?” Purpled couldn’t help but be weary. Sue him, this was his life on the line if Sam messed up. “Cause if I’m dying, I’m at least going to finish my coffee first.” Purpled was all about free coffee. He was not dying right after getting some. Even though Ponk had embarrassed him from hell to back, he’d still paid.

“You’re not going to die,” Sam muttered. He was smoking a little harder, wisps of grey curling off his shoulders. He gestured for Purpled to sit down and he shrugged, doing so. Sam gently rolled up the sleeve of his hoodie, poking at the bracelet a bit. Purpled winced as the needle was moved in his skin, and Sam brought out... some kind of kit. He wiped something cold and wet over Purpled’s arm, right around the bracelet. “This will disinfect it, so you don’t get an infection. You might want to look away- I have to pull the entire needle and kill switch out of it.”

Purpled winced and turned his head, closing his eyes. He felt a small prick and then his arm started buzzing, going numb. He couldn’t *feel* the needle and kill switch being removed, but by god, could he hear it. It slithered out of his arm, wet and gushing with blood, this gross *slurp* sound as Sam untangled it from his veins. Sam wiped at his arm some more, before he could feel the skin being pushed and pulled around. Still no pain, but when Purpled dared to peek an eye open, the bracelet was sitting uselessly on the ground, coated in his blood. Sam was carefully pinching his skin together as Ponk approached, hands glowing gold.

As Purpled watched, his arm stopped bleeding and knit itself back together. When it was over, he brought the flesh to his face, turning it around. He couldn’t remember- what his arm had looked like. Before the bracelet. Before the symbol of his bonding to Eret’s service... it was surreal, that the object Purpled had always associated with his captivity was just. Gone. Just like that.

(CW for Purpled's bracelet removal ends here.)

He gently placed his coffee down, casting a judgemental eye on the spot to make sure it wouldn't tip over, and brought his heel down on the bracelet. It let out a metallic crunch sound, glass breaking, and Purpled crushed it into the pavement, putting his entire weight on the stupid thing. They'd really tried to keep him there, keep him caged.

A knot of tension loosened in his chest, and finally, Purpled felt like he could breathe easy.

"Do I really have to go to the Empire?" he was out of one cage. Wasn't interested in going to another.

"Prince Tommy asked for you. Most likely, he'll just want to make sure you're okay," Sam shrugged. "You were labelled dead after police were unable to locate any sign of you. We found your files. You'll be offered a job of some kind in the Empire. Prince Tommy seems to think you could work like Ponk and I."

"What do you do, then?" Purpled turned to face Sam, judging the honesty in the creeper's expression. Sam shrugged.

"We do what King Philza tells us. Sometimes we're assassinating people, other times on rescue, scouting, or spy missions. And sometimes we're just out and about in the streets handing out food and clothes and checking on the state of the people. Sometimes we act as guards. Jack of all trades. You'd probably do the same thing- but for Prince Tommy. We'd be responsible for training you."

Purpled could still hear Ponk's jaunty whistling, something about a ship. The Wellerman. Somethings-something rum. He dropped his eyes, and picked up his coffee.

"Of course," Sam sounded hesitant. "You could always just refuse. We wouldn't *make* you do anything. But King Philza will still make sure you get a place to live and a stable income." Purpled remembered the kid. Funny, for how traumatized he had to have been. He was pretty cool, and for a hot minute there, Purpled wasn't sure he could go through with it.

"...I have a lot to make up for," Purpled glared a bit at Sam, sipping his coffee. "I'm in."

## Chapter End Notes

I just spent so much money kdjndjdn

I bought a microphone because I have people to play games with now? And my computer mic is very quiet, so I got a proper microphone so they can actually hear me when I accuse them of murder in Among Us

I also bought an Apple iPad and an Apple Pencil because I have Sai and a little Wacom?? But I like- want Bigger and Better so I got meself a tablet

I have spent almost \$700 these past 2 days, this is wild. Everything is scheduled to arrive on the 26th so I am going to have a very exciting 26th of April :0

# Maybe the Author is Tired

## Chapter Summary

THERE WAS MORE FANART

<https://www.instagram.com/p/CN-ddCEFFPa/>

GO CHECK OUT SentientSushiRoll on INSTAGRAM

## Chapter Notes

It's almost 2am (:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What are you guys even smoking?” Tommy muttered.

*I'm personally juicing with a Red Bull and souls cocktail. It's delicious, nutritious and full of energy. Great for my skin.*

*I AM SMOKING THE PAPERS OF THE TENNESSEE COMPREHENSIVE ASSESSMENT PROGRAM'S LONG PAST.*

Tommy screwed his face up. What even was a Tennessee? Whatever this... Tennessee Comprehensive Assessment Program was, whoever was ranting about it should stop harassing the fanfic author over their struggles. Maybe the fanfic author is tired. Maybe the fanfic author is grumpy when they wake up with 76 Discord notifs and 84 emails. Maybe their favourite person is Aqua, who doesn't spam their notifications like a hooligan at all hours of the night- what was Tommy talking about?

Chat had clearly missed being able to rant at him at every hour of every day when their voices had been all blocked out, so they were taking the opportunity to be louder than usual. Tommy sighed, a headache throbbing low at his temples. It had started with the jet sounds,

but it was only getting worse. Phil made a worried noise from where Tommy was still curled into his side, gently brushing his bangs to check his forehead. Phil's warm hand cupped Tommy's forehead and he leaned into the touch, focusing on the thick pieces of calloused skin over Phil's hands. Tommy knew he didn't have a fever- he always got chills and body aches when he was feverish. He just had a headache.

Low, pulsing annoying. And even though it wasn't too bad, pain-wise, it just wouldn't go away. And it seemed to only get worse with every yammer Chat put out, pounding in time with his heartbeat.

"Easy up on Tommy," Phil said, too close to his ear. Tommy didn't jump, but slumped against Phil in relief when Chat immediately quieted. "He has a headache."

*Sorry Tommy.*

"s okay Chat," Tommy mumbled. "I know you just missed me."

"Tylenol, Tommy?" Phil was holding something that rattled, and Tommy reached out a hand to grab at it, a puzzled frown on his face. He shook it, hearing little balls roll around inside the container. "They're painkillers. It'll help with your head." Tommy made another face.

"Do I have to swallow it?" he wasn't good at swallowing pills. Something about the idea of a solid object going down his throat just made the back of his throat close up, and then it was like Tommy couldn't breathe, or swallow, or anything. He usually just spat them up, in a gross half-mush, back into the glass. Even then, Tommy didn't get pills very often.

"Tech, we have any childrens' Tylenol?" Phil lifted a wing and propped the limb over Tommy's shoulders. He sighed at the extra heat, snuggling into the warmth. From what Tommy could tell, Phil was a bird built for cold weather. His feathers must have been able to insulate to some degree, because he was warm as hell. Almost as warm as Techno or Wilbur, and they were from the *Nether*. "You're skinny enough that I'm not going to give you the adult one... not yet." Phil mused. He nuzzled into Tommy's hairline and Tommy blinked sleepily at something scratchy poking at his face. He raised his hands and explored, finding that Phil had a tiny little... beard? Goatee? Moustache? Tommy had no idea what to call it. Face hair. Hair face. Whatever.

“You’ve got real tiny hands, mate.” Phil laughed. Tommy liked the sound of his laugh, a little wheezy and chuckly, not too loud. Not obnoxious or in-your-face. Techno laughed quietly, more with his body than with any noise, whereas Wilbur laughed at every other word Tommy said. If that didn’t fuel Tommy’s little ego, he didn’t know what would.

“One baby Tylenol, coming up,” Techno rumbled from above him. Tommy grumbled a bit as Phil uncurled his wing, opening it so Techno could reach Tommy. Wilbur was off- well, Tommy wasn’t sure where he was. He was pretty sure he was passed out, though, because he wasn’t over here fussing. “Open your mouth. It’s going to taste bad.”

Tommy made a face but complied, opening his mouth for the medicine. He almost spat it out after it touched his tongue, but managed to swallow. Wasn’t as bad as the pills- well. The pills, at least, were hella bitter, but this was *sickeningly* sweet. It tasted a lot like... like if you took cherries and dehydrated them past the point of use, and straight into chalk territory, and then turned that into a drink. Phil slid over a glass of water and Tommy grabbed the cool drink, pouring the water down his throat to wash the taste out.

“I’ll get you some more water. It’ll help with your head.” Techno mumbled, taking his glass. His footsteps walked off until they were too muffled for Tommy to hear, and he sighed when Phil’s feathers curled back around his shoulders.

“We’ll be home in about an hour and a half,” Phil kissed his hairline. “I wish you could see the skyline... it’s beautiful. There are mountains that reach up to the sky, and it snows all the time. It’s quite cold, but we’ll keep you bundled up. We know you’re used to the heat, mate. There’s an ocean about half an hour from the castle, and it’s a beautiful stretch of beach. There are a few icebergs out in the water. I can’t wait to race you from iceberg to iceberg.” Tommy giggled a bit.

“I’ll win, old man,” he dared. “I can slow you down.”

“No cheating,” Phil scolded, but his tone was light. Laughing. Tommy could hear the smile. “We’ll take you out to the markets, to the Borealis Festival-”

“What’s that?” Tommy fiddled with a piece of cloth from Phil’s clothes, pulling and prodding at it. It was heavier than he’d expected.

“Borealis was the first king of the Empire. He led the armies to great conquests, and established our control over the Northern territories,” Phil’s voice was lower, tone whimsical. Tommy leaned into the story, even as Techno came back and handed him another glass of water. He took it, sipping carefully this time. “On the eve of his death, laying in his deathbed with his daughter at his side, the night sky flashed out in brilliant, beautiful colours. Greens like grass, purples like royal silks and flowers, blues like the deepest oceans. Blues like your eyes.” Phil pressed another kiss to his temple. Tommy’s headache started fading away. “His daughter took over the throne and the phenomenon was named after him, but the new Queen Aurora was beloved by her people, so the name was changed after her death to be the Aurora Borealis. It happens every year, around the same time, and we hold a festival in honour of the rulers who came before us. Those whose land we occupy, we honour the sacrifices of our forefathers.”

“You’ll be honoured too, one day.” Tommy mumbled sleepily. Phil stilled a bit, before curling harder into Tommy.

“I care very little for my legacy after my death,” Phil said, quietly. Tommy could hear Techno shift from the other side of the table. “So long as you boys are taken care of. I trust the country - and your wellbeing - to Techno’s hands, for long after I’m gone.”

“Techie’s a good brother.” Tommy closed his eyes, sinking into Phil’s chest. Phil’s wing adjusted to wrap more securely around his shoulders, one of his feathers tickling Tommy’s chin.

“The best.”

---

“You know he’s going to wake up tomorrow and be upset because you technically implied that you’ll be dying soon,” Techno’s voice was deadpan, one eyebrow raised judgmentally. Phil sighed a bit internally, watching carefully for Tommy’s steady breathing as he drifted off to a well deserved nap. Wilbur had also fallen asleep, slumped over on one of the seats at the



sides of the plane. He had a neck pillow propping his head up- Techno had insisted on it in an attempt to avoid Wilbur's whining about a crick in his neck later. "Right?"

"I know," Phil smiled down at his son. "I'm going to retire eventually, Tech, I don't want to be king forever."

"Great, so you're going to pawn the kingdom off on me," Techno rolled his eyes good-naturedly, grinning. "You've been king for over a century, what's really stopping you from staying in power?"

"Maybe I want to take Tommy and adventure across the world," Phil wiggled his eyebrows, satisfaction rising in his eyes as Techno desperately tried to stifle his own chuckles. "You ever think about that?"

"I'm not sure how the hell Wilbur and I would explain the immortal king just taking off with his newly-immortal son and leaving the fate of an entire country to *me*," Techno gestured at himself, then at Wilbur, whose head had slumped a little bit, drool leaking out his mouth and staining his pillow. "And *him*."

"I'm sure you two would manage." Phil gently maneuvered Tommy into his arms. The kid had packed on some weight while Techno was feeding him, but he was still too light for his age. Phil had originally wanted to give him adult's Tylenol - but Tommy was less than the 95lbs that was the children's max - and he was worried about what too much of the medication could do. He walked over to Wilbur, settling Tommy in beside his brother. Wilbur immediately and sleepily latched onto Tommy, gripping with tight hands as Phil did up Tommy's seatbelt and wrapped a neck pillow around him. Tommy curled into Wilbur as Phil left, smiling at his boys as they slept.

"Maybe we'd take off after you and make Sam clean up our collective mess." Techno grinned as his twin rested his head on Tommy's, his neck pillow squishing Tommy's cheek to the side.

"He'd blow us up," Phil replied, albeit mournfully. He would have flown off with his boys a long time ago if he didn't think Sam would drag his ass for it. "That'd be a painful respawn."

“That it would,” Techno mused. His hands were twitching, carving out the braille paths he’d been so determined to learn. Since he had met Tommy, Techno had been practising with the braille. He’d almost reached fluency, having memorized it so he could teach his brother and double check that signs and such were correct. “He called me Techie.”

Techno sounded a little lost, a little sad, a little hopeful- Phil’s heart melted at it, and he approached his son, wrapping his wings around him and burying his face in Techno’s soft hair. Techno was intimidating at the best of times- one of the main problems the boys had run into in their search for a sibling was the fact that every child had been scared of Techno. He was big, his hair was bright, his eyes were red, and he had large tusks.

“He loves you, Tech,” Phil mumbled. “You’re a great big brother.” Techno made a happy little *churr* at the thought, his cheek rubbing along Phil’s arms. Phil sat down beside his son, pulled out a chess game, and let Techno win every round.

His confidence would grow the longer he spent with Tommy, the more reassurance he got that Tommy wasn’t the slightest bit afraid.

---

“Yeah, the rest of ‘em have already taken off. We’ll be waiting here in Essempee with Dream- Quackity and Karl are Phil’s pilots, but they fancy Sapnap, so they come back as often as they can,” Ponk waved his hands around energetically as he spoke, lashing out with his fingers way too close to Purpled’s precious coffee. “Anyway, you’ll be helping the rest of us with the rest of the slavers victims. There are actual teams going out and busting the rest of the bases we’ve uncovered, we’re basically on paperwork duty.”

“Paperwork duty?” Purpled raised an eyebrow.

“There are a lot of people and a lot of documents,” Sam shrugged from his other side. They were approaching the massive apartment building in the middle of the inner city- Purpled had never really been in here before, and he felt wildly out of place. Ponk had put cat ears on at some point though, so he was very sure people would be staring at Ponk and not at him. “We need to figure out how people got into the slavers’ hands. Find any relevant citizenships, contact family members. If there are no family or citizenship to be found, we need to

streamline their files for Dream to get them an Essempee citizenship, therapy, place to live, and government support benefits until they're stable enough to have a job."

"Dream's really doing all that for these random people he found in his city?" look, Purpled spent a lot of time hanging around Eret. Eret, while never leaving their people to starve, hadn't exactly been on-the-ball about support payments either.

"Of course," Sam side-eyed him again, his pupils slitted. Purpled did have to admit he was glad Ponk was the one who found him- Sam was a little too intimidating. "Dream feels responsible that it was able to happen at all. He cares about people- whether or not they are in his borders matters very little."

"I see." Purpled took the last chug of his coffee.

"And there's a coffee delivery every two hours," Sam sipped at his frappuccino, getting in what looked like straight whip cream. "George is just about as bad as you."

Sounded like Purpled's kind of place.

## Chapter End Notes

If you have a clown nose, honk it

# Chapter 24

## Chapter Summary

So many of you honked clown noses omg

This is my official notice: I'm not going to be responding to comments anymore. There's just so many and I don't have the time or energy to do so- I'll respond to my favourite people (eventually) or to any questions, but I just kdmklddk I just can't do all of you, it's so energy-draining, you have no idea

I love you all, thank you so much for commenting. I really appreciate it but I need more Naps

## Chapter Notes

FANART POG, GO FOLLOW @extratiredofyourcrap ON INSTAGRAM  
<https://www.instagram.com/p/COHxpDNFwl2/>

AND FANART TIMES TWO!! GO FOLLOW @iamlycats ON INSTAGRAM  
<https://www.instagram.com/p/COBi67dlRU1/>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*“ We’re beginning our descent. Seatbelts on, please. ”*

*“ Please be aware that despite his protests otherwise, Quackity is not on any substances. The landing will go smoothly. ”*

Tommy giggled despite his nerves, having woken up from his nap about ten minutes ago. He was seated in a new place, but he could hear Wilbur snoring away, something wet on Tommy’s neck pillow. Phil had arrived a few minutes later with a cheese toastie, and Tommy was eating his latter half of the toastie, hoping against all odds that the wet spot on his neck pillow wasn’t a drool spot.

Alas, it seemed his luck had run out, because Wilbur's head flopped a little more onto Tommy's head, another line of *wet* dribbling onto his pillow. Tommy sighed and munched on his toastie. It wasn't hot anymore, it'd clearly been sitting there for a while, but there was still warmth in the middle and the cheese stretched when he bit into it. All in all, good toastie.

*We should have called Phil's magic Red Bull.*

*Why?*

*Cause **RED BULL GIVES YOU WIIIIINGS~***

Tommy hummed a bit, deciding to ignore Chat's antics for today. He was nervous enough about the descent, anyway. He didn't like the idea of being so high up in the air, with some kind of metal contraption that didn't have magic, when *he* didn't have magic. It was a recipe for disaster, if you asked Tommy.

*To be fair, I did ask the author to make some Angst and get you and Phil to go splat out the plane. They said no :(*

*They did say yes to Purpled adoption arc though!*

*Purpled adoption arc POG*

...that wasn't comforting. The plane jolted a bit, and Tommy felt his stomach fly into his chest as it did. He popped another piece of gum Phil had given him in his mouth, hearing two seatbelt clicks happen somewhere in front of him. He felt along Wilbur's middle, letting a breath out when he found Wilbur's seatbelt, also buckled in. Tommy wasn't sure how he did it, but Wilbur was still sleeping. Shyly, Tommy grabbed at his hand and curled into Wilbur's chest, closing his eyes. He frowned as a stray piece of his toastie got stuck in his gum, and ugh- minty cheese. Tommy would not recommend.

Wilbur snorted a bit in his sleep, curling back towards Tommy. Tommy basked in the warmth and tried not to flinch when the plane descended a bit more, an easy, steady way down. They seemed to be- they'd dip a bit, level out, then dip again. Techno was making worried noises across the room, his earrings jangling loudly together.

"Tommy?" Phil. "Do you want to come over here with us?" He didn't want to- he wasn't a *baby*, he didn't need comfort. Besides, if something did happen to the plane, if something *bad* happened- who would take care of Wilbur? Maybe Tommy could force his magic out in just enough time to save them. But Phil was all the way over there, so Tommy had to look after Wilbur.

Tommy shook his head, clutching harder onto Wilbur. "I can't, we have to keep your seatbelts on."

"That's a *suggestion*," Techno huffed. The sound of clicking again, and then there were footsteps approaching him. Tommy's head shot up as Techno settled on his other side, clicking in a new seatbelt and wrapping an arm around him and Wilbur. Tommy leaned back into it, sighing a bit as his earrings pushed up against Techno's arm. A little rumbly purr erupted out of Techno's chest, a sleepier one followed by Wilbur. "We'll be here whenever you need us. Don't be afraid to ask for help. Please." Techno leaned over and snuggled into Tommy's head, his tusks nudging at Tommy's hairline.

*Softno, I repeat, we have a brotherblade on board.*

*I love wholesomeness.*

*All of your AUs are just pure angst though, korok???*

*DON'T POINT FINGERS AT ME.*

"Why do you keep spamming E, Chat..." Techno groaned into Tommy's head, and Tommy laughed a bit, feeling the plush silk of Techno's dumb fancy shirts against his cheek.

“They’re yelling about... wholesomeness versus angst, for me,” Tommy admitted, grinning. “I’m not entirely sure what they mean by that, but I’m ignoring it. They said something earlier, too, about me and Phil going splat on the ground...” Techno huffed at that, clearly displeased, letting out this weeny little growl noise. Chat immediately quieted a bit at that, picking up their yammerings in quiet whispers.

“How’s your headache?” Techno kissed at his head. “Is it feeling any better?”

“Yeah,” Tommy clutched onto Wilbur’s hand tighter. His snores ended in a single snort as he jumped a bit, his fingers going loose before returning to squeeze at Tommy’s hand reassuringly. “It feels better.”

“Wha’sa-” Wilbur raised his head, smacking his lips together. Tommy missed the closeness, but Wilbur quickly shifted himself so Tommy could cling to him better, rubbing gentle circles along Tommy’s knuckles. “Wha’s wrong bubs?” Wilbur asked sleepily. He rested his head back on Tommy’s, his neck pillow pushed against Tommy’s face. The plane descended a bit more and Tommy sucked in a breath, squeezing as hard as he could onto Wilbur’s hand. “*Oh,*” Wilbur sounded quite a bit more awake now, so at least that was something. “Don’t worry, Toms, we’ll be on the ground soon. And then we can take more naps.” Wilbur nuzzled into the top of his head, voice raspy.

“What’s up with him?” Tommy whisper-yelled and Techno adjusted a bit so he could touch Tommy and Wilbur at the same time.

“Took some Graval,” Techno made the *chuff-chuff-chuff* at him, nudging his head again. “Wilbur gets motion sick and he doesn’t like flights either, so he takes the non-drowsy stuff in cars, and the drowsy stuff for planes. He’ll be awake enough to make it to a couch, but then he’s going to be out again.”

“...do I have to nap with him?” Tommy grimaced a bit. His legs were already going all tingly from sitting here, the restless energy surging back as he clenched and unclenched Wilbur’s hand. He didn’t really want to sit and stay still more than he already had today. And besides, he’d been smothered with more affection than he really knew how to deal with here, so he wasn’t sure he wanted *more* cuddle time with Wilbur. Wilbur was very clingy, Tommy decided.

Not him. *Tommy* wasn't the clingy one, Wilbur was. He was holding onto Wilbur's hand to reassure Wilbur. If he passed out all the time, then he was probably scared. Tommy had to protect him. He felt better knowing that Wilbur and Techno were with him, even if his powers weren't working. Just so he could protect them, of course. Not because he needed comfort. That'd be ridiculous.

"Of course not. I can show you around the castle if you'd like- getting restless?" Techno asked and Tommy nodded. He started swinging his legs, sucking in a quiet breath when the plane dropped some more. "Me too. I never do well being cooped up in here," Techno waved a hand towards the interior of the plane, and Tommy could *almost* feel the wind brushing along his fingers. He wanted his magic back, a longing deeper than his heart, sitting in his chest. A black void, crushing at his ribcage. "And it smells."

It did smell like new car in here. Not Tommy's favourite, if he was being honest. "It does smell... and yes please, I want to explore everything."

"If you're feeling up to it, why don't we run around the markets and find things for your room? I know you might not care much for decor, but we can buy curtains and braille books, some bed sheets and blankets? I know a person who owns this furniture store, they sell these weighted blankets. I think you'd like them. They're very fluffy."

"That'd be nice," Tommy leaned against Techno, taking in a single deep breath as the plane descended more. "Can-" Techno purred in encouragement as Tommy hesitated. He kind of wanted Henry to snuggle with while the plane was still going down, but Henry was tucked away in one of the bags. Tommy settled for tugging Wilbur's hand closer, pushing his chin down and cuddling into the arm. "Can we buy some more stuffies?"

Techno chuckled. "I wouldn't dare suggest anything else. We can also get you some new clothes, yeah? Hoodies and soft things for you to have."

"I like the sounds of that."

"Just a little while longer, we'll be there soon."



---

“Hey, kid,” Purpled’s head snapped up from where he was bent over his desk. He’d requested another coffee- and while their coffee runner had refused to get him his plus three espresso Americano, he’d gotten a regular one. Punz stood in the doorway, leaning against the frame. “It’s been a while.”

“Punz.” Purpled put his precious coffee down, pulling away from the desk. The chair he’d been given was a really nice one- it had wheels and could spin around. Purpled had wanted to see how fast he could go, so obviously, he’d spun until he dry-heaved into the potted plant Dream had in the corner of the room. Punz hovered a bit before uncrossing his ankles, stepping into the room and awkwardly tapping at Purpled’s desk.

His task, really, had been stupidly simple. He was given a bunch of different files and had to sort them into staying-in-Essempee and not-staying piles. He’d requested to not be in charge of doing calls and interviewing people, mostly because Purpled was awkward as all hell, and Dream had agreed to that. So Purpled had just been doing sorting- it was mind-numbingly boring.

“I wanted to check in,” Punz finally sat down at the chair in front of Purpled’s desk, setting his hands in his lap and looking up to stare at Purpled. Purpled was- well, he was glad Punz was on Dream’s side now, because Punz only ever went with the highest bidder when he did things. Purpled had been worried that Punz would forever be working for the wrong side, but it seemed like he’d finally come to his senses. “See how you’re doing.” Purpled raised an eyebrow, suspicious.

“What do you want?” he tilted his head. “I mean, I’m sorta stuck here... apparently I’ll be going to the Empire after this.”

Punz shuffled. “Yeah... I know. You could stay, if you wanted. I’d take you on as my assistant, or whatever. You could work for Dream, like I do. And I just-” Punz sighed, bringing up one hand to rub at the back of his neck sheepishly. The tacky gold chain clanked a bit as Punz moved, rifling about in his pocket before pulling out a small little statue, coated in gold and covered in emerald jewels. “I wanted you to have this.”

Purpled's jaw dropped as he took the tiny statue, resurrection magic curling around his hands. Was... was *this* what Eret had promised Punz for his loyalty? Totems of undying were rare, incredibly so- Purpled couldn't even begin to imagine how difficult this had to be for Dream to get his hands on. And Punz was here. Just *giving it away*. Punz didn't do things like this for no reason, so why- Purpled snapped his head up from the totem, to where Punz was giving him a complicated half-smile.

"Lots of the victims from that place were anxious about those bracelets, worried about their futures..." Punz hesitated. "I know you were always strong- and you still *are*, but I didn't want you runnin' around thinking you were dying. 'Cause you're not. You're- you're not going to go back there, okay?" Purpled held the little totem, staring down at the emeralds punched into the thing's body.

It was as close to an *I love you* Purpled was ever going to get from Punz.

"Thanks," he put the little figure in his own pocket, magic sizzling along his hands as the thing disengaged from his body. The ability to bring people back to life- god. Purpled couldn't even imagine what kind of shit he could get up to with this. Could he make replicas and sell them on the black market? That'd be fun. "I um-"

"You don't have to say anything kid," Punz sighed and stood, fixing imaginary wrinkles along his hoodie. "Just- you have a place here. Think about it. You don't *have* to sign your life off to work for the new Prince- they have people who can do that job instead of you. Just... think about what *you* want." Punz made for the door again, but paused in the doorway, his head snapping violently to the side. "And no more espresso."

Purpled put up a finger and opened his mouth to protest, but Punz fixed him with the Look™. Purpled's jaw popped when he snapped it back together.

"Enjoy that cup," Punz threatened. "'Cause you're not going to be seeing coffee for a while."

He left, shutting the door behind him. Purpled was pretty sure he was going to need that totem sooner rather than later if this kept up....

## Chapter End Notes

See ya tomorrow

MY IPAD AND APPLE PENCIL CAME IN, I'M SO EXCITED DFWKJDNKJDFNJD

# Banitsa is Tasty

## Chapter Summary

Yo yo yo I want Naps

My head kinda hurts

## Chapter Notes

Sorry I skipped yesterday, I was playing Phasmo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“There are some rules, Tommy,” Techno’s hand was warm in his own, calluses trailing paths of dedication, Techno’s physical journey of fighting. Tommy thought it was pretty pog. “You are to hold my hand the entire time,” clingy bitch. “No wandering off- and please tell me if you want something.” Techno’s hand tightened a bit in his. “I will buy it for you.” Tommy wasn’t sure how he was supposed to demand items with Techno holding onto him like this, but whatever. He’d do as he was told. For now. “If you do wander off,” Techno rumbled a bit, a warning note in his voice. Techno wasn’t going to hit him. Techno wasn’t going to hit him. “I’m going to pick you up and carry you, and you will be embarrassed.” Techno sounded so sure of himself, so Tommy tried his best to keep the shit-eating grin off his face.

“I’ll be good, big man,” Tommy jumped forwards, grinning as his boots hit the floor. He was on a couch or something in a room. They hadn’t walked very far from the first door to get to this room, so Tommy assumed it was a seating area or something? He wasn’t quite sure. He couldn’t exactly explore, after all. His magic was tingling, right at his fingertips, but it wasn’t ready quite yet. Soon, he’d be able to explore all around the castle properly, and see where everything was. Soon, but Tommy just had to be patient. He huffed a bit, barely able to feel the wind at the corners of his consciousness. “Can we go now?”

Techno huffed an agreement, and stepped forward. Tommy’s hand was clasped firmly in his- there was a small shriek, a large door on poorly oiled hinges, and they stepped forward into the inner castle grounds. Tommy had new boots, and despite them being clearly made of leather, they were already worn in. The soles were buttery soft against his socked feet, and

his new cloak swished around his ankles as he skipped forward. Techno had something about his new clothes being used for ‘going undercover’, whatever he meant by that.

Tommy could very clearly remember that Techno said he had pink hair. Now, Tommy hadn’t had vision for a while, but he didn’t think there were too many people with pink hair, and Techno was a prince. Maybe the citizens didn’t really know what Techno looked like?

*His hair is up in a bun and he’s wearing a hood. The castle has a big outer wall that separates the inner city and the castle itself from the rest of the country. The markets inside the city are usually pretty good about not bothering the royal family when they’re not dressed up, which is why he’s not taking you outside of the walls.*

*And on today’s episode of Jess’ Top Tips: vegan shrimp is a little funky when it’s made of heart of palms. I can’t decide if I love it or hate it, I keep going between the two... but I do keep eating it, so that’s something.*

*What does that have to do with literally anything I just said?*

*I just ate my vegan restaurant leftovers from dinner! Support local restaurants!!*

*And?*

...Tommy’s never had heart of palm, but uh. He’ll take Chat’s word for it. But he did appreciate the... tip.

*See, someone appreciates me. I liked my tempeh avocado sandwich from this place, but I think my fav is the seitan wings from the other place. That shit is the **bomb**.*

*Write the chapter! Stop talking about your dinner! It is 7pm and you skipped yesterday because you were too busy playing Phasmo-*

*Excuse you, I was getting my face eaten by a mare and then stalking my friends until they found my body. It was an important moment.*

Tommy shook his head, eventually deciding on pretending that Chat wasn't there at all. He figured it was better for his overall sanity that way. The path below them changed to a different kind of stone- bigger slabs that weren't as meticulously placed down everywhere. They weren't as deep in the ground, either- Tommy kicked the edge of one and it wobbled away from his toes. Tommy could barely hear the hustle and bustle of marketplaces, of people talking beyond them.

They quieted a bit, when he and Techno approached, but they soon picked up again.

*Techno likes to think that he's sneaky, but he's bigger than everyone else, an obvious piglin hybrid, and he has golden earrings all over him **and** you. He's not subtle.*

Tommy would have laughed at that if the gold wasn't so obviously important to Techno. His earrings brushed against his ears, eyes fixed somewhere to the left, but he was pretty sure his pupils moved when moved his head. Wasn't quite sure. Tommy could smell different cuts of meats, something that was definitely fresh bread, and... flowers? Dessert? His stomach growled and Techno paused in his striding, a little warble rising from his lips. Questioning.

"Are you hungry?" Techno bent down and scooped Tommy up, his head tossing side to side as he moved off to the right, boots clacking against the stone.

"Hey, I thought you said I'd only get picked up if I wandered!" Tommy complained, but he tucked his head into Techno's collarbone, his legs buzzing as he fought the urge to run. Techno just nuzzled the side of his head and spoke in low, monotone rumbles as he bought something from a vendor. The thing was pressed into Tommy's hands, and he experimentally bit into it.

It was flaky, like pastry, but the inside was filled with some kind of cheese. Tommy made a small sound at the taste, going in for another bite. His stomach stopped growling, and Techno shifted him onto one arm and stepped away from the vendor, Tommy's free hand stuck solidly in Techno's.

“There was a crowd of people by the vendor. Didn’t want you getting lost,” Techno rumbled. He set off again and Tommy followed, trying to keep as many of the pastry flakes from hitting the ground as possible. “And that’s banitsa, it’s pastry and cheese baked in the oven. It’s one of Dad’s favourites, I’m quite fond of it myself.” Tommy nodded, eagerly, and Techno laughed. “How about we go find some things for your room?”

*And soap! Don’t forget the soap!*

*Wrong fic, dumbass.*

Tommy nodded again, and they set off. It was kind of overwhelming, being out here. There were so many sounds, so many smells, so many people. Tommy couldn’t feel the wind strong enough to know when they were coming, so Techno had him pulled close. He’d only bumped into someone a couple of times, but the people he did bump into had very quickly apologized and scurried off- Tommy was uhh. Pretty sure that it was Techno’s doing, but you know. He was going to turn... a *blind eye*. Hah!

*See, Void, even Tommy likes my puns.*

*Bitch he’s required to like them. You’re the fucking author.*

Nonetheless, the wind was blowing against his face, bringing tiny swirls of cold water. Tommy was pretty sure they were snowflakes, but he’d never really been out in snow before. It was crisp and cool, the air sitting with a slight sting in his lungs as he inhaled and exhaled. It was good, though, to be outside. Even though there was snow flying in his face, the sun was beating rays of warmth down on his face.

Tommy had felt cooped up in the plane- he was glad to finally be outside. The wind blew a little harder, gently brushing his earrings back like little wind chimes, softly twinkling to the afternoon air. Techno tugged him off to the right, and Tommy followed before something was pushed into his hands. It was fabric, soft and heavy, and Tommy tugged at it a bit.

“You always wore a red-and-white t-shirt before I got you new clothes,” Techno said. “So I got these. They’re colour blocked, so they’re mostly white with a red block in the middle.

What do you think?"

"I'm not sure why you're getting me curtains at all, big man," Tommy huffed. They were soft, but he wasn't exactly going to be cuddling the curtains. "I can't exactly be bothered by sunlight."

"It's less about being bothered by the sun, and more about making sure that nobody can peek through your windows, little one," Techno huffed. "Are we buyin' them, or not?"

"Uh," Tommy handed the curtains back. "Sure?" Techno jostled a bit, and Tommy heard the sound of coins clicking together as Techno paid the seller.

"Curtains down, now let's get some decorations. How do you feel about a sword?"

"I want a sword!"

"...for the *wall*, Tommy."

"Oh."

---

Inside the castle, Phil had led a sleepy Wilbur to the master bedroom, and he'd face-planted onto Phil's bed and passed out. An hour or so had passed when Wilbur blearily looked up from the covers, making eye contact to where Phil was sorting through documents, marking some up with a pink pig pen Techno had gotten him.

"Where... where's Tommy n Techno?" Wilbur slurred. He moved his head around, stretching a bit as his hands patted along the bed, looking for his brothers. Did they not come nap with him? That was so, absolutely completely, rude.



“They went out to the markets, mate,” Phil paused, leaning back in his chair and raising an eyebrow. Wilbur fought the urge to growl, feeling the dissatisfied rumbles bubble up his throat. “I think they’re buying stuff for Tommy’s room. And some clothes.”

Wilbur frowned. He was offended. “And they didn’t invite me?” he grumbled, trying his best not to throw a tantrum on the covers. “*I* would have been able to pick better clothes for Tommy. And *Techno* just has a bunch of swords up on his walls, he’s gonna come back with a decorative sword for Tommy.”

“You were asleep,” judging by the amused grin playing at Phil’s lips, Wilbur wasn’t doing a very good job at not throwing a tantrum. “What else did you want them to do?”

“Come snuggle with me, *then* go to the markets,” Wilbur sighed in irritation, getting up and frowning, flicking his ears harder than necessary. “I’m going to go find them and tell them how inappropriate it was that they left without me.”

“You do that, Wil.”

“And if they come back before I find them, I want you to pass along my complaints.”

“I will, Wil.”

Wilbur flicked his ear in irritation again, before turning on one heel and storming out of the room. He made sure to smack his heels against the floor with every step, just so Phil knew exactly how upset he was. His brothers, leaving without him to go do decorating. Tommy was just going to come back with a *sword*.

That gremlin did not need a sword.

Wilbur huffed, stomping down the hallway to his own room, so he could get changed and go find his stupid brothers.

*You are overreacting.*

*You were asleep-*

Fuck you, Chat.

*Oh, we've been wounded.*

*Not.*

## Chapter End Notes

See you tomorrow

So many of you honked your clown noses omg

# Jess is Icing a Cake

## Chapter Summary

YO SORRY, I FORGOT TO POST THIS BUT THIS IS MONDAY'S UPDATE

## Chapter Notes

Omg I am living my best life

Last week guys, I had a migraine for like 3 days straight so updates were missed

But we are Back On Track so have some food, I'll see you clowns tomorrow

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur pressed his hands together, leaning into his fingertips as he fought the hysterical laughter, champagne bubbles popping up his throat, rattling his chest with ice in his veins.

"What do you mean-" he took a breath. Wilbur was going to start screaming. Loudly. "-you *lost him*. "

*LMAO*

*Imagine losing a child*

*get rekt*

Techno had the grace to look sheepish. Wilbur had found one brother, sure, as he was rooting through a market vendor with various decorative swords pinned to a board behind him. When Wilbur had caught up, Techno was muttering to himself, debating whether he should get a *gold* sword or a *steel* sword, and if so, which gems he wanted embedded into the pommel-

what pommel design? Would Tommy's room look better with a rapier, a broadsword, maybe twin daggers? Apparently, he'd gotten distracted enough that he hadn't noticed the wholeass child just- walk away.

"I'm going to kill you," Wilbur exhaled, lowering his hands. His eyes were blown wide with fiery vengeance as he glared his brother down. Techno was doing that thing where he was trying to prove he was not anxious, but he just stared ahead unblinkingly, with his arms stiff at his sides. He was guilty, he was afraid, he was- he was a *dead man* when Phil got his hands on him. "And when I'm done with you, Dad's going to murder you."

*Dadza!*

*Killza!*

*murder the orphans!*

*Az, this is Wilbur's POV. Not Techno's.*

"We can discuss my funeral after we find Tommy," Techno hissed. He was doing his best to look stoic, but his ears were pinned along his head, flicking with anxiety. Wilbur wordlessly leaned forward and snatched one of the three bags Techno was holding- a quick look showed some clothes. Comfortable loungewear, athletic wear, and pajamas. He poked at the other bags, finding some curtains, bedsheets, blankets, and a suspiciously large pig plushie. "He must have been going after something, he can't *see* it so maybe he smelled something or heard something." Techno fussed over the bag straps, his nostrils flaring. Wilbur had already tried to sniff his little brother out, but there were too many people, too many stalls, too many conflicting scents. They'd never get anywhere at this rate.

*Are you saying Tommy's stinky?!?!*

*We WiLl NoT StAnD fOr ThIs SLaNDeR*

*we don't have legs...*

Maybe they should split up, call for Tommy, ask people if they'd seen him. It would certainly draw attention, especially because everyone clearly knew who Techno was, but whatever got Wilbur to his brother fastest- a delicate sound raced through the air, a musical note from open holes, whistling with wind. Wind chime. It was subtle, maybe, but it wouldn't have been subtle *to someone who couldn't see*. Wilbur immediately whirled around, Tommy's name already on the tip of his lips. He grabbed Techno's sleeve and dragged his confused brother, ears pricked for the sound.

*Chime.*

He made a right, heading down a new street. Techno finally seemed to be catching on, his wordless protests slowing as they raced down the street.

*Chime.*

There, the final stall down this row- a short figure with a messy mop of blonde hair, his hands gently cradling a wind chime. The vendor was leaning over him, a soft smile on their face as they pointed out the different details, Tommy's hands following their finger to feel for himself. The vendor's head shot up when they approached, and they had maybe a single second to register that the two *princes* were approaching their stall when Wilbur threw himself at Tommy. Tommy jumped a bit, spluttering, but he calmed down when he realized it was just Wilbur.

*Chimeinnit*

*Oop, dat dude looks scared af*

*Baby baby, runt, pack safe-* Wilbur's instincts pushed, and he gave in, cradling Tommy close to his chest. His pants were in a small puddle along the ground, the water soaking through to his knee, but he couldn't find himself caring. He rubbed his cheek along Tommy's face, relieved purrs breaking out of his throat.

"You," Wilbur laughed breathlessly. "Are in *so much trouble*. "

"Wha- hey! He's the one who let me run off!" Tommy pointed off in a random direction, a frown marring his face, and Wilbur grinned before moving Tommy's arm to point correctly at Techno. "I heard the wind chimes and I wanted to come hear them-"

"You could have asked me," Techno growled, stepping forward. Wilbur leaned back just enough for Techno to pull Tommy into his arms, balancing his brother on one forearm and the bags in another. "Do you have any idea how worried I was when I turned around and you weren't there?"

*You're being overbearing, wilbur.*

^^

^^

*GUYS I FORGOT TO MAKE THE ICING FOR MY MOTHER'S CAKE*

"You were going on and *on* about something-something alloy, I got *bored*, " Tommy whined. "I tried to ask you to go, but you weren't even listening, bitch!" Tommy tried to poke Techno's cheek, but ended up sticking a finger in his nose instead. Tommy immediately shrieked, wiping his finger off on Techno's shirt, the older holding him with the most unamused expression Wilbur had ever seen on a person before. Techno mumbled something about a leash, prompting a loud argument from Tommy about how Techno was a *bitch* and Tommy was the *biggest man* and he was *not going to be put on a leash*.

Wilbur turned to the vendor, a wry grin on his face as he brought out the satchel of coins he'd snatched from Phil. "Could I buy the wind chimes he was interested in, please?"

"Of- of course, your highness." the vendor blinked, their head snapping between Techno and Tommy, before hurrying to pack three delicate wind chimes into tissue paper, gently setting them into individual bags. Wilbur could understand Tommy's fascination- they were beautiful, the craftsmanship was incredible, and they all made distinctly different sounds. When the vendor looked up again, Wilbur passed them the bag of coins, not bothering to count out the amount. Judging by how wide the vendor's eyes blew, it was more than enough. Wilbur brought a single finger to his lips in a shushing motion, winking at the vendor playfully.

"Don't let Tech hear you say that, he thinks he's undercover." Wilbur grinned, turning when Techno's voice rose to that breathy, high pitched tone he took every time he was losing an argument. Tommy was thrashing about, his limbs flailing with no regard to who was around him, and Techno seemed to be playing a great game of Dodge-the-Pedestrian. He was losing.

"Is that," the vendor hesitated and Wilbur turned back to them, one eyebrow raised. "Is that boy-"

"He's our little brother," Wilbur inclined his head, smiling. "He hasn't been crowned yet. I hope you'll be in attendance to it- something tells me he's going to start collecting wind chimes."

"I would be absolutely *honoured*." the vendor blinked, eyes blown wide again.

"Thanks again!" Wilbur called. He jogged up to meet his brothers, laughing when Tommy finally tuckered himself out and used Techno's shoulder as a chin rest. Tommy glared out at the world from his perch, grumbling softly to himself about how unfair this all was. Wilbur wanted to tease him from hell and back, but Tommy already looked so grumpy that he decided against it.

"If you're tired, we can go back to the castle and have a nap." Wilbur was hopeful. Now that the adrenaline from almost losing his brother had faded, he could feel the Graval pulling at his system, threatening to drag him down, down, down. Fatigue pushed at his eyelids, every reaction just a second too slow. Wilbur hated the exhaustion that came from the Graval, but he hated the motion sickness more.

*Stomach go BRRRRRRRRRRRR*

*What kind of cake?*

*She wants a red velvet unicorn cake*

*Send a pic when you're done with it, I want to see these... cake decorating skills you speak of*

*Fuck you, my cakes are amazing*

"No," Techno shot him a dirty look, adjusting his grip so Tommy's knee wasn't digging into his ribcage. "We're *shopping*. I still need to find more things for Tommy's room."

*Technoshop*

"And *you* can go do that," Wilbur rolled his eyes, playfully bumping his shoulder into Techno's. "While Tommy and I go nap. You want to nap with your big brother, don't you Tommy?" Wilbur turned to look at his brother and almost passed out on the spot. Tommy was half asleep, eyes drooping slowly. His head was nodding on and off, jerking every so often when his head dipped too far. Wilbur swallowed down the coo in his throat, leaning forward to brush some of Tommy's bangs out of his face. *Say yes. Say yes. Say yes-* Wilbur chanted to himself.

*CUTEINNIT*

*PROTECT THIS SWEETHEART WITH YOUR LIVES.*

*Wholesomeinnit*

Tommy moved his head between him and Techno before shuffling and holding his arms out for Wilbur. This time, Wilbur didn't bother holding in his coos. He took his brother into his



arms, letting Tommy wrap his little arms around his neck.

"Aww, there we go, Toms," Wilbur kissed the top of Tommy's head, adjusting his carry so Tommy was balanced on one forearm. "Tech, gimme the rest of the bags. I'll take them up to the castle." Techno glowered darkly at that.

"Don't say that, I'm undercover." he hissed. Ah, of course. How could Wilbur forget. Techno was wearing a hood, therefore, he was being so incredibly sneaky.

*Obviously.*

*Everyone's like Tommy in his vicinity*

*blind*

"My mistake," Wilbur said placatingly, taking the bags from Techno and pushing his free arm between the straps. Wilbur huffed a bit as his arm was burdened with the bags, but Tommy's hair tickling the side of his neck more than made up for it. Oh gods above, Wilbur was going to get *cuddles*. "We'll probably be in Dad's room. I'll see you back home, yeah?"

*F's in Chat for techno*

*F*

*Ff*

*ffffff*

"Yeah, yeah," Techno grumbled. "Take the child. I'll finish shopping." he stalked away, hands by his sides and fury on his face, and Wilbur felt just a little bit bad for laughing. Techno stomped off, just *barely* throwing a tantrum over his brotherless existence. Wilbur just turned on a heel, heading up to the castle. He had some cuddles to get through.

When they arrived, Wilbur shouldered through Phil's door, grinning triumphantly at his dad.

"Now," Wilbur kicked off his shoes in a dramatic flourish, throwing off his coat and taking off Tommy's cloak, removing Tommy's shoes as well. "We nap." he dropped onto the bed, grinning when Tommy shrieked as he bounced. Wilbur hugged his brother closer as Phil chuckled fondly, pulling the blankets over them and curling around Tommy. Tommy threw an arm around his neck and nuzzled into his collarbone, and Wilbur started purring at him.

A soft click, a little flash, and Phil was cooing over his communicator.

"Shuddup," Tommy smacked Wilbur's chest. He purred harder, unable to stop the bubbles of fondness popping through his arteries. "'M sleepin."

Wilbur kissed his head, closing his eyes. It would be better if Techno was here to nap with them too, but oh well. One of two was much, much better than zero.

---

"Well, I've got some *news*, my Beloved," a sly grin stretched across his face, his hands slamming into the table underneath him. Tubbo could barely see from under his bangs, but what mattered here was the dramatic effect. Ranboo, to his credit, didn't look entirely impressed with the plastic table Tubbo had unfolded, two uncomfortable black chairs on either side of it. A single, dusty light swung a bit overtop the table, as Tubbo had smacked it before beginning his monologue. "There's a new prince. He's our age. We're going to be his attendants."

"...and *why*, exactly, do you look so pleased about that?" Ah, Ranboo, Ranboo, Ranboo... so naive.

"So *blind* to the possibilities," Tubbo murmured, before snapping his head back up to stare Ranboo down. He still did not look impressed- would it honestly kill him to show a little more enthusiasm for Tubbo's schemes? "Ranboo! Do you not see? If we're in cahoots with a prince, we can get away with anything. *Anything*. "

"Tubs, I love you, but-"

"Silence yourself. We will get away with so many crimes!" Tubbo turned away from the table, cackling. "So many crimes!"

Ranboo sighed.

*Like what?*

*2/3s lb. of Nuclear warfare, for starts. Then add half a cup of arson to Gogy's house, sprinkle a libral heaping of stealing pets and let cook for 16 days. When done, add cream of exile and serve.*

*...too soon.*

*Enjoy this recipe from Mama Void's kitchen of Fic Recs.*

*Never say that again.*

## Chapter End Notes

I love my new iPad!! I also bought a microphone-

My friend from Tennessee got dumped and was sad, and he said something along the lines of wanting someone to send him flowers, so I went Lmao Bet, and sent him flowers. He's getting the bouquet on Saturday!! I'm excited, I picked a good one

# Sickinnit go brrr~

## Chapter Summary

YO LATE UPDATE IT'S LIKE 4AM BUT LET'S GO

## Chapter Notes

CW for this chapter: Tommy is a sick child, he just has a fever. He doesn't puke and nobody dies but!! In case you have issues with it :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy, for lack of a better word, felt like *shit*. He was cuddled in Wilbur's arms, still in a bed way bigger than anything Tommy had ever been on before. He was pretty sure it was Phil's room, judging by what Wilbur had said to Techno when they were leaving the marketplace. His breath felt laboured the way it always did when he got sick, and being so close to Wilbur was making his head *throb*. It pounded at the inside of his skull, rattling his brains. The pain seemed to guide his eyes, shooing in the dizziness racing up his skull. It felt like he was on some kind of carnival ride, spinning and spinning and spinning with no end. Tommy wasn't usually motion sick - he had a tough stomach for all his flips and turns and altitude drops - but this was something else entirely.

He pricked his ears, trying to listen for the scratching sound of pen on paper that had belied Phil's presence earlier, but there was nothing but Wilbur's soft whooshes, his breathing steady and even in his sleep. Wilbur, like Techno, was like sleeping next to a goddamn furnace. A fire- a stupid, snuggly fire. *And* he probably had a dumb face. Tommy was very confident in Wilbur's having of a dumb face. He struggled out of the arms caging him, whining a bit when Wilbur pulled him back automatically. Most times, Tommy liked being able to cuddle with his brothers. But Tommy was too hot, and Wilbur was endlessly giving off heat, and there was sweat sticking his shirt to his back, and Tommy really wanted Wilbur *off* so he could go sit in an ice box or something.

He twisted, bringing a knee up to break Wilbur's hold, quickly shoving a stray pillow in his place. Wilbur's arms retreated, a soft little purr erupting from his chest. Clingy bastard. Step one of Tommy's plan: fool Wilbur was a roaring success. He slid off the bed, trying to stand, and had to bite down a gasp as his sense of balance fell off *hard* to the left. Tommy tilted,

arms pinwheeling as he tried to stay upright- but he couldn't even tell what way was up and what way was down, and he started going down, until a steady gust of wind blew him back to a standing position.

Tommy blinked, air swirling around his fingers. A *welcome home* from a familiar, old friend. Despite the headache dragging nails across his forehead, Tommy grinned. He extended his field of awareness out, finally able to move with complete confidence now that he knew where things were. A desk pushed against one wall, the bed, two end tables with lamps. A carpet, with one edge raised just a bit from being stuck under one of the bed's legs- Tommy could have tripped on that, without his magic back. It sparkled through his veins, a cold rush of freedom giving undying relief to his shitty condition. So long as he had his magic, he'd be fine. He'd be fine.

*Famous last words*

Tommy shivered as his body was plagued with cold chills, the sweat drops falling between his shoulder blades somehow feeling like little drops of ice. He was too hot earlier, he's too cold now- he brought a hand up to his forehead, heat radiating from the touch. So he had a fever. Big deal, big man Tommy Innit could handle a fever. Or was it Tommy Craft now? He wasn't... wasn't sure. Phil *did* sign the adoption papers... right?

*Void, did Phil actually sign the adoption papers? I can't remember.*

*You're the author, get your shit together!*

*JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION.*

*Technically, \*pushes glasses up\* Phil just asked Tommy's permission to adopt him, and Tommy agreed before running off, as stated in paragraph 2 of chapter 14: -then I'll sleep with the stars tonight.*

*Okay great but didn't I do that whole thing about Tommy's citizenship? Did he sign the- I have no idea what goes in my own story.*

*So, no, in short terms no. That was just a monologue in Phil's POV.*

*Ah.*

...so he didn't. It was going to be fine, because Tommy was going to deal with this on his own. He wasn't going to bother getting a thermometer, he couldn't read the display anyway. When he was on his own, he just... waited it out. He could wait it out, it had to break eventually, right?

Tommy stumbled out of the room, narrowly avoiding the bit of stuck-up carpet. The rush of relief had been temporary at his magic being back, apparently, because his head was pounding harder than ever. Tommy tried to breathe through his nose, but found that he wasn't getting in enough air. He stumbled along the halls, head flying back and forth to try and figure out where to *go*. Wilbur was asleep, Phil was- somewhere, and Techno was probably still at the market. And Tommy didn't need help. He needed to get somewhere where he couldn't be found, because being sick meant being *weak*, and being weak meant sleeping. He- he had to get up high. Higher. Nobody could chase him if he went high enough. It was what he always did- the top branches of trees, dangerous skyscraper alcoves, old carts on abandoned ferris wheels. It was safer there than anywhere else, because nobody could find him up there.

Tommy decided to go right, one hand scraping across the wall for balance. His body ached like he'd just had a particularly rough day with Dream and his crew, like he'd been dropped down a building and hadn't made the landing. Pain shot up and down his spine with every step, each breath coming harder.

"Tommy?"

He hadn't noticed the footsteps. How could he not have noticed the footsteps? He flung a weak gust of wind at the stranger, detailing a large build and mouth-lumps, and hey that was probably Techno, but Tommy was way too tired to try and make that conclusion. He needed to get moving. If he made it up to the top of... whatever this was, it should be high enough for him to be safe to sleep.

"What are you doing out here?" there was the sound of bags rustling, plastic being placed down, and hands on his face. They were so, so warm, and Tommy leaned into the contact, because he was so, so cold. No, wait- that wasn't right.

"M hot," Tommy decided. Shivers wracked his body again, the backs of his legs aching in time with the pounding of his head. He frowned. "No, no I'm-" his tongue felt like molasses in his mouth, heavy and thick and gluey. "I'm cold." Hands reached above his cheeks, a palm cupping his forehead. Tommy leaned into the blissful, blissful coolness- but that wasn't right either. Weren't the hands *warm* earlier? "Hurts." Tommy admitted. No wait, he wasn't supposed to be admitting to weakness. "Fine. 'M fine."

"You're runnin' a fever, is what you are," Techno muttered. "What hurts?"

Tommy stubbornly kept his mouth shut. He wasn't about to admit weakness in front of the enemy. He turned his head away, about to try to stomp on Techno's foot, but he unbalanced again, tipping off to the side as his inner carnival ride started back up. Techno sighed a bit before grabbing him, hoisting him up into his arms.

"You gotta tell me where it hurts, Toms, 'else I can't help," Techno nuzzled at Tommy's head, a *chuff-chuff-chuff* breaking from his throat, bubbling over Tommy's ears. "C'mon, bud."

"Everywhere," Tommy gave up and whined into Techno's chest. His head was hurting more, a constant pulse of pain behind one eye. He could feel the banitsa he ate earlier swirling around in his stomach, acid bubbling into his throat. Everything hurt. "My head."

"Okay, we'll go take some medicine," Techno hummed. "Is your magic back?" Tommy waved a hand and a gust of wind tore through the hallway, a vase Tommy hadn't noticed toppling to the floor before he could catch it. He winced, shoulders coming up to his ears when the thing shattered on the floor, the terrible noise of sliding porcelain following. Techno made the *chuff-chuff-chuff* again, nuzzling at Tommy. His tusk poked into the side of Tommy's head, but he found he didn't mind all that much. It was something, something different from the pain ricocheting through his skull. "I'll take that as a yes. Don't worry about the vase, I'll have someone come clean up the glass. We need to get some fluids and flu medicine in you, though."



"I don't want medicine," Tommy complained. His head felt all fuzzy, his balance constantly shifting as Techno started walking somewhere. He was too tired to fling out his magic and see where things were, so he settled for leaning into Techno's chest and waiting for the dizziness behind his eyes to abate. "I'm a big man. Don't want drugs, want women," he slurred. "Drugs and women. You know, right Techie?"

"...definitely." Techno was laughing at him, so Tommy smacked him as hard as he could. It was not very hard.

"I'm gonna- I'm gonna-"

"Shhh," Techno let out a soothing rumble, tucking Tommy's head under his chin. He was too warm again, but he found he didn't mind all that much. "Just take your medicine and go to sleep, gremlin. At least now I can nag Wilbur for letting you sleep in wet clothes and getting you sick." the last part was mumbled, and Tommy was already dreading the medicine, but-

He sighed against Techno's chest. "Can we go cuddle with Wilbur?"

"...Tommy-"

"Please?"

A sigh. "Fine."

At least Tommy had his brothers wrapped right around his fingers.

---

Purpled was going to die. Scratch that, Purpled was dying. Actively. Terribly. What a way to go out.

He had begged, desperate for any form of caffeinated beverage, but Punz had held true to his word. George had once, seeing Purpled's headache and exhausted state, offered his own iced coffee and Red Bull mix, but Ponk had appeared around the corner the second Purpled had wrapped his lips around the straw, and dragged George off by the ankle, kicking and screaming. It was terrible.

Purpled had never before in his life felt so tired.

He usually got anywhere from two to three hours of sleep, but he actually slept for *seven* hours last night. Seven. He had things to do and places to be, he couldn't spend seven hours in a bed just laying there. He could just caffeinate himself and get the work done- emphasis there on the *could*. Not *can*. Purpled was well and truly suffering, and every day, he prayed for someone to take him the fuck out.

Not only that, but his workload had severely decreased. Which meant that Purpled didn't even have papers to sort through, people to call, and citizenships to track down- all he could do was sit in his office, idly spinning in his chair, until he got bored enough to *nap*. Purpled never napped.

"I bet Prince Tommy would let me have caffeine," Purpled grumbled. He heard the door squeak open and spun around on his chair, papers already sorted. He had nothing left to do today, and Dream had already told him to go home and take a nap, but Purpled was *not* going to be doing that. Not today, not ever. Sam stood in his doorway, and thank fuck for that, because if it was Ponk, Purpled was pretty sure he might have stabbed him. Purpled loved Ponk most days, but his head was killing him. There was a pulsing behind one eyebrow, and he could feel the blood vessels swelling in his head. If Ponk had come in here and been his loud, noisy self- "Would Prince Tommy let me have caffeine?"

"Thinking of running back to the Empire, are you?" Sam grinned a bit, coming further into the room and depositing a glass of water and some pills on the desk. Purpled sighed a bit, deflating at the water. Just water, No coffee. He normally took his pills with espresso, but at Sam's expression, he popped the lid of the bottle and shook two pills out, swallowing them and hoping they worked fast enough for the headache to go away. "I was actually going to talk to you about that. We're going to be heading back in a week or so," Sam shrugged. "You're welcome to come with us or stay here. Dream is more than willing to have you on his staff."

“I *said* , is Prince Tommy going to let me have caffeine.” Purpled grumbled. He was grouchy, sue him. *Someone* had taken away his coffee privileges.

“Probably,” Purpled perked right up at Sam’s answer. “Although you’ll be limited to one coffee a day, and no extra espresso shots. You’re going to kill yourself with all that caffeine.” Sam raised an eyebrow, and Purpled deflated a bit. But- well, one coffee a day was better than zero.

“It’s a deal,” Purpled groaned. “I’ll go work for the- the gremlin, or whatever.”

“Alright,” Sam drawled. He pocketed the pills, crossing his arms and staring down at Purpled. “You do know it’s going to be a lot more dangerous than your current job, yeah? You’ll basically be his personal guard.”

“I can’t imagine how hard guarding a Prince is going to be.”

“Theoretically, not at all,” Sam paused a bit, sighing. “The Crafts are immortal.”

Purpled froze. “...excuse me?”

“They’re immortal. King Philza’s magic stops their aging entirely, and whenever they’re killed or die of other causes, they literally rebuild their bodies in the last places they slept. Prince Tommy hasn’t died yet, but he’s not going to age much more either. He’ll probably stop aging between sixteen or eighteen. You’re entering into a lifetime of servitude to the royal family, and your kids will be responsible to pick up your legacy when you die. Ponk and I are both from families that have served King Philza for generations- that man has been alive for *centuries*. It’s a big ask,” Sam squared his shoulders, staring down at Purpled with the most serious expression Purpled had seen on him to date. “So I want you to be completely sure before you sign yourself away. I’m sure you have questions- I’ve had Dream give you tomorrow off, and I’ll answer all of them. Do you understand?”

Purpled swallowed. “Yes.” he muttered. Sam nodded once, before exiting out the door.

## Chapter End Notes

SEE YOU SIMPS TOMORROW

# The theory of evolution

## Chapter Summary

YO HAPPY FRIDAY (Saturday? It is after midnight)

Read the beginning note please!!

## Chapter Notes

Hhhh okay so Things have happened. I had a migraine for like 2 days again, and as some of you know, I recently upped my antidepressant dose and I have been getting hella fatigue from it. I've been getting behind on the updates, so I am going to take a 1 week hiatus on the story to rest and see how my energy levels are functioning.

Extension will resume on Monday, May 17.

Have a good week everyone!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Purpled stared at himself in the mirror. After that... talk with Sam yesterday, he'd immediately gone home and passed out. Just face first, into the bed, at 6pm. It was a healthy 10am now, and Purpled was prodding at his eyes. He'd assumed that the bags on his skin would be permanent, but they were actually clearing up. They were lighter and smaller, for sure, and his skin was actually starting to glow a healthy peach. Not the washed-out beige it'd been while he was working for Eret. Purpled pulled at a cheek, frowning a bit at how much skin was there for him to play with. Since coming here, too, he hadn't been allowed to skip any meals.

Most days, before, Purpled would maybe have a piece of fruit in the morning and a sandwich during the day. That wasn't flying anymore, and the constant ache of hunger in his belly was gone. He'd gotten used to it, the pain had been grounding. But now that it was gone, he wasn't quite sure what... what to do. He'd started biting his nails again, but Ponk had gently painted on some really bad tasting polish and given Purpled this... rubber chew thingy. Ponk had called it a fidget toy. Purpled called it stupid. He wasn't- he didn't need to *stim* or whatever. He was fine. The toy sat innocently on the bathroom counter until Purpled picked it up, sighing before bringing the circle to his lips. He had to admit, chewing on this was a lot more

satisfying and a lot less painful, but the ring was embarrassing. Maybe... maybe he could find something else to take around. Something a little more subtle.

Whatever it could be, it was a problem for future Purpled. Sam had already whispered to his communicator that he was waiting in his office, so all Purpled really had to do was get up and go see Sam. Like it was all normal, like he wasn't about to agree to sign his entire life away to a preteen. An immortal preteen, mind you. Purpled was having a hard time wrapping his brain around that, the idea that Purpled would turn thirty and this kid would still look twelve. He dipped his face from the mirror, splashing some of the running water onto his face and sighing. He wouldn't get any answers by sitting here moping, so the best solution was to just... pull his socks up and go see Sam.

Purpled towelled his face off, shrugging on a black jacket. His purple hoodie, blessed as it was, was in the wash. Purpled had been procrastinating on doing it until Ponk came in and smelled his dirty socks, and then he was chased around with a sauce pan until he'd picked up all his laundry. All eleven of Purpled's purple hoodies were dirty, so white shirt and black jacket it was.

He already missed his hoodie pockets. He slipped an energy bar into the side pocket in case he got hungry later, leaving the door to his room unlocked and heading down the plush hallway. Oil paintings lined the halls, decorative carvings, and made of a cool, smooth stone. It radiated a chill, a nice contrast against the startlingly warm air outside. Purpled would have loved to take his jacket off, but he had scars from his... time with Eret. He didn't want to explain them and he didn't want to talk about it. That was all that was.

He padded down the hallway, waving to one of the cooks as he passed, who was carrying a tray with some tea and pastries, heading to the deeper parts of the castle that housed Dream's room. The cook smiled and called a greeting- a few nights ago, Purpled had been wide awake and miserable, and had wandered into the kitchen for a snack. The cook was on shift, and he'd taught Purpled how to make strawberry scones. They were light, flaky, and the edges of them crisped up into something Purpled could only call absolutely delicious. The dough was relatively unsweetened, only a tablespoon of sugar being tossed in with the strawberries. He thought they were delicious, and the cook had brewed them some chamomile to go with it.

*Scones suck, biscuits for LIFE.*

*That's a lot of smack talk coming from someone who puts biscuits in soup.*

*I DO NOT PUT BISCUITS IN SOUP YOU BITCH, I NEVER SAID THAT.*

*Biscuit in da soup :)*

*AQUA!!!*

*Also, how are we just chatting in Purpled's POV? He doesn't have chat.*

*We're omniscient and Void wanted to put this bit in, so that's how.*

*Ohhhh. Ok.*

*Hi writer Void!!!*

***Hi, Aqua, how are you doing?***

*Good, I'm just vibing. How about you?*

***I'm alright. I'm playing 8-Ball Game Pigeon with my friend Lily and she sucks.***

*What's Game Pigeon?*

***It's this app you can get on your phone, or rather comm, where you can play games with friends over text messages. It's really neat. Anyways, back to our regularly scheduled programming.***

Purpled kept finding the tea in his room when he got back from work now.

He made a left, sighing before knocking at Sam's office door. There was a soft *come in*, and Purpled sighed a bit, squaring his shoulders and stepping through. He'd be fine. Worst that could happen was he said no, right? He didn't have to go- they weren't like Eret. He was being given a choice here, and they were giving him the full story. Sam's floors were a weird wood - Purpled was like... 90% sure it was fake wood, almost as fake as his enthusiasm - and had maybe the ugliest carpet Purpled had ever seen stretched across it. Seriously, the thing was a giant block of light and dark greens, with a creepy grin. It sorta looked like creepers, but hella pixelated. Very ow, very cringe, the second Sam was not in his office to protect his stupid carpet, Purpled was going to toss it in his fireplace and watch it burn.

"Purpled," Sam gestured with his head over to the free chair opposite Sam's, and Purpled slunk over. It really felt like an interrogation now. "I'm sure you have questions." The chair was uncomfortable- and actually, Purpled just needed to vent about this real quick. Dream, for some strange reason, seemed to only employ bad chairs in his entire castle. If it didn't make your back ache when you were done sitting, it wasn't allowed in Dream's castle. The man must have a spine of steel, because Purpled could not imagine having to live like this. This was ridiculous. They all sucked! All of them! Purpled could not find a single decent chair in this entire castle, the *floor* was a good bet more comfortable than Dream's chairs. The only, the absolute *only*, chair that was of supreme quality was Gogy's, and the last person that had tried to steal George's chair - it was Sapnap - had been promptly defenestrated - Purpled had watched, Sapnap was a soprano in the choir - .

"Yeah, I've got a couple," Purpled muttered. "Beginning with a solid *what the fuck, Sam?* " Sam's expression didn't change, but his eyes narrowed slightly in that way people did when they were smiling. He was sort of hard to read with that mask on, honestly. Purpled wasn't sure how Ponk was so seamlessly attached to Sam's moods. Purpled thought it was an incredibly valid question, to be completely honest.

"Well, to begin- yeah, the Crafts are all immortal," Sam leaned back in his chair, raising an eyebrow and looking as though he was about to prop his feet up on the surface. At least his chair had some kind of padding- Purpled's was just all metal. It was so completely unfair. "It started with King Philza, a few hundred years back. He manifested his wings when he was young- and when he married his wife, Queen Consort Kristin, she became very ill. As she was dying, she managed to manifest magic that would trade her life for King Philza's, allowing him to reign for centuries beyond her life."



“How the hell does that even happen?” Purpled wheezed. He still couldn’t wrap his head around the idea of- of just being *immortal*. “And what does it have anything to do with King Philza’s kids?”

“We’re not entirely sure why it works that way, but it does. King Philza is able to pass his magic along to others, but he has only done it for his children. Our current theory is that because the Queen Consort loved children and was a very family-oriented person, it manifested that way. King Philza is able to gift his magic to others, as the Queen Consort gifted her magic to him. The magic itself sort of... upgrades a person’s capabilities. If they die, by means of any causes, their body will knit itself back together and reappear where they last slept. I’ve only seen it once, myself, when Prince Technoblade got blown up on a creeper hunt, and it does not seem like a pleasant process. It will be your job, in essence, to prevent that from happening to Prince Tommy,” Sam leaned forward this time, pressing his chin into his hands. “Of course, that means by *any means necessary*. The royal family takes their security extremely seriously, and you need to put your life above Prince Tommy’s, despite his likely objections to the idea. This isn’t a job you can go into without full surety of yourself.”

Purpled swallowed. “You said I’d be signing myself and the generations after me to his service.”

“You would be,” Sam sighed. “To breed loyalty, they often take guards by way of generations- they pass down the job to their children. My parent was King Philza’s guard before I was, and they trained me for the position. I grew up on the idea that I was to serve the King and the royal family- it was not a choice, but an eventuality. That is something you must consider when making your decision.”

“Was Ponk the same?”

“He was.”

Purpled stared down at the desk, tracing a crack in the lacquered wood with his eyes. Forever being a guard to an eternal teenager.

“...does it pay well?”

“Of course. You’d have your own room in the castle, and pays about two hundred thousand per year. There is very little vacation time of any kind- you must be on call at all hours of every day. We do a lot more work than just guarding, however- I’m particularly good with technology, so lots of the work I do for King Philza is making different tech at his disposal, hacking into things, and helping him-” Sam sighed heavily, defeat stretched across his shoulders. “And helping him figure out how to use Windows.” Purpled snickered. “Ponk is very much an assassin, and he’s often sent out on missions or is responsible for healing injuries. Considering your abilities and Prince Tommy’s inability to *not* get himself in trouble, you’d likely be following him around unnoticed to make sure he doesn’t get himself killed.”

“...and I’d get coffee.”

“Please tell me you’re not about to sell your life away for some coffee.”

Purpled stared a little harder at the table. Sure, he’d been content with a simple life before- a life of making coffee and drinking coffee and having Call of Duty tournaments after work. It had been boring, but it had been *routine*. Could Purpled really go back? After all of this? What was he really doing with himself, working for Buckstars for too little money? At least with this... he’d be able to make something of himself. Be part of something bigger. Purpled felt like he was tipping on the precipice of something enormous, something he had no idea how to comprehend. Working with immortals, being a guard, a friend, a babysitter to one of the most powerful families in the world.

How many opportunities like this had Purpled passed up because he was too afraid of taking action? This wasn’t going to come again. Something in him was desperate to be considered important. Was it selfish? Couldn’t someone else do a better job than just Purpled?

Maybe. Maybe they could.

Purpled lifted his head, finally making eye contact with Sam.

“When are we leaving?”

This time, Purpled was sure Sam was smiling.

---

Tommy sneezed again, trapped between Wilbur and Techno. He knows, he knows, he asked for this. He did. He really did. But honestly- he *thought* he was cold, and then he got stuck between two piglins, who ran hot like they were still in the goddamn Nether, and Tommy was sweating his ass off. He was very upset. This was so not poggers.

“This is so not poggers.” He hissed, quietly. Tommy was pretty sure Wilbur might have been lightly dozing, but Techno was undoubtedly, completely asleep. His brothers deserved a nap after that stupid plane ride. And Techno had to chase Tommy around to make him take that gross ass medicine. This time, instead of chalky cherries, it tasted like chalky *grapes*, and it kind of had the consistency of chalk dissolved in water anyway. He was feeling a little better, but Tommy was still bitter. And he would take his revenge.

He sneezed again, and he felt his eyes narrow beyond his control. Someone was talking shit about them, and Tommy was going to find that bitch and shank them.

*You are in a **mood** today, apparently.*

Oh shut the fuck up Chat, he wasn't feeling good. He was allowed to be murderous. His head still hurt and his tummy was all roly, and Tommy was pretty sure he was going to vomit soon. And he was going to puke *all over* Techno. That'd teach him for making Tommy drink grape-chalk-water.

*He fits right in, little baby!*

Tommy grumbled unhappily to himself, sighing when he heard the door unlock. He could feel Phil's feathers rustle in the air as he happily skipped in. Arms reached around his middle and pulled him away from his overheating brothers, and into a much cooler lap. Tommy sighed a bit when a cold... something was pressed to his face, Phil chirping a bit like a goddamn mother bird.

“You alright mate? I know it can get a bit warm with them,” Phil was laughing, his nose tucked somewhere behind Tommy’s ear. Tommy leaned into Phil’s chest, pressing the cold thing harder to his head. “Why don’t we go sit in one of the gardens? It’s cooler out there, and I think the fresh air would do you some good.”

“Yes,” Tommy groaned. “Take me away from the living space heaters. I’m sweating my ass off, Phil!”

Phil laughed, standing and bringing Tommy with him. His legs dangled and he rested his head on Phil’s shoulder, the cold thing bringing instant, beautiful relief to his poor head.

Tommy sneezed again and Phil chirped worryingly.

“You’re real sick, huh?” One of Phil’s hands brushed part of his bangs away so the cool thing could press more onto his forehead.

“No,” Tommy complained. “Someone’s just talking shit about me. And when I find them, I’m going to shank them.”

Phil’s laughter echoed down the halls.

## Chapter End Notes

May the 17th be with you- nah it doesn't work, it's not as fun

**\*\*EDIT:** to anyone wondering what happened to the server, it was deleted. Shit happened and someone got into my DMs and decided the best course of action was to threaten me and use abusive language. The server will not be started up again.

# Hyrdate or Diedrate

## Chapter Summary

I'M BACK ON MY BULLSHIT

WELCOME TO EXTENSION!

## Chapter Notes

<https://twitter.com/lynnismhei/status/1393919022626865153?s=19>

HERE IS SOME VERY POG FANART YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY GO CHECK OUT!! GIVE THEM A FOLLOW! Or a- whatever you do on Twitter. I dunno, I'm not on Twitter. It scares me more than Tumblr, and that's saying something

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“No.”

“ *Tommy,* ” Wilbur’s voice had an edge to it, a warning tone laced right in there. Tommy wasn’t scared. He was definitely not quaking, because he had made his decision and he was sticking to it. He was not coming down. Wilbur was a bitch and Tommy did not listen to bitches. “Get off the chandelier.”

*I agree with Wilbur, it’s not sanitary*

*Not gonna lie, coming back to this document and finding “it’s not sanitary” without any punctuation was a real kicker at five in the morning.*

*Well, Jess, that sounds like a **you** problem. Also it’s staying with no punctuation, 🍌 fuck you bitch*

*Innit on a chandelier, what will he do?*

“Fuck you.” Tommy flipped off in the direction he thought Wilbur was in, hearing his brother sigh heavily from somewhere below him. He had been cornered with that god-awful grape chalk water again, and Tommy had *not* retreated. He just made a tactical move away using what he knew best- heights. There was some metal and glass contraption up at the very top of the ceiling, and Tommy had jumped on it. He was pretty sure it could hold his weight. Pretty sure. Some of the parts of the glass and metal thing was very hot and Tommy had already burnt his hand once.

“Tommy,” Wilbur’s voice was just as exasperated, footsteps following as Wilbur started pacing around the bottom of it. “Just take the medicine. You still have a bit of a fever.” Tommy didn’t reply, pointedly sticking his tongue out. Wilbur’s footsteps paused and Tommy internally relished in the victory- Wilbur was ridiculously easy to wind up. “Big men take their medicine.”

It was a trick, a trap, a ploy. Tommy blew a raspberry out his mouth. Stupid Wilbur and his stupid magic man words would not trick Tommy, not today! Tommy was a big man because he wouldn't take the grapey chalk water. He was pretty sure Wilbur didn't know he'd burnt himself though, because he definitely would have been forcibly removed if he had.

Tommy leaned forward a bit to track exactly where Wilbur was, but it tipped the chandelier just slightly sideways. He sent a gust of wind to counteract the weight, but the thing swung enough that Tommy leaned forward and slapped his open hand onto the really hot part. He yelped on reflex, pulling his hand away and clinging to the middle part of the chandelier. Wilbur was yelling something underneath him, but *Tommy was a little occupied right now, Wilbur*. Wilbur just needed to leave him alone so he could figure this out.

*Or you could say.... leaf me alone. Get it? Get it?*

*That-*

***Out.***

*Was bad.*

*Leaf sheep supremacy- this is cyberbullying.*

*I kind of regret turning down mod now, I could have kicked you just for that pun.*

*YOU CAN'T KICK ME, I'M THE AUTHOR.*

Tommy's hand pulsed with pain with every one of his heartbeats, the chandelier swinging idly.

"Tommy! Tommy, did you burn your hand?" Wilbur had stopped pacing and was standing at the bottom, worried noises pouring out of his throat. It kind of sounded like what Tommy would expect stepping on a cat's tail to sound like. "Hang on, I can try to get up there-"

"No!" Tommy shrieked back. His mouth burned with protest. No grape chalk water here, not ever. "I don't want to take the medicine!"

"Tommy, *please*, it will make you feel better," Wilbur groaned and Tommy heard him step away. "Dad! Techno!" Tommy grumbled to himself, still clinging to the middle of the chandelier. His head was pounding and every time he poked his hand, it hurt a little more. Was it swelling? Did burns swell? Tommy poked it again, hissing at the sting. Somehow this one seemed to hurt worse than when he'd gotten burned by that fire mage- if Tommy had to guess, it was because the fire mage burns were severe enough that they killed his nerves. But Tommy didn't exactly know much about burns except don't get them.

*And don't put ice on them.*

*Wait, you're not supposed to put ice on them?*

*No, it damages the tissue with lighter burns and can send people into hypothermic shock with heavier burns. For small burns, you rinse the area with lukewarm or cool - not freezing - water, and then wrap it with some burn ointment, vitamin E, or polysporin.*

*Why do you know this???*

*I had to take a first aid class because I got a specialist high skills major in technology when I graduated high school. Getting first aid and CPR certification was one of the requirements.*

Boots padded down the hallway and Tommy jolted guiltily, the chandelier swinging harder in his wake. He hugged the middle part of the middle like a tree, wrapping his arms around it and swinging his legs through the gaps. More footsteps closer to the chandelier, and Tommy hugged the middle part harder. He was not coming down and drinking more of that terrible medicine shit. He would rather *die*.

“Tommy.” Phil sounded stern, as stern as Phil got. It was harder to read Phil than it was to read either of the twins- he didn’t make the same vocalizations, and all Tommy could hear was irritation. “Please come down. If you’re stuck, I can fly up and get you.”

“Just leave me alone,” Tommy grumbled. “It’d be easier for you to just not make me take it.” he dutifully ignored the anxiety curling around his stomach, his shoulders tensing as he thought of what Phil could do to him. Take away Minecraft? Hit him? Would he send Tommy away? Tommy heard shuffling of Phil’s wings as he disgusted the words, another pair of boots coming around the hallway. It *sounded* like Techno, and he and Wilbur started speaking in hushed, quieted tones. Tommy strained to listen in on their conversation, sure they were talking about him. Did they also want to send him back?

“I’m not mad, bubs,” Phil soothed. There was a wingbeat and Tommy curled a little tighter around the chandelier. Phil landed on one edge of it, causing the thing to tip and groan under their combined weight, but it stayed fixed into the ceiling. Tommy thought that they should definitely give whoever designed this thing a raise. Phil’s hand carted into his hair, one hand above Tommy’s chandelier-hug for balance. “What don’t you want to take?”

“The *medicine*,” Tommy whined. He couldn’t help it; his head hurt and he’d been arguing with Wilbur for the better part of twenty minutes before he’d even climbed up here. And his hand was still pulsing with pain, and Tommy wanted a snack. “It tastes bad.” It sounded silly.



Maybe- maybe Tommy should be more mature. Better behaved. He was a wholeass twelve years old- was that old enough to be mature? His headache was focused right behind an eyebrow, pulsing and sending spikes of pain through his skull.

*I'm so excited for our enemies to lovers arc, my beloved.*

*People are going to come into my evil lair and you'll just be there... with bees.*

*What sort of hybrid should I be, do you think?*

*Raccoon.*

*Raccoon.*

*Raccoon.*

*Raccoon.*

*Rat.*

*...I'm disowning all of you.*

*Ferrets are cute?*

*Perky, this is why you're my favourite.*

“Toms,” Phil cooed a bit, his hand pulling at Tommy’s hair and untangling the few knots that had escaped Techno’s careful brushing. “I think it tastes terrible, too, but if you want to feel better, you have to take it.” Phil’s hand cupped his forehead, humming a bit. “You’re still running a bit of a temperature, and I’m sure your head still hurts. Why don’t we come down from here, and Techno can make you one of his special hot chocolates? It’ll wash the medicine taste right out of your mouth.”

“He hasn’t had his afternoon snack yet, either,” Techno called from the floor. “He needs to eat. What do you want for snack, Tommy? Hummus and carrots?”

“Hummus and naan.” Tommy pointed a finger in Techno’s general direction, frowning a bit.

“You had mac ‘n cheese for lunch, you need to have some vegetables. Hummus and carrots.”

“...can I have a big mug for my hot chocolate then?”

“Sure, kid.”

Tommy huffed. He hadn’t won the hummus argument, but at least he could get a big hot chocolate. He pulled his legs out of the holes in the chandelier, the thing rebalancing itself when Tommy sat on the opposite edge from Phil. He jumped down, gusts of wind buffering at his body and slowing his fall until he touched onto the ground, footsteps light. Tommy was only alone for a second before Techno was on him, pulling his hand out and inspecting the burn. Wilbur approached too, purring lightly. There was a rustle, a few clicks, and Wilbur hummed a bit.

“Ponk’s on his way to help that burn of your’s, Toms,” Wilbur kissed the top of his head and Tommy heard Phil jump off the chandelier, his wings spread wide to catch himself. “We can go get your snack though! Do you want to take your medicine now, or when Tech’s made your hot chocolate?”

Tommy made a face. “After he makes hot chocolate.”

“This is why I’m the superior brother, Wilbur,” Techno poked at Wilbur, who retaliated with a quick slap. Techno dodged, and Tommy blinked as he heard his brothers shout and chase each other down the halls to the kitchen, their jeers echoing across the walls. Phil came up behind him, wrapping a wing around his body.

“It appears we’ve been abandoned,” Phil sighed. “Those little shits.”

“Does that make you an *old* shit, Phil?”

“Oh, you fucker.”

---

“You’re going to be on your best behaviour,” Puffy glared at them both, her gaze flickering between Tubbo and Ranboo before settling on Tubbo. “And I do mean *best*. We are going to be in the presence of the Royal family, and you will be serving the newest prince. You will *not*-” Puffy tugged on one of Tubbo’s ears, glaring down at him. Her glares were much more effective on Ranboo, because all Tubbo did was roll his eyes a bit. “-make nuisances of yourself. Do you understand?”

“Even if we did make ‘nuisances of ourselves’,” Tubbo quoted back sassily, propping a hip up and sticking a finger in Puffy’s face. Ranboo had to bite back his chuckles, trying desperately to pretend he was coughing. “He’s a *prince*. He can get us out of any messes we make. And didn’t you say he has super cool magic? You’ll finally have a magic buddy, ‘Boo.”

“I would like a magic buddy.” Ranboo perked up a bit, his tail lazily swaying back and forth. His magic gave him a tail and made his skin all black-and-white split, but he could teleport. Teleporting was cool. Ranboo had never known anyone else who had magic before, so he was excited to make a magic friend. One who could understand better than Tubbo did, sometimes, as much as Tubbo tried his best.

“...I’m not even going to dignify that logic with a response, Tubbo. Be nice to him, or you are so grounded. We’re heading out tomorrow. You sure you boys are packed? Have

everything?”

“I brought all my nukes.” Tubbo examined the dirt under his nails. Ranboo really wasn’t sure how Tubbo even *saw*, considering how his bangs completely obstructed his eyes. Puffy’s eye twitched and she quickly leaned forward and tugged on his ear, beginning one of her famous lectures.

Ranboo sighed a bit. He was also all packed up. He’d picked some alliums from their garden, dried them out, and pressed them into a pretty frame. He’d spent hours last night carving the frame, doing delicate little leaf patterns into the wood. He knew the prince couldn’t see, so his gift felt a bit silly, but... you could open the frame and touch the petals. And the carvings had texture to them. Ranboo just hoped he’d like it.

## Chapter End Notes

Hello hello hello, I hath returned from my week of break. It was a pretty good break! I got a bunch of art n stuff done, so check out my Insta (j.k\_kat) if you wanna see some of it :D

I am eligible for my Covid shot now, Canada's rolling them out slowly based on workplace, health conditions, and age. I have a high-risk condition, so I'm getting my first dose on June 1st. If you have the opportunity to get vaccinated, please do! And wear a mask, even if you are vaccinated!

# I am going to take 7 naps and then fight God

## Chapter Summary

Hello hello, welcome to a Terrible Tuesday

## Chapter Notes

I tried to order noodles at my favourite Chinese restaurant but I got vegetables instead. Which is okay because I can put my oodles of vegetables on ramen and stir fry

I am still sad I did not get noodles though

But it is okay, because the place is a small business and gosh darnnit take my money

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sam ducked under Purpled's swing, dropping to the floor and kicking his legs out. Purpled cursed when his back hit the training mat, using the momentum to flip backwards and bring his staff up just in time to block one of Sam's hits. Purpled gritted his teeth and tried to push himself forward, but Sam's arms just strained a little harder.

Sam was always telling him to play to his advantages. And this was frustrating enough- Purpled was pretty sure that his body was never going to be so bruised ever again. He had to learn how to fight, fight and not scrap, just in case he ever had to step in to protect Tommy. According to Sam, Purpled knew how to scrap for survival. He could wrestle and play dirty long enough to get the hell out of there, but he was clueless when it came to an actual, genuine fight. Supposedly there were many people vying for the position of Tommy's guard, so Purpled was going to get a lot of duel challenges until he'd proven himself. The numb tingle in his fingertips told him his magic was activated, and Sam's attention shifted off Purpled for a split second and onto the wall behind them. Purpled quickly planted one foot down, dodging to the side when Sam's momentum carried his staff down, and brought his own staff up to whack it against Sam's side.

Sam recovered and smacked Purpled back into the training mat, but the frustration had fizzled off and given way to *pride*. That was the first hit Purpled had gotten on Sam all day, and they'd been at this for a few hours.

"Well done," Sam turned and offered a hand. Purpled gratefully took it, wincing at how sore his abs already felt. They were going to be absolute hell tomorrow. He was hoisted off the ground, finally getting on his own feet. "Every other time we've sparred like this, you've tried coming at me with brute force." Sam gestured towards himself. "I am taller, broader, and stronger than you. In most situations, you will be outclassed like this. You win fights by getting creative and playing to an advantage. Remember that beyond just your weapon and your magic, you can use items in your environment." Sam poked the mat with his staff, squeezing the end into a gap between two of the mats. "When I had you on the ground that last round, I was on one mat and you were on the other. You could have tried to pull it and unbalance me. Especially when you are out in public places, you need to keep an eye on items on your surroundings that may be useful. Trained, by-the-book fighters will be unbalanced and off guard if you do something like bang a pot next to their face."

"Yeah, okay," Purpled sighed, dusting off his jacket. Sam was determined to teach him here, although Purpled wasn't really sure what the lesson was other than getting beaten into the ground. They'd briefly gone over stances and forms and swings, but Sam had said that all the theory in the world wouldn't help him if he couldn't put it into practice. "Where's Ponk?" Sam snorted a bit at that, twirling his staff absently.

"You're not ready to fight Ponk, especially if you can't take me down yet. He fights dirty and uses everything he can to his advantage. I would be surprised if you ever managed to take down Ponk," Sam stepped over to the rack, placing his staff back onto it and motioning for Purpled to do the same. "Now put your staff away and go shower. We were supposed to head back in three days, but Tommy burned his hand and Ponk's been called back early."

"How'd he even manage that?" Purpled muttered. He placed his staff down and started going through his cool-down exercises, hissing a bit at the burn from the stretches. He was not looking forward to tomorrow.

"I'm not sure, something about a chandelier? Ponk was singing and uh... *badly*, so I just ignored him until he went away." Sam started stretching as well, pushing his body around until he could be more comfortable. Purpled clicked his tongue- he could kind of *feel* the acids moving through his sore muscles. He wanted some water.

...water. Purpled was craving *water*. Good Philza, what has this place turned him into?!

“Water?” Sam asked. Purpled sighed and accepted the bottle from his mentor, uncapping it and taking a swig. Purpled had to admit, he did feel... better. Now that he was sleeping and not having as much caffeine. The headaches and exhaustion had eased, leaving Purpled just feeling energized. Was this what it was like to be healthy? Was this the magic of water? Was this- ugh, this water literally tasted like nothing and Purpled was craving espresso with something *fierce*.

Purpled took a final swig of the water, finishing his stretches. He didn't care if water was healthy or whatever, Purpled wanted the free will to destroy his body as he saw fit. He gripped the bottle and headed out of the training room, waving to Sam as he went. Ponk was apparently already packing all their stuff and had given instructions to Wilbur for Tommy's burn. How did that kid even get up the chandelier? It was a lot of money for babysitting but good Philza, Purpled was not good with children. Tommy found him funny though, so that was something.

Purpled finally got into his room and lugged a suitcase out from under the bed, pulling it open and stuffing his clothes in. Most of the items and shit in the rooms weren't his, they were Dream's, so all Purpled really had to pack was his clothes. He didn't bother folding anything- why would he, if he was just going to take it out later? Call it teenage boy mentality but Purpled was lazy. And tired. And sore. And he hadn't had *any* coffee.

The totem of undying he kept strapped to his thigh sheath at all times rubbed against his leg, irritating the skin. Purpled sat back on his haunches, looking around the room he'd been given here. It was opulent in a way that still took Purpled by surprise sometimes- fancy and elegant enough that he never felt like he belonged. The Empire was far up North, too, a cold and frozen tundra that was always snowing. Sam said he'd get used to it eventually, but Purpled had spent his lifetime running about in the sun, sweating through hoodie pockets, and sleeping without any covers. He hadn't the faintest idea of how to handle living in cold conditions. And then there was his new job. Purpled didn't really know what to do about it- Sam was trying to train him for every possibility - Purpled was pretty sure he was going to learn how to diffuse a bomb soon - while also drilling in his head that anything could happen. And what if Purpled failed? What if Tommy died? Sam had said that despite their best efforts, sometimes the Watsons would take killing blows because they could come back. But Purpled didn't want to be responsible for a little kid screaming while his body knit back together. Didn't know if he could handle that.

Purpled jumped a bit when a hand landed on his shoulder, tensing and wheeling around. Punz stood there, a carefully blank look on his face and Purpled relaxed in turn.

"Hey kid," Punz forced a smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. "Heard you're leavin' tonight."

"Yeah," Purpled looked back at his suitcase. He was missing his toiletries, but he had everything else. He had embarrassingly little to pack up and take with him and he hoped to be able to put stronger roots down in the Empire. "Yeah, I am."

"Of your own free will?" Punz eyed him critically. "You made the choice?"

"I did," Purpled lightly pushed at Punz's shoulder. The man relaxed a bit, stepping back and losing the intense expression he'd been glaring down with. "Now are you gonna just stand there or are you going to help me pack?"

Punz groaned a bit, muttering under his breath about being used as free labour, and he reached his hands into Purpled's suitcase and started folding things, raising an eyebrow. "Do you not know how to fold?"

"Not folding the clothes was a conscious decision."

"You're such a slob-"

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"Your Highnesses." Puffy bowed at the waist, pushing harshly on the back of Tubbo's head to force him to bow as well. They'd arrived, and Ranboo was still feeling a little sick. He got motion sick a lot in vehicles, and it really didn't help that no vehicle in the world was tall enough for him. Ranboo was always cramped, his knees up to his chin, and with his back and neck hunched over for the entire journey. It wasn't a very pleasant experience, all things considered, but at least they were here now, and Ranboo could meet the new prince.

He was taller than Tubbo, which Ranboo knew Tubbo was already internally seething at, but shorter than Ranboo. Most people were shorter than Ranboo. He was blonde and had really - and Ranboo was saying this as a man with one red and one green eye - bright blue eyes. His



hair looked so fluffy and Ranboo's fingers twitched with the urge to touch it and figure out if it was as fluffy as it looked. His tail gently swished back and forth as he stared at them, having already completing his own bow at the royal family. He had sized up the other princes, too- Wilbur looked like a cheerful fellow, Technoblade was very scary and Ranboo was going to avoid him at all costs, and then the King also seemed very approachable. He supposed Technoblade made up for being scary for all of them.

Ranboo clutched his wrapped frame in his hands nervously, bowing his head and stepping forward shyly. "Uhm, Prince Tommy, I have a-"

Tommy suddenly jumped off his throne and made a beeline for Ranboo. Ranboo felt the nerves shoot down his spine as Tommy approached, little gusts of air pushing against his skin.

"What is that?" Tommy muttered, seemingly to himself. He stepped around Ranboo and made a grab for his tail. Ranboo blinked and flicked his tail away, and Tommy made another grab for it, coming up empty. "Is that a tail? Do you have a tail?" Tommy questioned. He had this curious, endearing look on his head. His head tilted as he stared at the space where Ranboo's tail would be. Ranboo let a small smile come up on his face, and he gently flicked his tail back over to where Tommy was sitting, wrapping the appendage around Tommy's wrist. The boy jerked a bit, but brought his other hand over to feel the short fluff that covered Ranboo's tail.

"Yes, your Highness." Ranboo grinned as Tommy started petting with the fur and not against it, pulling lightly at the clump of fur at the very end of it.

"That's so pog," Tommy breathed, his eyes wide. Ranboo didn't know what *pog* meant, but Tommy looked happy, so he'd take it as a good thing. "And enough of that... your Highness shit. I'm just Tommy."

"...I'm Ranboo," Ranboo said. He kneeled down, keeping his tail on Tommy's wrist, and handing his gift over. The paper crinkled as it was passed into Tommy's hands, the prince running his fingers over the wrapping curiously. "I brought you a gift. I know it's not much, but um... I hope you like it."

Tommy looked up at him once before going back down to the paper. Ranboo watched in some kind of morbid curiosity as Tommy tore into the wrapping, little pieces of paper flying everywhere. When he had all of it off, he started running his hands into the carvings, tracing the indents with his fingers. When he found the latch, Tommy frowned, before popping it open and reaching inside. One of his hands made contact with the flower and he drew back, cautious. He gently reached back in and stroked the edge of one of the petals, hand shaking a bit with how slow he was moving.

“What-” Tommy hesitated, going to pet the flower again. His other hand, the one Ranboo still had his tail around, was tracing the carving patterns with his thumb. “What is it?”

“It’s a frame I made. And um, a dried allium. I thought it’d be fun to touch...” Ranboo cut himself off at the blinding grin that overtook Tommy’s face. It was kind of like staring into the sun, if the sun didn’t leave your vision woozy and spotty afterwards.

“Thank you.” the words were simple, but filled with enough gratitude that it had Ranboo sitting up and scratching at his face under the attention, a beaming grin stretching across his cheeks.

“And I brought nukes!” Tubbo crashed into Ranboo’s back with all the grace of a battering ram, and Ranboo let out a startled *oof* as he was nearly thrown to the floor. Tommy and Tubbo tipped their heads back and laughed, and Ranboo started giggling right along with them.

It seemed like this was going to be a lot more fun than he’d originally anticipated.

## Chapter End Notes

Thinking of my beloathed <3

# The End.

## Chapter Summary

PLEASE READ THE END NOTE. I REPEAT, READ THE END NOTE.

## Chapter Notes

READ THE END NOTE.

Also I'm getting sick, my voice just decided to yeet today.

Thanks for the ride guys- I'll see you next fic. >:3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An explosion sounded across one hallway, debris and smoke shrieking as they flew through the halls, ricocheting off the perfect marble columns. Phil took a deep inhale, gently moving his head over to where the explosion had sounded. No screams but the delighted yells of the three children in his castle, so Phil just exhaled in contentment, blowing gently at his steaming morning tea. It was mayhaps too early for explosions, but they were having fun. Phil would let them continue to have fun.

They'd come a long way.

Tommy was still doing weekly therapy with Puffy, but he was making good progress. He was better at opening up, asking for help- a few days ago he had gotten into a playful yelling match with Wilbur and hadn't flinched once. It was good progress, and even though Phil was still woken up by Tommy crawling into his bed after a nightmare most nights, he wouldn't trade any of it for the world.

A short *vroop* sounded and Ranboo appeared, eyes wide and tail swishing like he was still in disbelief over what they'd just happened. Tubbo and Tommy were tucked under his arms, Tubbo playfully smacking his butt while Tommy was facing forward, grinning in wild abandon. It eased something buried deep in Phil's chest, knowing that his son was having *fun*. Yeah, they were blowing a few things up, but what kids didn't do that?

Purples particles danced around Ranboo as he unceremoniously dropped Tubbo, who hit the ground with a *oof* and immediately started complaining. Phil could make out a remote in Tubbo's hand with an almost cartoonish large red button. He guessed that was where the explosion came from.

Tommy just giggled in response to Tubbo's whining, content to sit there and dangle from Ranboo's too-big arms. The older boy gently set Tommy on his feet and wrapped his tail around Tommy's waist, tugging him around so that Ranboo could lecture Tubbo properly. As stressed as they made him sometimes, Phil could still see the layers of mirth in Ranboo's expression, smile marks around his cheeks and eyes from a lifetime of laughing. Phil was looking forward to seeing the same on Tommy.

Tommy was finally starting to grow comfortable in his role as a Prince. They had formally introduced him a few weeks after being in the castle, and the public had taken to him like ducks to water. He was currently the Empire's sweetheart, and he could do no wrong in the media's eyes. Or, perhaps, it was because Wilbur had sent threatening messages to every news reporter in the country. Either way.

Tommy was finally wearing his crown full-time, a delicately woven crown that Wilbur and Techno had spent months making and what felt like four years bickering over the design. Small golden strands all flowed together to create a single masterpiece, mimicking vines and leaves and circling Tommy's head. It was laid with rubies of the highest quality- mined from Eret's old kingdom. Phil had moved forward with plans for conquering the land, and had secured it with very little fight since the sovereign's head was painting the floor. As Techno had predicted, the mountainous landscape was full of ore and gems, and they'd sent several workers there to extract the precious materials.

Phil had also built them a vacation cabin, in the middle of the woods, for days when they needed to get away. He hung photographs of Kristin laughing, Kristin trying soup, Kristin putting on a fake moustache. It had actually been the boys who had done it for him, and when Phil walked in, he had cried. He decidedly did not mention how the ones Tommy put up were upside down half the time, and had just hugged his boys. He was so, so lucky for them.

Purpled, as well, had been coming along well according to Sam. He had taken to silently shadowing Tommy across his adventures, and Phil could see him now, leaning against a pillar and watching the kids play. Hen had a small grin on his own face, mirth sparkling in his eyes. If Phil had totems to bet, he'd bet that Purpled had helped Tubbo set up that bomb. If Phil had

to guess from the sound of the explosion, it went off *suspiciously* close to Ponk's room, who had gone to the last ball Phil'd thrown with a catgirl maid costume on, even drawing whiskers on his face with a sharpie. Sam was immune to his bullshit, so Ponk had apparently followed Purpled around the entire night.

A shriek echoed across the gardens, full of despair, as Ponk loudly mourned the loss of his cat ears. Purpled started snickering behind the pillar, shoulders shaking hard enough that Phil could see it from here. Revenge must have felt good.

His youngest laughed loud, something obnoxious and terrible and headache inducing, and it was the greatest sound Phil had ever heard. Tommy danced around Ranboo, jabbing at Tubbo, his grin easy and carefree. Wind chimes played their music across the gardens, hung up on every wall they could manage a place. Supposedly the person who had made the wind chimes was quite rich now, but they still came by and carved out glass to make new sounds for Tommy to listen to.

His room was covered in plants, in wind chimes, and Wilbur was often in there strumming a guitar, Tommy curled into his shoulder. There were still bad days, where Tommy would hide on the roof until Techno climbed up to get him. Where Techno's instincts got the best of him and Tommy got smothered, where Wilbur's chat pissed him off enough that he isolated for days. Phil, too, knew he had bad days. Days where Kristin's absence felt like a hole in his very chest, where the sheer loss had him grieving beyond belief.

Techno finally emerged from the castle, still in his housecoat with his hair up in a messy bun, glasses perched awkwardly on his face. He was cradling a mug of tea, Wilbur beside him - and actually dressed for the day - chattering along. It seemed Techno wasn't awake enough to give any response other than grunts, but Wilbur didn't mind. He spotted Phil and waved, dragging Techno over.

"We asked to have breakfast outside today, so the servants should be along with some food and a teapot!" Wilbur greeted cheerfully, plopping down on a chair beside Phil. Techno slumped more than sat onto his own chair, leaning forward until his weight was supported by the table to sip at his tea. Tommy, feeling his brothers finally awake, let out a joyful shriek and barreled into Wilbur, accepting a kiss on the forehead. Techno started sleepily purring the minute Tommy approached him, gently rubbing his head against Tommy's. Albeit clumsily, Tommy returned the gesture, and Techno's happy rumbles nearly drowned out the birdsong.

Tubbo shouted something and Tommy smacked his head quickly into Phil's chest, leaning forward for a hug before dashing off to rescue his friend from an irate Ranboo. They were swept into the sky, laughter ringing out across the courtyard, and Tubbo clung onto Tommy's sleeve. Not afraid in the slightest.

Phil leaned back in his chair as Techno tried not to visibly pout at his lack of brother. It was a beautiful morning.

Tubbo cackled in some kind of evil witch laugh as he and Tommy were launched into the air. Ranboo teleported out of sheer spite, shrieking as he held onto Tommy's middle and refused to look down. Tommy flew them over the castle walls, towards the markets- and Purpled slipped away from the castle, jogging after them with a thermos of coffee attached to his belt.

He was only allowed the one.

Techno watched them leave with a critical eye, grumbling under his breath about needing to follow. He shuffled back into the castle, probably on his way to get dressed and stalk Tommy through the markets. Wilbur started talking about his new song, hands waving wildly, and Phil grinned at his son.

Being a father was the most rewarding thing Phil had ever done.

## Chapter End Notes

**THIS IS THE END NOTE YOU MUST READ!**

On Monday, May 24, I will post a new fic. What fic, you may ask? Your choice.

Please comment if you would like Witch AU or Mafia AU: votes will be tallied up and whichever one has the most wins! If you say both, your vote does not count

**SEE YOU MONDAY**

**\*\*\*Edit**

**OKAY VOTING HAS ENDED, IF YOU ARE READING THIS, YOU ARE UNABLE TO VOTE.**

Final tally was 321-319 in favour of Witch. To the 319 people who wanted Mafia AU, fear not! Mafia will be posted after Witch is done. Just wanted to see which one to do first.

Thank you so much for the support!! I recently found out that I have a presence on TikTok despite not actually having a TikTok and that is equal parts terrifying and complimentary. Anyway it's like 2am so I'm gonna bang out some art and maybe some Writing and then at some point tomorrow, WitchInnit'll be posted.

Cool beans??? Cool beans

End Notes

BYEEEE

Works inspired by this one

[Somewhere in the future](#) by [pandoraborn](#)

[A Homemade Rainbow](#) by [PotatTime](#)

[Two Birds, Of a Feather](#) by [Wisteria\\_Blues](#)

[Restricted Work] by [AerisBelladon](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!